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STRANGE UNSOLVED MYSTERIES

Over twenty-five true accounts of curious psychic events beyond the understanding of sleuths, science and the five senses!

Emile C. Schurmacher

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INTRODUCTION

SOME YEARS AGO, the editor of the then six-and-a-half-million-reader Sunday supplement for which I worked sent me to observe the growing pains of a lusty young volcano, Paracutin, which was thundering great boulders and black-ashed smoke into the Mexican sky.

Dionisio Pulido, the barefooted Mexican-Tarascan Indian in whose cornfield the volcano had been spectacularly born, called it El Monstruo. So did other inhabitants of the tiny nearby village of San Juan Parangaricutiro.

When I arrived, El Monstruo was already fifteen hundred feet in height and growing many feet daily. Mexican scientists declared that the volcano was an imminent and lethal hazard and the government sent a number of trucks to assist the Indians in evacuating their village. They stubbornly refused.

Dionisio Pulido and the village priest, Father Antonio, offered to show me the reason for their refusal. They guided me into their little church whose roof was ominously weighted with tons of fallen volcanic ash. The church was empty except for two sacred figures. One was of the Saviour, the other of St. Juan de la Colchas. Each weighed about one hundred pounds at the most.

"Observe, señor," said Father Antonio. "When officials came from Mexico City and instructed us to abandon the village we made the preparations to do so. Everything was carried to the waiting trucks except these two sacred statues which were to be the last.

"Then Dionisio and another, Pedro Mirales, carried the Saviour towards the door. They were followed by two others with St. Juan.

"At first neither statue was difficult to carry but when they approached the door each became heavier and heavier.

"Soon each required three, then four, then five, men to lift it. When six staggered under the weigh of each we decided not to remove the statues. So they were moved back to their original places and at each step they became lighter again."

In Mexico City I found many scientists who could readily explain the awesome phenomenon of a great volcano rising from a level cornfield but none who could offer a satisfactory explanation of the unobtrusive mystery of the two sacred figures virtually within the shadows of El Monstruo.

The world is filled with such unsolved mysteries big and little. Some of them we blithely dismiss as myth or legend—the lost city of Atlantis, for example. Yet, expeditions have discovered evidence that Atlantis did exist.

In August-September, 1966, one such expedition led by Professor Anghelos Galanopoulos of the Athens University seismological laboratory discovered the outline of a wide moat 1,300 feet under water in the submerged part of Thera Island in the Aegean Sea. He explained the significance thus:

"Plato, the ancient philosopher, who gave the fullest description of Atlantis, wrote that the hill that stood in the center of the Metropolis island was surrounded by a moat, which served as a secure harbor.

"This moat, which encircled the acropolis of the Metropolis, was one of Atlantis' main features. This discovery is one of the most convincing proofs that the legendary Atlantis has been located."

A disturbing fact about many unsolved mysteries is that if we do not try to discredit them as legends or myths, we "solve" or "expose" them as superstitions, hoaxes or hallucinations.

Admittedly there are some which do fall into this category. But there are others which refuse to remain thus "solved" or "exposed."

The Loch Ness Monster may be taken as a well-known example. It was first seen in A.D. 565 and numerous times since then to the present. With all the sophistication of this era, most of us have been inclined to view the Loch Ness Monster as a harmless hoax which coincides with a fair degree of profitable regularity to the tourist season in Scotland.

Yet, in February, 1966, when shown a photograph of a 92-foot "creature" swimming in Loch Ness, a picture which incidentally was taken by one of his own reconnaissance planes, Lord Shackleton, Defense Minister for the Royal Air Force, declared, "I had always disbelieved in the monster. But now I am more mystified than ever."

Less understandable, as well as less predictable, are the Unidentified Flying Objects and their even more intriguing near relations, the Flying Saucers. Inasmuch as there have been thousands upon thousands of sightings throughout the world and no one can foretell where the next one will be seen, nobody can be accused of perpetrating a hoax for profit motives. On the contrary, many who have reported sightings have had reason to regret it later what with invasion of privacy, broken fences, trampled lawns and/or suspicions of being publicity seekers, crackpots or morons.

Lacking the profit or any other motives for sighting them, the UFOs constitute one of the greatest unsolved mysteries of our age. They have their staunch supporters, among them Major Donald E. Keyhoe, U.S. Marines, Retired, who heads

the National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena which is privately financed and includes some impressive scientists on its roster.

The UFOs also have an equally formidable list of skeptics and disbelievers. One of the most articulate and positive that they do not exist is Professor of Astrophysics Donald H. Menzel of Harvard.

Now, whether you choose to align yourself with the believers or the nonbelievers, or remain on the sideline of doubt, among all the millions of words which have been spoken and written pro and con, the philosophical approach of Russell Baker, *New York Times* columnist, has been buried under the weight of scientific and pseudo-scientific opinions. His viewpoint is a sage commentary upon our era.

"We do not want flying saucers to exist because once their existence is established, something will go out of life and saucer landings will take their place in the humdrum of daily existence along with the comings and goings of Lyndon B. Johnson, the crashes of airliners and the billingsgate of politics," Baker points out.

If perchance a genuine UFO or flying saucer should land on earth and disembark passengers, who in all probability will neither resemble human beings nor have human characteristics, one great unsolved mystery will be solved.

But by that time it will undoubtedly be succeeded by many others, for science and other advances in knowledge beget new mysteries while striving to solve older ones.

You will find both in the chapters that follow.

As a news correspondent, who at one time or another has covered stories on four continents and in many countries, I have investigated some of these unsolved mysteries. In relating them I have tried to remain objective as well as factual.

Their solution remains for you to ponder over.

Chapter 1

SYMPHONIES OF DEATH

"IF YOU HARBOR a deadly grudge and seek revenge there is a way to obtain it which will baffle the most astute criminologist," a musician once told me. "Send your intended victim a recording of the Pathetique from Tschaikovsky's Sixth Symphony. If he doesn't die soon after listening to it, someone close to him will—a member of his family or a friend.

"There are certain other musical compositions that are also lethal. Saint-Saens' Danse Macabre is one. The opera "Charles VI" by Jacques Halevy is another."

Fantastic as this seems, many musicians believe that some musical compositions court sinister coincidence. Among them were the noted conductors, Arturo Toscanini and Walter Damrosch.

Consider the somber history of the Pathetique. Maestro Toscanini declared it to be the most sorrowful of all symphonic music and explained: "In its adagio lamentation it is the wail of a soul in torment. Perhaps the soul of Peter Ilyich Tschaikovsky is eternally imprisoned therein for it was the swan song of this greatest of all Russian composers."

Born in 1840, educated at the Technological Institute in St. Petersburg, Tschaikovsky's life was a tragic, thwarted one.

In 1877 he married but soon afterward separated from his wife. He attempted to commit suicide by walking into an icy river and standing there chest-deep, thinking he would catch penumonia and die quietly without scandal.

He survived and later took a house in the village of Klin, where he isolated himself. He wrote six symphonies, seven symphonic poems and more than a hundred lyric songs.

Of them all it was the Sixth Symphony into which he fully poured his tortured soul. In it he composed, according to the eminent American critic, James G. Huneker, "a page torn from Ecclesiastes, the cosmos in crepe."

Tschaikovsky's sudden death in the autumn of 1893 startled the world. There were rumors that he committed suicide. It was believed by some that he died of cholera.

Whatever the cause of his death, it occurred shortly after he had conducted an orchestra in the premiere of his Sixth Symphony.

Among those in the audience on the night of the premiere were his nephew and a talented young musician, Ossip Gabrilowitsch. Three days after the concert the nephew committed suicide and the series of sinister coincidences associated with the Pathetique began.

From then on whenever it was played someone in the audience or one of the musicians met a sudden, unexpected end. It wasn't long before many musicians came to dread the Sixth Symphony and a number refused to play or listen to it.

Many years passed after Tschaikovsky's death. It was the the year 1935 and in Detroit Ossip Gabrilowitsch, who had by now won fame as a musician, was brilliantly conducting a symphony orchestra. There was a strange excitement in the air which he somehow transmitted to the audience. After each composition was played he received a tremendous ovation.

The concert was drawing to a close. Gabrilowitsch raised his hands and the orchestra began to play Tschaikovsky's Sixth Symphony. The eyes of the attentive audience were focused on the maestro's expressive hands limned in the spotlight. They seemed to flow toward each instrument, beseeching and cajoling it to give its best.

As the Pathetique movement began, Gabrilowitsch himself seemed to be transmuted into a sensitive medium pouring forth all the anguish which human beings have accumulated since the dawn of time. Perhaps the thoughts of Gabrilowitsch were entirely upon the music. Perhaps he had a premonition of impending doom. No man will ever know. The Pathetique was his swan song, just as it had been that of its composer forty-two years before.

He died quite suddenly the next morning after his greatest triumph. And shortly thereafter, Ray Schmidt, a clarinet player in his orchestra, unexpectedly died too.

If the musical world had momentarily forgotten the ominous association of the Pathetique, the death of Gabrilowitsch proved to be a poignant reminder. There was much discussion in orchestra pit and rehearsal hall. From that day to this, the Pathetique has been taboo with many musicians.

One was Victor Kolar, internationally known conductor who has related his own experiences thus:

"In the last twenty-five years I played the Pathetique movement exactly fifteen times. Each one of these times someone, usually a close friend, died soon afterwards. If I put something in people's food fifteen times and if each time somebody died, I wouldn't keep on doing it unless I enjoyed the thought that I was killing people.

"It began when I was directing with the New York Symphony Orchestra under Walter Damrosch. I noticed that the death of someone among my acquaintances followed each performance of the Pathetique. Year by year the toll mounted."

Once in Chicago, against his better judgment he was persuaded to conduct the Pathetique.

"I had directed the orchestra twice daily for four and a half weeks without repeating a composition," he explained. "We had about exhauted the available symphonic literature and were trying to decide what to play at the next performance. Murray G. Patterson, manager of the orchestra, suggested the Tschaikovsky Sixth. I shook my head.

"Patterson said to me, 'Come now, Victor, surely you don't expect me to believe that you put any store in that crazy superstition? Go ahead and play it and you'll see that nothing comes of it.'"

After the performance Kolar returned to his hotel and went to bed, tossing restlessly for hours before sleep came. When he awoke the next morning sunlight brightly flooded his room. Nevertheless he felt strangely depressed.

There was, he related later, a knock at the door. One of his musicians came in to tell him that a mutual friend had fallen or jumped from a hotel room during the night and crashed to his death on the pavement.

Maestros Toscanini and Damrosch had a number of somewhat similar experiences both with the Pathetique and Danse Macabre. The last time Toscanini consented to play the Saint-Saens composition was in Buenos Aires during a triumphant South American tour with the N.B.C. orchestra.

When the concert was over, Toscanini started back to his hotel. Members of his orchestra filed out after him. A violinist, almost immediately behind him, stepped into the street to meet violent death under the wheels of a speeding automobile.

From a historical viewpoint, the circumstance resulting in the banning of the opera "Charles VI" composed by Jacques Halevy was most dramatic, involving Emperor Napoleon III.

The opera had its premiere in Paris in 1849 with Eugene Massol, a noted tenor of the period in the lead role. When Massol began to sing the aria "Oh God, Kill him!" a member of the company, Henri Germain, abruptly dropped dead.

On the second evening of the performance and at the beginning of the same aria, Pierre Dumont, a wealthy patron of the opera, suddenly died of a stroke of apoplexy while seated in a box.

On the evening of the third performance, again at exactly the same point, the orchestra leader, Kurt Habenich had a heart attack of which he died soon afterwards.

This ended the short and ill-starred run of "Charles VI." In Paris the opera company banned it and when news of its unfortunate coincidences spread, other companies throughout Europe likewise refused to perform it.

For nine years the opera was not heard again. Then Napoleon III, a music lover, decided that its association with death was all superstitious nonsense. He requested that "Charles VI" be revived and promised to attend the first performance.

This was a request which could not very well be ignored and the Paris opera company made elaborate plans for the revival. The great Massol consented to come out of retirement and sing the leading role. The opera house was redecorated and the night of the opening promised to be the most brilliant of the social season.

The jeweled and elaborately dressed ladies of the French court attended with their aristocratic escorts. The orchestra tuned its instruments. Excitement mounted as the audience waited for Napoleon III to appear.

There was a delay, a further delay and finally a pale, nervous man walked out upon the apron of the stage. It was Rene Chartreaux, the manager.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he announced, "due to unforeseen circumstances the opera will not be performed tonight."

He offered no explanation and the disappointed and puzzled audience buzzed with speculation. Had something happened to the Emperor? To Massol? The bizarre coincidences associated with the opera were recalled.

Not until later that night did an excited France learn that a notorious anarchist, Orsini, had instigated and tried to carry out a plot to stop the imperial coach on the way to the opera house and assassinate Napoleon III. Fifty-eight people had been killed in the ensuing panic and many others injured.

Napoleon III had a narrow escape from death and returned hastily to the palace. Later he issued an order prohibiting "Charles VI" from being performed in France as long as he reigned.

While most examples of so-called lethal music are to be found in symphonies, operas and other classical compositions, there is one song, popular some years ago that was responsible for a wave of suicides throughout Hungary.

A strange, haunting number, it was called "Gloomy Sunday" by its two young Hungarian composers, Ladislas Javor and Raoul Seress, who introduced it in Budapest.

"I am not superstitious but there was something ominous in the air on that Sunday morning when I met Raoul, who was also out walking," Javor explained.

"Neither of us were very happy. I had just been turned down by my sweetheart. We walked along in silence for awhile. Then Raoul began to whistle a melancholy tune and

I fitted words to it as we walked. The lyrics started: "Once more to behold you, my dead lips will sever. Don't dread me, my darling, I love you forever."

"That same evening, Raoul and I went to the Green Frog Cafe and we asked the orchestra leader, whom we knew, to play the music which we had just written down. The room was crowded and our song took hold immediately. Several people seemed to shudder but we thought nothing of it.

"Then came these suicides. Our success was short-lived and we decided to withdraw the song. I had never dreamed that music could sway people so strongly."

The first person to be fatally affected, according to police records, was a thirty-two-year-old carpenter, Jean Boros, seated alone at a small table. Boros beckoned the violinist to his table handed him some money and asked him to play the song again.

He listened as if brooding. Then he suddenly whipped out a revolver, put the muzzle in his mouth and squeezed the trigger.

The following evening, a blonde young typist, Esther Kis, who went to the Green Frog with her fiance, listened to the song and took deadly poison.

A phonograph recording had been made of Gloomy Sunday. A wealthy widow, Maria Farkas, purchased a record and, neighbors told the police after her body was discovered in her apartment, played it over and over again before killing herself.

Next to die was Ladislas Ladik, an official in the Ministry of Agriculture, who asked a street musician to play it. He then went home and hanged himself on the bar of a clothes closet.

After that it was the beautiful and talented actress Olga Kerekes of the Theater d'Ujpest.

She came out upon the stage one evening and instead of singing her usual numbers, whispered something to the orchestra leader. He appeared to object at first, then reluctantly agreed.

Olga Kerekes walked to the center of the stage and sang Gloomy Sunday. After she had finished the number, ignoring the applause, she walked off the stage, locked herself in her dressing room and took poison. By the time the manager burst the door open she was dead.

From then on, for a period of almost two months as the song became widely known, suicides attributed directly to it were reported in increasing number throughout Hungary.

Finally authorities decided to ban the song although the police admitted they were without legal power to enforce the prohibition. This was not necessary. Appalled by the number of tragedies, Javor and Seress agreed without protest.

What is there about some musical compositions that presage doom or contribute to self destruction? When interviewed following his narrow escape from death in Buenos Aires, Toscanini was asked this question and he answered thoughtfully, "Music is a language of the emotions as words are the language of the intellect. Both have the power either to soothe or excite and perhaps to reverse the most important of all human instincts, that of self preservation."

This is at best but a partial explanation. Nor does that much-invoked and all-too-convenient word "coincidence" contribute satisfactorily to the solution of the mystery of music that kills.

Chapter 2

THE GREAT NEW ENGLAND DARK

"STRONG MEN prayed and women wept, all ears grew sharp to hear the doom-blast of the trumpet shatter the bleak sky."

Had the nineteenth century American poet, John Greenleaf Whittier, been alive on November 9, 1965, these words written by him in an article published in the Newburyport, Massachusetts, *Free Press* well might have described the apprehensive feelings of many among the twenty-five million people in the northeastern United States and southeastern Canada.

It was a long-to-be-remembered day when a massive power failure blacked out an area of more than eighty thousand square miles without apparent reason. It lasted for hours. Parts of New York City were hardest hit. Without electricity for thirteen and a half hours, activity in the huge and sophisticated city virtually was at a standstill.

Throughout the entire area millions of people wondered about the cause. Judgment Day? A sudden invasion from Mars? The work of Soviet secret agents? A breakdown of overloaded generators? Guesses ranged from the religious to the realistic, from the supernatural to the scientific.

Not until December 6, almost a month later, did the U.S. Federal Power Commission pinpoint the cause of the blackout; the incorrect setting of a relay circuit in an electrical distribution plant in Ontario, near Niagara Falls.

There was no government or other agency, however, to explain the blackout that descended upon New England in

the candlelight era of the eighteenth century. Nor has the eerie mystery of the Great Dark of Friday, May 19, 1780, described by Whittier ever been solved.

It began in New York and a section of Pennsylvania; spread northward and engulfed Connecticut, Rhode Island and Massachusetts, then Vermont, New Hampshire and Maine.

Among the great many who experienced this inexplicable blackness was John Davenport, a keen observer and member of the Connecticut Legislature, which was, on that day, in session in Hartford.

When Davenport left his house at eight thirty in the morning to take care of some preliminary legal business in the statehouse, the sky was blue and tranquil, the air warm with the promise of a beautiful spring day.

About an hour and a quarter later, a few minutes before entering the legislative chamber, he was aware that a wind was stirring and that a fog-like haze had formed in the southwest.

The velocity of the wind soon increased. Sweeping northward through Hartford, it darkened the streets to the gloom of twilight and then to the blackness of a starless midnight. The mild spring air became dank chill.

No clouds were visible in the sky. In fact, by noon, nothing at all could be discerned beyond a few inches.

"The effect," Davenport wrote later, "was that of having one's head encased within the confines of a black hood."

Children in schools were dismissed. They were conducted to their homes by equally frightened parents carrying lighted torches. Panicstricken adults flocked to the churches, some to seek refuge from they did not know what, others to await the sound of the trumpet of the Archangel Gabriel presaging their last day on earth.

Seated in the blackness, unable to see his fellow members, Davenport listened to their taut breathing, the uneasy scuffling of feet and drumming of fingers.

Resolutely getting to his feet he faced the unseen rostrum and made one of the most unique parliamentary speeches in legislative history.

"Mr. Speaker, enough of this uncertainty. Either this is the Day of Judgment or it is not. If it is not, there is no need for adjourning and I propose we continue this session. If it is, I desire to be found doing my duty. I move that candles be brought in and we proceed."

There was no vote. Following a murmur of agreement,

lighted candles and pineknot torches were brought into the chamber and business went on.

By one in the afternoon the curtain of blackness extended as far north as Portland, Maine. Half an hour later it was several miles beyond the Canadian border.

Now a faint, unearthly greenish light was discernible in the gloom. It did not improve visibility and served only to give a spectral tinge to faces in candle and in torch light.

Throughout New England the terrifying hours passed in waiting and in prayer. The change from day to night was indicated only by the clock. At nightfall no stars were to be seen in the darkness above, and many people, still in churches throughout the area prayed for the appearance of the full moon which was due to rise shortly before nine.

The hour passed and there was no moon. In cities, towns and villages as well as on isolated farms, thousands continued their vigil of fear and uncertainty. Others, exhausted by nervous apprehension or stark terror, sought sleep, no longer caring whether they would awake in this world or the next.

Shortly after one in the morning there was a sliver of yellowish-white light in the sky. It became a crescent, then rounded into a full moon. Soon afterwards the stars came out like myriads of sparkling diamonds sprinkled on a velvety black canopy.

At daybreak the sun appeared as usual, a golden ball rising in a blue and cloudless sky. The mild clear air gave promise of a beautiful spring day. As Davenport and a great many other relieved people in New England remarked on Saturday, May 20, 1780, it was in truth a beautiful day.

The Great New England Dark passed and its cause has never been explained.

Not until 185 years later was its like to be witnessed again —in the widespread electric power failure of 1965.

Chapter 3

SULTAN MKWAWA'S MISSING SKULL

"Lasting peace shall be restored to Africa
only with the Skull of the Great Mkwawa"
—ancient Moslem proverb

Lost, hidden or misplaced somewhere in the world is a magic skull; a sacred relic to millions of Africans, a long-standing challenge to anthropologists and archeologists.

Yellowed by the patina of time, toothless, its measurement known—it has a cephalic index of seventy-one—the Skull of

Mkwawa has been sought by six nations, has played a bizarre role in international intrigue, caused debate in British Parliament and been written into the Treaty of Versailles.

Although it has been duplicated with painstaking accuracy, no imitation has ever been accepted by African tribesmen or by Arabs as genuine.

Originally the skull was the head of Mkwawa, the Mohammedan ruler of the African East Coast who lived from 1496 to 1576. A man of peace, endowed with Solomonlike wisdom, he united the blacks and the Arabs and forged a vast and prosperous kingdom extending from the Nubian Desert to Mozambique.

Mkwawa established his capital in Dar es Salaam, the City of Peace, where he held court and gave counsel daily. No one seeking advice was denied a personal interview and many came for thousands of miles to have him settle problems and disputes.

When Mkwawa died he was mourned throughout his kingdom and far beyond. In 1576 a great convocation was held in Dar es Salaam. It was attended by tribal chiefs and Arab dignitaries from all over Africa and they agreed that in death the spirit of Mkwawa would continue to guide them wisely.

The late sultan's head was carefully removed by a black witch doctor and an Arabian hakim or medicine man. The skull was prepared and placed upon a silk and gold pillow within an imposing stone crypt constructed in Mogadisciu.

The crypt was left unguarded. Its massive bronze door was always open. Anyone could enter, day or night.

For the next dozen years or more there were tens of thousands who did. They were firmly convinced that if they consulted the skull about problems that disturbed them, it would communicate the solution to them. They made pilgramages to the crypt from the most remote parts of Africa and it became a continental shrine.

One day in the year 1588 there was an unusually violent shamal, a wind and sand storm. It was of such great intensity that for three days and nights no one dared venture out of doors. The shamal finally blew itself out and it was discovered that the skull had disappeared.

When intensive searches failed to find it another great conclave was held and dire predictions made by assembled witch doctors and hakims.

Disasters would now befall their lands, they declared ominously. There would be wars and plagues, hunger and drought. These calamities would only end when the skull was found. In the meantime the crypt must be torn down.

To permit it to remain standing empty was a mockery.

The crypt in Mogadisciu was razed and many of the predictions soon came true. Mkwawa's own kingdom was one of the first to feel the impact. It was split asunder by tribal and sectional wars. Crops failed, cattle died, European invaders and colonizers took over large areas of their lands.

All this will only end, millions of Africans declared, when the skull is found. And down through the years their search continued.

Although the story of the skull of Mkwawa had been known for centuries to many Europeans in Africa it was not until almost a year after the beginning of World War One that the aura of its magic was invoked by them.

It began with the British, who were making desperate efforts to secure German East Africa, which later became Tanganyika. A small force of white officers and men aided by native troops were defeated in their attempts to seize the port of Tanga in August of 1914. They had no better success in subsequent attempts made in November of 1914 and January of 1915. The Germans, with a considerable number of native troops, repulsed them.

Then Captain Derek Allen, a former white hunter, had an inspiration. He suggested that the British spread the story that somehow the Germans had obtained the skull and were keeping it in Berlin. The British Foreign Office agreed to go along with the idea.

Soon German East Africa buzzed with the news. It traveled by word of mouth along the coast. It was thumped by talky-talky drums into the jungles. It even penetrated the remote heart of the Congo.

"The German Emperor has the skull within his palace," said the message. "He is defaming it, heaping scorn and shame on all Africans by using it for an ornament on his table. The British have promised to get it back for us. We must help them to defeat the Germans so that the great Mkwawa's skull will be returned to us."

On July 17, 1916, the British again marched on the port of Tanga aided by native troops fanatically intent upon having the promise come true. This time they captured the city with ease, marched on toward Dar es Salaam. Here, instead of encountering expected stout resistance, they were greeted by the native troops of the enemy who either laid down their arms or joined them.

The magic of the skull was working—by reputation. German East Africa became Tanganyika Territory.

After World War One, tribal delegates, both blacks and Arabs, attended the peace conference. They went to Ver-

sailles hoping to receive the skull of Mkwawa promised to them by the British. Acting in their behalf, Lloyd George had the following written into the Treaty of Versailles as part of Article 246:

"Within the same period, Germany will hand over to His Britannic Majesty's Government the skull of Mkwawa which was removed from the Protectorate of German East Africa and taken to Germany.

"The delivery of the article(s) above referred to will be effected in such place and in such condition as may be laid down by the Government to which they are to be restored."

Then occurred some of the minor magic of the skull—or confusion—to the defeated enemy, depending upon the point of view.

Although the German delegation had never heard of Mkwawa, it did not attempt to deny that his skull was in German possession, the rumor which had been created with marked success by Capt. Allen. It agreed to seek the skull in Berlin and deliver it promptly to Dar es Salaam.

Six months passed. The Africans waited with increasing anticipation. The skull of Mkwawa was to be returned to his native land and a joyful celebration would be held to mark the occasion.

Another month went by. The talky-talky drums thumped a message through bush and jungle: "Not yet. Not yet. There has been a delay."

There were delays and more delays. The British sent Germany a note inquiring as to when the skull would be delivered as specified in Article 246. The Germans sent a polite and rather frustrated reply stating that a commission of three prominent anthropologists had been searching in the museums and among historical archives but had not as yet located the skull.

In Tanganyika, the Hehes, one of the most powerful of the African Bantu tribes, decided to send a delegation to London to insist upon the immediate restoration of the skull.

The delegation was received at 10 Downing Street by Stanley Baldwin who had become Prime Minister. The Hehes accused the British for their failure to compel Germany to carry out Article 246, and their indignation attracted the attention of Parliament where the matter was debated. Baldwin was asked a number of questions.

"Once more through our ambassador in Berlin," he answered, "we will invite the German Government to hasten its investigations with the object of discovering the skull of the

Sultan Mkwawa and returning it to the African peoples with proper respect."

The German Government was willing to cooperate but by now was completely mystified. Although it had enlisted the services of additional anthropologists and intensified the search, not a single clue had been unearthed.

When Hitler came to power the matter of the skull came to his notice and he was interested. It occurred to him that he could gain favor in Africa by returning the skull through the Hehes and he ordered Dr. Bielfeld, Senior Counselor of his Africa Political Department, to take appropriate steps.

"But my Fuehrer, for years our scientists have been seeking it," Bielfeld explained and Hitler glared at him.

"One native skull is like another. If it is of the right age, they will not be able to tell the difference. Carry out my order."

Bielfeld obtained a 400-year-old African skull of a male with a cephalic index of seventy-one. This fake was placed on a black velvet cushion within an elaborate silver casket and ceremoniously taken to Dar es Salaam by a Nazi mission headed by Dr. Hans von Reifschneider.

In his propaganda-laden presentation speech Reifschneider declared that the Fuehrer was the true friend of all Africans and was demonstrating it by returning the skull.

The assemblage of blacks and Arabs, representing a number of African countries, received it with grateful reverence. A venerable Bantu witch doctor was designated to open the silver casket. He did so amid impressive silence and stared at the macabre relic.

Then he held it aloft for all to see and spat in indignation.

"Wah! This is not the skull. It is a fake!"

The accusation welled angrily from hundreds of throats. Tribesmen and Arabs began to stir threateningly toward Reifschneider and his mission. At this point the police moved in and formed a protective cordon. The German mission hurriedly departed from Dar es Salaam on the next ship.

Several times during World War Two the Hehes and other African tribes as well as Arabs agitated for the return of the skull. They even appealed to Sir Winston Churchill, who although sympathetic, explained that nothing could be done.

When peace was restored and Germany conquered, he promised, British anthropological teams would join the search.

"Africa will not know lasting peace," ominously predicted Chief Adam Sapi of the Hehes, "until the skull of Mkwawa is returned."

And so the question of the return of the skull was destined to remain for several more years. The postwar German

Government no longer searched for it. The British all but forgot about it. Only in Africa, millions remembered—and the 350-year-old prophecy.

In June of 1953 when Elizabeth II was crowned Queen of England, like many other African tribes, a delegation of Hehes was invited to attend the coronation. Headed by Chief Sapi, it arrived in London and took the occasion to again demand the return of the skull.

Once more the British Government, through the Foreign Office, declared it would do what it could.

Another year went by. Then, in Bremen, Germany, a medical student named Kurt Pohls, employed in the Museum of Ethnology, was cleaning out some dusty bins in the basement when he found an ancient yellowed skull of a toothless African native with a cephalic index of 71.

Pohls took the skull home to his lodging house intending to convert it into an ash receptacle. He left it on a table for several days.

"I knew the story about the skull of Sultan Mkwawa," he related later, "but at first the thought that this might be the missing skull did not occur to me. Over the years anthropologists had searched in the Museum of Ethnology at least four times.

"One day I examined the skull carefully. From its age and measurements I concluded it might be the long-missing skull and I decided to inform the proper authorities."

The German Government took possession of the skull. In January of 1954 it was turned over to the British Government with an appropriately worded note to the effect that pursuant to Article 246 of the Treaty of Versailles the skull of Sultan Mkwawa was being delivered for restoration to the African people.

The British Foreign Office had the relic placed on a velvet pillow and encased in a glass casket. It was flown to Tanganyika.

A few weeks later Sir Edward Twining, then British governor of Tanganyika, made a formal presentation to thirty thousand Hehe tribesmen assembled for the momentous occasion on an East African plateau.

"Wah!" said an ancient tribal witch doctor. "This is not the skull!"

Sir Edward lost some of his British aplomb. He turned questioning eyes to Chief Sapi.

"He is sure?"

"He is sure," Chief Sapi repeated gravely. "We are all sure. When the right skull is returned to us we will know. All Africa will know."

Today millions of Africans like the Hehes await the return of the skull of the Sultan Mkwawa. Not until it is restored, they are convinced, will lasting peace come to their troubled continent.

Where has it been deposited for more than three and a half centuries? How will they know it from the most artful duplicate?

Is there some supernatural power that will authenticate it for them?

Chapter 4

RETURN OF THE LOCH NESS MONSTER

AMONG ALL THE monsters of the deep none has proven more durable down through the centuries than the puzzling denizen of Loch Ness, scenic and peaceful twenty-four-mile-long lake near Inverness, Scotland.

The first recorded sighting of the Loch Ness Monster was by a shepherd lad named Angus in A.D. 565.

Angus was watering his father's sheep on a bank of the lake when his horrified eyes beheld "a giant serpent as round as the girth of a tree and many times longer" swimming toward him.

Abandoning the sheep to their fate the lad fled in terror to his village where he described what he had seen. The men of the village armed themselves with clubs, axes, swords and whatever other arms they could muster and, accompanied by the reluctant, quaking Angus, marched to the lake.

They saw no giant serpent, nor anything else on the calm surface of the water. The sheep were grazing tranquilly on the bank and a count of the flock showed that not a single one was missing.

"The poor lad is daft," they exclaimed in relief and returned to the village.

But Angus was not daft. From time to time thereafter the Loch Ness monster was seen by other villagers and, on down to the present, by hundreds of others. Among them have been competent observers and a number of scientists.

Descriptions of the Loch Ness monster have varied widely. It is, according to reports, as short as thirty feet, as long as two hundred and fifty feet. It has a dragonlike head with a heavy neck. It has a horselike head with a slender neck. It has baleful, slitted eyes. It has round eyes, the size of saucers. When swimming, its body resembles a number of barrels, strung together and bobbing up and down. When swimming, two gill-like appendages are visible and it propels

itself smoothly forward by two, or in some instances, four, fish fins.

Despite these considerable variances there is one area of agreement. The Lock Ness Monster seems to be a rather benign creature. For almost nine centuries since its initial appearance there has not been a single authenticated instance in which it has attacked a human being or animal.

It has been this amiability which has led to both familiarity, and at the same time, increased doubt as to existence.

The British press often refers to it by favorite nicknames: "Nessie," "Loopy" or "Bobby."

Among its many loyal supporters have been the late Lieutenant Commander Rupert T. Gould, R.N., who after collecting 51 eyewitness accounts, petitioned Parliament to pass an act protecting the Loch Ness Monster.

On the other hand, "Nessie" has both its skeptics and debunkers. Some detractors have pointed to what they declare to be a most remarkable coincidence. Most sightings from year to year occur in the spring shortly before the start of the tourist season. The benefits of such timely publicity to canny Scottish businessmen and travel agencies, they say, is obvious.

Many serious attempts have been made to solve the mystery of the Loch Ness Monster, to determine once and for all if it is genuine; perhaps a reptilian prehistoric-type creature which somehow has managed to survive, or if it is a myth, a fantastic optical illusion, a downright hoax.

One such effort was made in 1938 by Captain Donald John Munro, R.N., C.M.G., who organized the Loch Ness Monster Company to conduct a thorough investigation. Among the many scientists enlisted was Sir Arthur Keith, the famous British anthropologist. Declared Sir Arthur after diligent study:

"Strange to say, it is just the great number of witnesses and the discrepancy of their testimony that have convinced professional zoologists that the 'monster' is not a thing of flesh and blood.

"I have come to the conclusion that the existence or non-existence of the 'monster' is not a problem for zoologists but for psychologists."

Since then the Loch Ness Monster has been photographed several times both by tourists and scientists. Some of this evidence has been acquired by the Royal Geographical Society, which unfortunately has found the photographs too indistinct to pronounce judgment.

So, despite its reappearances from time to time, the Loch

Ness Monster seemed headed for the realm of sheer fantasy, for lack of proof if nothing else. Except for one thing.

In the spring of 1961 at a time when the Loch Ness Monster apparently had emerged from the deep for a swim across the lake, a Royal Air Force plane chanced to be flying overhead.

Spotting the huge creature, the pilot dove downward and photographed it. Undisturbed by the sound of the roaring engine "Nessie" swam onward at a speed which the pilot estimated to be approximately ten knots.

The photograph was processed by experts of the RAF Photo-Reconnaissance Center and it clearly showed "an animate object ninety-two feet long, not less than six feet wide and five feet high, moving across the surface of the lake. Estimated speed, ten knots."

The surprised experts rubbed their eyes, solemnly shook their heads and muttered: "No, it just can't be!"

Yet there it was, the much-doubted, often debunked Loch Ness Monster.

The Photo-Reconnaissance Center wrote a fifteen-hundred-word report, which it forwarded with several prints of the photograph to the Joint Air Reconnaissance Intelligence Center.

There the photograph was closely studied and the pilot who had taken it questioned. Everything was in order.

The experts of the Joint Air Reconnaisance Intelligence Center also made a report declaring:

"Detailed analysis of the type usually given to aerial intelligence photographs rule out other possible explanations. This leaves the conclusion that it is probably an animate object."

Now this report, together with the earlier one and the photograph of "Nessie" was sent on to the office of the Defense Minister for the Royal Air Force where it was destined to remain a secret for five years.

Not until February 20, 1966, did RAF Defense Minister Lord Shackleton reveal its contents and announce publicly:

"I always disbelieved in the monster. Now I am even more mystified than ever. But I find it difficult to discount the findings of this report."

Hoax or genuine? Neither Lord Shackleton nor anyone else can answer the riddle of "Nessie," the Loch Ness Monster that continues to return again and again.

Chapter 5

THE AMAZON WARRIORS OF BRAZIL

DID JOHN ARTHUR HUTCHINS, a thirty-three-year-old British ethnologist, discover a tribe of Amazon women living in the trackless jungle in a remote and little-explored area near the Brazil-Peru border?

Or was the story he related in a Manaus hospital after he was found in 1947, drifting down the Maranon River, sheer fantasy induced by a tropical fever, the invention of a delirious mind?

Brazilian authorities remain in doubt. Experienced South American explorers likewise are unsure. They point out that there are valid arguments to support either side of the question.

One thing is definite. Hutchins was not the first by any means to mention the Amazon women of Brazil. One of the world's greatest rivers is named for them.

Their customs were curiously similar to the legendary female warriors of ancient times, who were described by Herodotus, the "Father of History," about 450 B.C.

"The Amazons live in Pontus near the shore of the Euxine Sea in a kingdom ruled by a tall and comely queen whose palace is in Themiscyra. They make warlike forays to Scythia and much beyond. No man is permitted within their kingdom but once a year they make a visit to mate men of Gargarea. Male offsprings resulting from these visits are either put to death or sent to their fathers. Female offspring are raised by their Amazon mothers, trained in the art of war, in hunting and in agriculture."

Many centuries later, thousands of miles away, a wealthy young Spanish soldier of fortune, Francisco Orellana, a lieutenant of Pizarro, set out on an epic journey of exploration from Quito, Ecuador. With another young Spaniard, Gaspar de Caraval, and a few Indian paddlers, he traveled down the Maranon, and after encountering the women warriors, he gave the mighty river the name of "Amazon."

De Caraval kept a journey of the expedition. Under date of July 22, 1541, he recorded:

"On the bank of the river we did observe 12 females with bared breasts, tall, white, with well-developed bodies. Unlike many of the Indians they were without fear of our approach but savage, nonetheless. Upon the orders of their queen one did loose an arrow which lodged in my eye and caused concern for my life."

De Caraval survived his wound. Despite a great deal of

suffering as well as the hardships of the journey, he reached Cuba. After his death his journal somehow was acquired by a monastery in Rio de Janeiro where it remained to gather dust for 343 years. In 1893 it was sent to the National Library and from then on it inspired several expeditions, mostly of Brazilian origin, to search for the tribe of women after whom their great river had been named.

Although they found no Amazon warriors they did discover something else which tended to confirm their existence. They brought back several muirquitas from the area of the upper Maranon.

A muirquita, as explained by Dr. Salvador Padao, curator of gems of the Museum of Belem, is a talisman given by a woman to her lover to protect him from harm.

"Those of the upper Maranon are Pedras Verdes, green stones," says Dr. Padao. "Actually they are of clay of a peculiar shade of green. They are shaped in the form of a nippled breast. Their rarity makes them as valuable as diamonds.

"Pedras Verdes are mentioned in de Caraval's journal. He wrote that the clay from which they were fashioned was obtained by the Amazons from the bottom of a stream named, in Portuguese, the Espelho da Lua. It does not appear on any map. By the description it is probably one of the smaller tributaries of the upper Maranon.

De Caraval's account of his journal was translated into English. Among those who read and were fascinated by it was ethnologist John Arthur Hutchins who was quick to observe many points of similarity between the customs of the Amazons of Brazil and those of ancient times.

Hutchins re-read Herodotus and others of his era. He studied statues and sculpture inspired by the Amazons. One of the most famous and detailed of these artistic treasures is the battle between Theseus and the Amazons. Acquired by the British Museum, it was once part of the frieze of the temple of Apollo at Bassae.

His research convinced Hutchins that there was a link between the ancient Amazon women and those of Brazil. He expounded this theory in a paper he read at a British ethnological convention in 1946.

"I am not concerned with the question of whether the ancient Amazon women were mythical," he explained. "My interest is in how their customs, as related by Herodotus, reappeared in sixteenth century Brazil as recorded by Gaspar de Caraval.

"How could this have come about? One may speculate that the link was an unknown expedition of Europeans which

penetrated into the interior of Brazil long before the advent of the Spanish conquistadores. The white skin mentioned by de Caraval would indicate this as well as the customs they practiced, which were alien to Indian tribes."

Hutchins' theory in brief was that there were white women in the expedition, that they either survived or killed the men for some unknown reason, and that they formed the practice of mating with Indians of their own selection from then on to keep their race from dying out.

"In all other ways they were self-sufficient," he suggested. "What the established was not a matriarchy but an actual Amazonian existence which may still survive in an unexplored region of upper Brazil or in a rain forest of bordering Peru or Colombia."

In January of 1947, determined to prove or disprove his theory, John Arthur Hutchins set out for Ecuador. He confided his real purpose to only a few of his colleagues. To authorities in Quito he explained that he intended to repeat the journey made four centuries before by Orellana and de Caraval.

The Eucadorian authorities tried to dissuade him. They pointed out the manifold dangers: hostile Indians, including headhunters; wild animals and poisonous snakes; tropical diseases; alligators and piranhas, the voracious little man-eating fish that would swiftly strip the flesh from his bones if his cayuca upset in one of the raging, unmapped rapids or went over one of the numerous waterfalls.

Hutchins listened politely but continued to make preparations for his one-man expedition. A few weeks later in February, the Policia Rural del Ecuador shortwave station on the Peruvian border at Yaupi reported that he had been seen in a cayuca on the Maranon. He was all alone, without even an Indian paddler and he was heading towards the town of Orellana, named for the Spanish soldier of fortune.

For more than ten months there was no further word of Hutchins. Then, late in December, two river Indians, Cayapos, found a bearded, blond white man sprawled helplessly in the bottom of a cayuca drifting downstream. His skin was burned dark by the merciless sun, his lips swollen and blistered. His body was emaciated by dysentery and fever, and the words he spoke in disjointed sentences convinced the Indians that he was uacama—crazy.

They brought Hutchins to the trading post of a Brazilian named Juan Foz who lived nine days' paddle distance above Manaus. Foz radioed to authorities in Manaus who promptly sent an amphibious plane for him.

Hutchins was hospitalized in Manaus where he received

the best of medical care. He was in a critical condition, and according to the attending physician, a Dr. Raymundo, delirious a good part of the time. During his periods of lucidity he episodically told a story of finding the Amazon women first discovered by Orellana and de Caraval.

This was his account as it was pieced together:

One night early in April, while exploring a tributary of the Maranon, Hutchins camped on the bank of the stream. He was asleep in his native hammock slung between two chonta palms when he suddenly woke up and observed several females—some with strung bows, others with spears —standing in a semicircle about him in the moonlight.

Hutchins counted nine of them, tall and light-skinned with long black hair. Their bodies, lithe and clean-limbed, were clad in short garments fastened above the left shoulder. The firm, rounded right breast of each of the women was bare.

He got out of the hammock, raised his arm in a sign of peaceful greeting and started towards the women. Hardly had he taken a few steps when two of them darted forward, leaped upon him from either side and attacked him with the fury of a jaguar.

They got him down and sharp-nailed fingers tore his shirt to shreds as he vainly tried to protect himself. They possessed, he later told Dr. Raymundo, both agility and strength. They worked as a team, their attack well coordinated.

One of the women seized him by the hair from behind. His head was jerked backward and down. It was snapped back across a female thigh so hard his neck nearly cracked. For a moment he was held helplessly while the other woman knelt above him, her knee digging into his groin.

He saw a curved knife in her hand, knew that she was about to cut his throat.

Abruptly his head was released. He was permitted to rise to his feet. He realized then that someone had given the two females an order.

One of the others, who appeared to be the leader, gestured for him to approach.

Hutchins obeyed warily, not knowing what to expect. Females grouped about the leader watched him alertly, arrows in drawn bows still pointed at him. He spread his hands, palms forward to show he was unarmed.

The leader surveyed him from head to toe in cool appraisal. She was about thirty, he judged, and taller than the others, almost his own six foot height.

He addressed her in Spanish and she frowned, shaking her head. Portuguese was better. When she spoke however, it

was in the part-Portugueses, part-Indian, caboclo dialect of the river.

Her name was Conori, he learned, and she was unta, or chief of this tribe of Cunhas-tecoimas, of women warriors. She informed Hutchins that he was to acompany them back to their village. He agreed with mixed feelings: part exultation that he had proved the veracity of de Caraval's journal and found the long lost tribe of Amazons, part apprehensiveness.

Conori led the way, striding into the shadowy green coolness of the rain forest along a trail so faint that it was scarcely discernible to his eyes. Her long, strong legs set a fast pace. The other Amazons kept up with her with ease.

They marched on through the trees, passing many igapos; limpid pools bordered by tall dragao plants ablaze with immense red and gold blossoms. They descended into a deep barranca and climbed up the far side. Long after sundown they approached a stream that was both deep and almost riverlike in width. The name of the stream made Hutchins tingle with excitement. It was called the Espelho da Lua, the name mentioned in de Caraval's journal.

Hutchins was not permitted to enter the village on the far side of the stream. Only one night of the year, the Night of the Mating, were males allowed to enter, each conducted to a hut by an Amazon.

There were several huts on the near side of the stream, all of them empty. These were bachelor houses, arqueleros, which were to be occupied by males arriving as the Night of the Mating approached.

Hutchins was assigned to an arquelero. There he slept and his daily food was brought to him by one or another Amazon maiden. The far side of the river was always guarded against male intrusion by Amazon warriors armed with bows and arrows.

In the days following his arrival Hutchins was able to observe some of the facets of Amazon life. He moved about freely, but never beyond the bank of the stream.

He estimated that there were between sixty and seventy adult Amazon warriors, perhaps three times this number ranging in age from infancy upwards.

From youth on they were trained as warriors. They were excellent swimmers and wrestlers, expert with knife, spear, bow and arrow. They were also skillful, fearless hunters.

Noting his interest Conori invited him along on a hunt for jaguar, which she called onca. They were accompanied by three young warriors armed with machetelike knives.

Conori herself carried both a knife and an unusual spear-

like weapon. It was about seven feet in length and headed with a forked V instead of a sharp tip.

After flushing a small but deadly jaguar the young warriors deliberately drove it toward Conori. When the snarling cat bounded at her she stood with legs braced, spear held steady in slender, powerful hands.

She suddenly lunged with the spear and the shaft bent under the impact of the jaguar's charge when Conori adeptly caught the animal's neck in the V.

In the instant the jaguar was off balance Conori twisted the spear, lunged forward and down. As the enraged, screaming cat thudded to the ground Conori leaped at it and killed it with her knife in a daring exhibition of courage, strength and skill.

Hutchins learned that the women of the tribe were divided into two groups: guerreras, the warriors, and madres, the mothers. Every Amazon was a guerrera until the Night of the Mating when light-skinned male warriors, most of them Aparai from an Indian tribe in the more remote interior, were permitted to mate in the village.

Just how these swains were summoned, either by messenger or by knowledge of the traditional custom, Hutchins did not discover but as the night of the ritual approached, they began arriving at the stream and occupied the arqueleros. Like Hutchins, they were fed by young girls from the village.

One evening shortly before the full moon, Conori came to the far side of the stream with about a score of her warriors, the same number as the males in the arqueleros.

Realizing that some sort of ceremony was about the take place, Hutchins accompanied the men to the bank of stream. It was here that the preliminary ritual of choosing mates was conducted.

The men formed one line; the Amazons formed another facing them. Conori walked slowly between the two rows. In her hand she held a slender wand of chonta palm.

She paused before each male, studying his physique. Then she turned to the guerreras, scrutinized them gravely and made her decision. She pointed to each selected female with her wand.

After each selection the chosen female walked solemnly to the row of males and placed a small Pedra Verde in his hand. This was all that was to the preliminary ceremony but the pairing-up took a long time. Conori was very thorough about it. At length she was finished.

After pairing up the last couple, to Hutchins' startled surprise, Conori walked to him and put a Pedra Verde in his hand, indicating her intention of mating with him.

Hutchins spent a sleepless night tossing on the palm mat in his arquelero while he debated. He had remained too long, he told himself. He had been chosen by Conori to mate with her. She had not consulted his own wishes in the matter nor informed him of the consequences if he refused. She might even have him put to death.

He decided that he had one alternative. He had accomplished his objective and proved, at least to his own satisfaction, that the Amazons did exist. At some future time he could return with a larger, well equipped expedition which would prove it to the world. Right now it was most advisable to leave.

On the following evening after darkness set in, Hutchins quietly left his hut and started out through the jungle. This was a simple matter. He was not a captive and no alarm was raised. In all probability his absence was not noticed until the next morning and when it was, it is doubtful if there was any attempt made to pursue him. During his wandering, uncertain joruney back to the stream where he had left his cayuca, he had no indication that any of the Amazons were searching for him.

Hutchins paddled downstream toward the Maranon and somewhere in the course of his voyage—he did not know where—he took a wrong fork. Authorities in Manaus later reasoned that he might have entered a stream leading into a tributary of the Jandiatuba.

He became hopelessly lost, then contracted a high fever, a severe case of dysentery with sunstroke and other complications which he endured for days before he was found by river Indians.

The wonder of it was that Hutchins was still alive when they came upon him in his drifting cayuca.

Hutchins was in a critical condition when he was flown to Manaus. Dr. Raymundo and others on the hospital staff did all that could be done for him. Despite the best of medical care, it proved to be a losing battle.

Hutchins finally succumbed in the Manaus hospital in January of 1948. In addition to his rambling story of finding the Amazons, he left one small but convincing piece of evidence—a Pedra Verde formed into the shape of a female nippled breast.

It was made of a curious shade of green clay, a shade which some ethnologists point out might well have come from the bed of the Espelho da Lua, as mentioned in the meticulous journal of Gaspar de Caraval.

Chapter 6

THE RIDDLE OF MARSHAL MICHEL NEY

THE PAGES of history are sprinkled with provocative tales of figures, famous and infamous, supposedly resurrected after they were officially declared dead.

A classical example is "The Lost Dauphin," Louis XVII, son of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette. Following his demise of scrofula and the brutal treatment inflicted by his prison guards, many "Dauphins" appeared. At one time there were no less than twenty-seven of these pretenders to the throne of France. One of the most believable showed up in what is now Green Bay, Wisconsin. Befriended by Eleazar Williams, a part Indian missionary, he became a local legend.

The unlamented Adolf Hitler is another example. The evidence is rather conclusive that on April 30, 1945, the Fuehrer committed suicide in his Berlin bunker by shooting himself in the mouth, and that his body, together with that of his bride, Eva Braun, who took poison, was cremated. Nevertheless for several years thereafter Hitler was reported to have been "seen" in various South American countries.

The most intriguing of such legends, if it is a legend and not the truth, concerns Marshal Michel Ney of France and poses a riddle which has never been answered satisfactorily.

Was the body of a man named Ney buried in an obscure grave in the little Third Creek Presbyterian Church Cemetery near Davidson, North Carolina? Was it a school teacher, one Peter Stewart Ney, as inscribed on the headstone? Or was it Marshal Ney, Duke of Elchingen, Prince of the Moskowa, the renowned soldier called by Napoleon "The Bravest of the Brave"?

Born at Saarlouis on January 10th, 1769, the son of a poor cooper, Michel Ney was destined for a brilliant military career. He rose rapidly through the ranks after enlisting in a regiment of hussars in Metz in 1788. By 1799 at the age of thirty, he was a general and veteran of several campaigns.

He was a favorite of Napoleon, so much so that at the request of "The Little Corporal," Josephine selected a "suitable" wife for him, the beautiful Mademoiselle Auguié whom he married in 1802.

Ney was a loyal and ardent admirer of Napoleon and urged him to proclaim himself emperor. When the empire was established, Ney was made a marshal and the recipient of the Grand Eagle of the Legion of Honor.

A man of great personal courage, always in the front line of battle, he inspired his soldiers who were devoted to him.

They followed him unflinchingly to victory over the Austrians at Ulm, to defeat in Napoleon's ill-starred expedition to Russia in 1812.

It was Marshal Ney who commanded the dogged rearguard action during the grim retreat from Moscow. He fought in the lines with his men with musket and bayonet, starved and froze with them. He was the last officer to recross the frontier on Napoleon's return from Russia.

In 1813 he commanded a corps in the German campaign; a year later, in the campaign in France. When the Empire fell he shifted his loyalty, temporarily to the returning King Louis XVIII. Then he compounded what was admittedly treason by rejoining Napoleon, who showed his forgiveness after his escape from Elba by placing Ney in command of the left wing on the northern flank at Waterloo.

Here again Ney demonstrated his great personal courage, heroically leading attack upon attack against the British, each time being repulsed with mounting losses of men.

Waterloo proved to be a catastrophe to Napoleon, and subsequently, at the order of King Louis XVIII, Ney was arrested and tried for treason in the Chamber of Peers. The king and Ney's former comrades-in-arms advocated leniency, but the Chamber of Deputies and influential royalists in the court insisted upon the death sentence. The verdict was never in doubt: "Execution to be carried out by a firing squad on the morning of December 7, 1815."

It was almost midnight on the night before the execution when Ney was visited by the young Duc de Broglie, the one royalist who had voted for his acquittal.

"M. le Maréchal," he said, "I have made a last-minute appeal to the king, but clemency was refused. Be of stout heart, however. There is not a soldier in all of the French Army who would fire a bullet at your person. Tomorrow morning the muskets of the execution squad will be loaded with harmless powder. When the volley is discharged you will fall and pretend death. There will be no coup d'grace.

"You will be placed immediately in a coffin which will be carried to the grounds of the Observatory, where a coach will be waiting. You will then be driven to Le Havre and board a ship which will sail you safely to the Carolinas in the United States."

Shortly after dawn on the morning of December 7, as ordered by the Chamber of Peers, Marshal Ney was taken from his cell to the gardens of the Luxembourg. He was stood up against a stone wall, facing without a blindfold the execution squad of eight soldiers with muskets.

A young lieutenant raised his sword. He called out an order and his arm dropped in signal.

A volley of fire cracked sharply in the wintry air of the Luxembourg gardens. Ney fell back against the wall, swayed and toppled to the ground.

As the Duc de Broglie had promised, the lieutenant did not bend over the body to administer the customary coup de'grace with a bullet through the head. Instead the corpse was placed in a plain wooden coffin and carried to a nearby cart which started off in the direction of the Observatory.

In January of 1816, approximately a month after the dramatic early morning episode in the Luxembourg gardens, a merchant ship from Le Havre dropped anchor in the harbor of Charleston, South Carolina. She put one passenger ashore, a man in his mid-forties. He said his name was Peter Stewart Ney, a French teacher by profession.

Ney moved about the state seeking a position as a teacher. He became schoolmaster in a little school in Georgetown, approximately sixty miles north of Charleston where he led a quiet and studious life.

One day a family of French emigres named Lefevier moved into Georgetown. Louis Lefevier, a former sergeant in one of Napoleon's armies, had come to South Carolina with his wife and three children to start a new life on a cotton plantation.

A month went by and then Lefevier chanced to call at the school house to enroll one of his children.

He stared at schoolmaster Ney, his face study in startled surprise.

"Maréchal Ney! But no, it cannot be possible!"

"I do not understand," schoolmaster Ney said calmly. "Is there something about me that disturbs you?"

"I once had the honor to serve under the valiant Maréchal Ney. In appearance you are greatly the same. Your last name is also the same. But no, it cannot be. M. le Maréchal, as everyone knows, was executed in the gardens of the Luxembourg."

Schoolmaster Ney nodded gravely.

"The similarity exists only in the name. I was never in the army and I must admit, I am far from valiant."

On the following day Peter Stewart Ney did not return to school. To this day some citizens of Georgetown insist that it was because he believed ultimately he would be identiged by Louis Lefevier.

Ney disappeared for several years. He appeared to possess funds, sent to him from abroad and presumably he traveled about the country.

It was not until 1830 that he returned to North Carolina, where he finally settled down in the midwestern part of the state near Davidson. He devoted much of his time reading and walking. Six years later, after Davidson College was established, Ney, then a man of sixty-seven, frequented the college library where he spent many hours of his declining years reading and studying French history.

After Ney died, he was buried in a grave in the Third Creek Presbyterian Church Cemetery and the name "Peter Stewart Ney" inscribed on the modest headstone. His grave is austere compared to the three-tiered monument in the Pere-Lachaise Cemetery in Paris where Marshal Michel Ney, "Bravest of the Brave," is supposedly buried.

Or did Marshal Ney escape execution, succeed in finding refuge in America, and live out the remainder of his life with poignant memories?

Chapter 7

MARSHALL DICKERSON, THE PHANTOM LEGIONNAIRE

SINCE THE days of the conquering Roman Legions, almost every army on earth has had its own martial legends about spectral allies; about phantom phalanxes or individual and mysterious heroes who have suddenly materialized in the midst of battle.

Some stood impregnably against an advancing foe and turned frantic retreat into orderly withdrawal. Others rallied hard-pressed, dispirited troops and suffused them with fresh and unconquerable courage that enabled them to snatch victory from certain defeat.

Of all the stories of this mystique, none has been told more often than that which originated on the blood-drenched terrain of Belgium in the area around Mons in the early days of World War One. The phenomena occurred in August of 1914, when the badly mauled British Expeditionary Force, heavily outnumbered by the invading German Army, was retreating towards the Marne.

Actually there are two versions to the legend. In one the spectral "Angels of Mons" were attired in the armor of knightly Crusaders, rode snow white horses and were armed with swords, maces and lances. In the other they were "Phantom Bowmen" garbed as medieval English archers, carried long bows and marched on foot.

Now whether you choose to believe or disbelieve one of these versions, it is a historical fact that the advance of the German Army was inexplicably slowed long enough for the

British and their French allies to mount a counter-offensive at the Marne. Nor has this or many other examples of similar phenomena ever adequately been explained as mass hysteria, mass hypnosis or mass mirage.

None of these legends is more baffling than that of Marshall Dickerson. What makes it particularly puzzling is that Dickerson, a likeable, six-foot-four American—in the beginning at least—was no apparition. Before he became a Phantom Legionnaire, he was not a figment of anyone's imagination but a flesh and blood human being. This author ran across his trail in North Africa in World War Two and interviewed his wife—or widow—Elsie, in the Connecticut town of Newington where she taught school.

Dickerson was a gallant soldier who did not remain dead after he was "killed" while leading his men in the Gran Chaco of South America, in Spain, in Algeria, at El Alamein and in the Normandy invasion.

Growing up in the 1920s, an adventurous and restless youngster, his ambition was a military career. When he failed to receive an appointment to West Point because of poor eyesight, he enrolled in Virginia Military Institute and graduated with honors.

In 1933 he obtained a job as a reporter on the Washington, D.C., *Post* and also became a lieutenant in the U.S. Army Reserve.

Reportorial work soon palled on him. Bolivia and Paraguay were belligerently shaking fists at each other in the Gran Chaco, and Dickerson heard the knock of opportunity. He developed contacts in the Bolivian Embassy, obtained a captain's commission, and early in 1934, was sent to La Paz to train Bolivian machine gunners.

In La Paz he was assigned to a regiment commanded by a Colonel Jacinto Reque Teran and was placed in charge of the machine gun company.

It wasn't long before he was ordered to lead his men in the heavily jungled Villa Montes sector, where he participated in one of the fiercest engagements of the Gran Chaco campaign. For four days he stormed a strategic hill stoutly defended by a force of Paraguayans.

On the fourth evening, leading his men in a heroic charge, he drove the enemy from the hill in hand-to-hand combat with bayonets and machetes and forced the Paraguayans to retreat into the jungle. He was in hot pursuit when he plunged into the bush and disappeared.

It was an outstanding victory for the smaller Bolivian Army, one to which Captain Dickerson had contributed considerably. There was a celebration in La Paz and President

Sorzano ordered Colonel Teran to bring the fighting yanqui to the capital to receive a medal for bravery.

Despite an all-out search, no trace of Dickerson was to be found. The hunt for him went on for three days in a greenish hell where the temperature often drops from a hundred and thirty degrees during the blazing day to near-freezing at night; where insects, maneating schools of piranhas, cholera, dysentery, thirst, malaria and deadly little coral snakes took an even greater toll than the enemy.

If a man was wounded in the arm or leg and found within three days, he was thought to have a chance to survive. If he had been hit in the body, he was presumed as good as dead. Experience had repeatedly shown that such casualties would succumb to thirst, fever or infection.

Colonel Teran reported that Dickerson was dead. President Sorzano awarded him the medal posthumously.

Almost two weeks later, Dickerson stumbled into a Bolivian field dressing station, where he was treated for a badly infected machete wound in the shoulder. It was almost another week before he came out of his feverish delirium and he was able to speak coherently.

Colonel Teran questioned him about the near-miracle of his survival and he shook his head. All he could remember was plunging into the bush in pursuit of the Paraguayans. From then on everything was blank. All he remembered was waking up in a hospital bed.

Dickerson was convalescing in La Paz when he met an American girl named Elsie. It was love at first sight for both of them. They married and set out on a long honeymoon, intending to tour all of South America.

When they arrived in Chile, Dickerson learned that there was a civil war going on in Spain and he felt a strong urge to get into it. In Valparaiso he fell in with a number of Loyalist sympathizers and decided to join their cause. He had no interest in their politics. As far as he was concerned, the Loyalists were the underdog and this was an opportunity for him to fight.

Dickerson purchased two steamship tickets, one to New York for his wife, the other to Barcelona via Liverpool for himself. He bade Elsie farewell in Valparaiso and told her they would be reunited in New York City after the war was over. She never saw him again.

Months went by. It was early in November of 1936 and Madrid was under heavy attack by four Nationalist columns. The untrained Loyalist populace fought desperately to hold them off.

Suddenly a tall, lean American appeared at Loyalist head-

quarters in Madrid. His name, he said, was Marshall Dickerson, and he had come from Barcelona "to help out."

Dickerson was accepted as a volunteer and given command of a small force of irregulars. What they lacked in arms and training they more than made up in courage. On the night of November 7 he sped with them in trucks to the suburbs.

Throughout the night they resisted an invading column of Nationalists so fiercely that they halted its advance.

Before dawn Dickerson and his men threw up street barricades and by evening had repulsed two more attacks.

That night the enemy brought up artillery and subjected Dickerson to heavy shellfire. Despite mounting casualties, the defenders grimly held their positions.

On the following morning, November 9, the Loyalist government decided to move to Valencia. Headquarters sent Dickerson a messenger asking how much longer he could hold out.

"To the last man," he answered.

Marshall Dickerson was one of the last men. Surrounded by the dead and wounded, he fought on with a dwindling number of men while the evacuation was going on.

Towards dusk, with little more than a handful of defenders left, the Nationalists dropped a withering barrage of mortar shells upon the barricade and wiped them out.

During the siege, General Emilio Molina had heard of the bravery of the fighting yanqui. He ordered his Moorish troops to find Dickerson—or his body. No trace of the American was found.

Months passed. Then Elsie Dickerson received a letter from her husband from Freetown, Sierra Leone. He was on his way to join the French Foreign Legion in North Africa. He made no mention of how he had escaped alive.

In North Africa, according to Legion records, Marshall Dickerson enlisted in the 13th Demi-Brigade commanded by the famed Lieut. Col. Amilavari.

Although officially ranked as a corporal, his experience in gunnery and combat involved duties of greater responsibility. Also he had an informal agreement. Ever since his enlistment he had momentarily expected that the United States would enter World War Two, in which case the colonel agreed that Dickerson, as a American Reserve officer, would be permitted to transfer to an American unit.

When the United States did get into the fight, however, Dickerson discovered that if he transferred he would be sent back to the States to train machine gunners, so he decided to remain in the Legion. For the time being at least.

Then, in June of 1942, began the series of Dickerson's disappearances and equally inexplicable reappearances, witnessed and documented by many of his comrades.

The first took place at Bir Hacheim in the Libyan Desert where the Italians attacked the 13th Demi-Brigade. For days the Legionnaires held their own against overwhelming odds until Marshal Erwin Rommel came to the aid of the Italians with tanks of his Afrika Korps.

Finally on June 10, after several bloody hand-to-hand engagements, Amilavari ordered the Legion to withdraw.

Captain Morel, Dickerson's company commander, was killed in the savage fighting. So were the lieutenants and the sergeants.

Dickerson took command. He led the men out of the desert position that had become a death trap. Singlehandedly he charged a column of German tanks, demolished several with grenades and opened a gap through which the Legionnaires escaped. Dickerson himself disappeared.

The fighting moved on, back and forth across the death-strewn desert. Elsie Dickerson received another letter from her husband, the last she ever got. It mentioned, oddly, that he had been fighting with the Legion in Syria. "There is a good chance," he added, "that I will be transferred to the U.S. Army."

Now Rommel was approaching El Alamein. General Sir Bernard L. Montgomery's British Eighth Army had its back to the Nile.

At 10 p.m. on October 23 in his desert headquarters, Montgomery gave the order that started the historic and decisive battle.

The Legionnaires had moved just north of the tip of the Qattara Depression where a flanking attack was developing in the direction of the strategic Qaret el Himeimat. They were slugging to take and hold the ridge, and in the process, they were catching hell.

Yard by yard, then foot by foot, they fought their way forward. It seemed incredible that any of them could survive the blistering fire that was being poured upon them. Their casualties were mounting fast.

Suddenly a lanky figure emerged from the clouds of smoke and dust. The submachine gun held in one long arm seemed incongruously like a toy. With the other arm he waved them on, shouting encouragement.

"Forward, Legionnaires!"

Bullets kicked up sand spurts around Dickerson's combat boots and whistled past his bare head. Advancing through a

holocaust of death, he was not hit. He seemed to have a charmed life.

Dickerson led the Legionnaires through an enemy minefield, charged machine gun emplacements, silenced several German mortars. They occupied Himeimat Ridge and he vanished.

Following the battle of El Alamein, a Lieutenant Thibauld searched for him among the dead sprawled at the foot of the ridge. He reported that almost the entire first wave of Legionnaires had been wiped out at point blank range during the charge. The American's body was not found.

Was the Phantom Legionnaire an apparition when he led the attack at Himeimat Ridge? His fellow Legionnaires deny it. They were familiar with his appearance and the sound of his voice, and as Lieut. Thibauld realistically pointed out, "Can a spectre kill a number of Germans with a submachine gun?"

So Dickerson was listed as "disparu," missing. Further evidence that he had been alive came later.

Dickerson had led the charge at Himeimat Ridge during the morning hours of October 24. In the following week, his brother, Mr. J. B. Dickerson, a metallurgist in Buffalo, N.Y., received a delayed letter from him dated October 12. He wrote that he was in good health, excellent spirits and still in the French Foreign Legion.

The Phantom Legionnaire was seen a number of times after the Battle of El Alamein. His appearance always coincided with a critical moment of combat. His tall, heroic figure was unmistakable to those who knew him.

Dickerson's last appearance occurred during the Normandy landings when he was seen and identified by a number of Legionnnaire comrades brigaded with the British 5th Wessex Regiment.

Advance units in landing craft were nosing ashore at the shell-cratered beachhead when a concealed enemy battery opened with an artillery barrage that threatened to annihilate them. A salvo of shells straddled the first landing craft and blew it to pieces. Then another.

Suddenly the soldiers of the 5th Wessex saw Dickerson waving to them from shore, incongruously in his uniform of a Legionnaire corporal.

"This way!" he shouted. "On the double!"

The troops splashed to the beach towards Dickerson. He led them along a path blown through barbed wire, to a narrow track. Beyond were low dunes rising from pools and runnels of water. On the far side of the dunes, safe from enemy fire, the Phantom Legionnaire halted.

It was here that the men of the 5th Wessex caught up with him and threw themselves on the sand behind the natural protection of the dunes. And once again Dickerson had vanished. Human or spectral he was never seen again, nor to this day has anyone been able to offer a logical explanation of his bizarre behavior.

"Dick was born to fight," Mrs. Elsie Dickerson said when interviewed. "He may be a legend to his comrades but he is still very real to me. I've a feeling that some day he'll come back."

Chapter 8

HUMAN SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION

ON A OCTOBER evening Maybelle Andrews, a 19-year-old typist, was dancing the watusi with her companion, Billy Clifford, 22, in one of London's Soho nightspots when she burst into flames.

Fire suddenly blazed from her back, chest and shoulders, enveloped her head and ignited her hair. She ran frantically about, screaming in agony.

Before Clifford and some of the others were able to seize her and extinguish the fire with their hands and a topcoat, Maybelle had fatally inhaled flames. She died in an ambulance on the way to the hospital.

With his burned hands swathed in bandages, Clifford testified at the inquest and told the mystified coroner:

"I saw no one smoking on the dance floor. There were no candles or open lights on the tables. I did not see her dress catch fire from anything. I know it sounds incredible, but it appeared to me that the flames blazed outward, as if they originated within her body."

Other witnesses agreed with Clifford. The unsatisfactory and reluctant verdict of the coroner's court was: "Death accidental, caused by fire of unknown origin"—as it had been in a number of other equally bizarre cases. To cite a few examples:

"Mrs. Selina Broadhurst, Wrexham, North Wales, was burned to a crisp by her own clothes in circumstances where it was not possible"—Liverpool *Echo.*

"Mrs. N. Edwards, Makin Street, Walton, Liverpool, was burned to death by her own clothes which caught fire nobody knows how. There was no fire or light in the house at the time."——same newspaper.

"G. A. Shepherdson, Hull building contractor, was driving by a dwelling in the process of construction near Hessle, Yorkshire when he waved to several workmen he knew.

A moment later they observed him burst into flame with startling suddenness."——Sheffield *Independent.*

"A. F. Smith of Birkenhead was incinerated in the cab of the vehicle he was driving at Upton-by-Chester. Police witnesses testified they had found the petrol tank full and unharmed by fire, the doors of the cab opened easily, but the interior was 'a veritable furnace.' The coroner's jury declared they were unable to determine how the accident occurred."——London *Telegraph.*

"Horace T. Nicholas was walking in Windmill Road, Hampton Hill, London when his body appeared to explode. His clothes then burned fiercely, his hair was burned off and the rubber-soled boots melted on his feet."——Reynolds *News.*

Such instances of apparent spontaneous combusion in human beings are by no means limited to England of course. They have occurred everywhere. In many other cases, victims do not ignite themselves but act as unwitting and unsuspected arsonists who are responsible for the destruction of millions of dollars' worth of property annually.

No one ever was a greater authority on the highly specialized subject of human torches than Professor Robin Beach, who retired from the department of electrical engineering of the Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn to establish the unique scientific sleuthing organization of Robin Beach Engineers Associated.

One of his first clients was an Ohio manufacturer of rubber products who was bedeviled by a series of small but mysterious fires in his plant. As many as six or eight occurred daily. Despite the greatest vigilance they could not be prevented nor could their origin be traced.

Professor Beach was sent for and he arrived at the Ohio plant with a suitcase full of gauges and meters. He listened quietly to the facts.

"Sounds as if you've got a 'hot poppa' or a 'hot momma' on the loose," he said. "Suppose we check it out."

One by one, employees were asked to step on a small metal plate and hold an electrode in their hand while Beach took readings from an electrostatic voltameter.

Among them was a young woman who had been recently hired. When she stepped on the metal plate, the needle of the meter took a mighty jump. She was charged with 30,000 volts of electrostatic electricity and had a resistance of 500,000 ohms.

"She's the cause of your fires," Professor Beach announced.

"You'd better transfer her to a department where she won't be able to touch anything combustible."

No one knows how many such fires are started by human torches, nor how many may cause their own demise by accidentally igniting their clothing or surroundings.

Under certain conditions almost anyone can build up an electrostatic charge of from 15,000 to 20,000 volts, but some individuals can charge up to 30,000 volts, Professor Beach explained when interviewed. They don't charge up any higher or their hair stands on end and the electricity is discharged through the hair tips.

"The experience of discharging long sparks from one's fingertips to a radiator, stove or elevator after walking on carpets or rugs within doors during the cold, dry winter weather is common, but if permitted under certain conditions, may have grave consequences," he said.

"Explosions originating in this manner in hospital operating and treatment rooms from anesthetic vapors and air mixtures have resulted in serious injuries or deaths to patients, to surgeons, and to nurses and attendants, as well as in demolition of buildings.

"Certain industrial processes in ordnance plants, for example, are so susceptible to explosion hazards from body electrification as to make necessary the exclusion of individuals whose abnormally dry skin is found by test to cause them to retain electric charges more persistently than others."

A person does not necessarily have to have the physiological dry skin condition to be a "hot poppa." He can take on the hazardous properties of one from his clothes, particularly his shoes and socks or from the floor surfaces on which he stands or walks.

Professor Beach detailed an instance in which a man proved to be a hazard to himself.

"In one case I investigated, a driver decided to see if the battery of his car needed filling with water. It was a cold, dry fall day and the man walked a short distance on a dry concrete driveway, raised the hood of his car and unscrewed the caps of his battery.

"There was an immediate explosion as he touched off the hydrogen gas escaping from the battery of the recently parked car. One eye was permanently blinded, the other severely injured."

Just how many of us are charged this way Beach doesn't know. From his experience he makes a guess that about one in 100,000 has an abnormally dry skin condition which perhaps may be corrected by diet and vitamins after consultation with a physician.

But while many human torch conflagrations and explosions unquestionably are caused by the discharge of electrostatic ignition, an element of mystery remains.

Did the unfortunate Maybelle Andrews burst into flames from "within" while dancing, as stated by Billy Clifford? Electrical engineers point out that this is not indicative of an electrostatic discharge.

How could the truck driver, A. F. Smith, have incinerated himself without also igniting the seat cushions or anything else within his cab?

And the building contractor, G. A. Shepherdson, was burned to a charred, unrecognizable corpse when he merely waved a hand in friendly greeting.

Are there, then, human beings who unfortunately possess complex physiological conditions which make them potential victims of spontaneous combustion — or even living time bombs?

Medical science, knowledgeable as it is, can not be certain.

Does the answer lie somewhere in the world of the occult, obeying natural laws that we have no knowledge of?

Chapter 9

MYSTERY OF THE ANTI-UNIVERSE

SOMEWHERE out in space, is there an anti-universe—a fantastic cosmos, the reverse of our own, with anti-worlds inhabited by anti-beings who may even be mirrorlike duplicates of human beings in appearance?

While the question may sound like the most imaginative science-fiction, it has been propounded in all seriousness by a number of leading physicists since 1928, when the eminent English mathematician and Nobel prize recipient, Paul Adrien Maurice Dirac, first suspected a tremendous but elusive superforce in negative energy. It was named contraterrene—CT—or more simply, anti-matter.

Some physicists investigating anti-matter believe it may be the key which will ultimately unlock the key to several age-old mysteries including:

The separation of Pangaea, the world's original land mass into continents as we know them today.

The disappearance of the "mythical" continents of Atlantis, Lemuria and Mu as well as numerous islands below the seas.

The vanishing of millions of people of ancient civilizations, and the burial of their cities without a discernible cause such as an earthquake or the eruption of a volcano.

The origin of huge "meteoric" earth craters such as Meteor Crater in Arizona and Chubb Crater in northern Quebec,

larger in area than could have been created by a meteor alone.

Bombardments of tektite; glassy chunks from outer space and the inexplicable "rain" of other objects from the sky.

Should an anti-world collide with Earth, they believe, both would explode with a force exceeding destruction caused by millions of the most powerful nuclear bombs. Every living thing would be instantly destroyed in the fearful cataclysm. Earth would be blasted into small fragments scattered widely into space.

Sheer supposition?

"We cannot predict the extent of the discoveries that may come from continued investigation of the subatomic worlds of matter and anti-matter," declared the President's Advisory Panel on Science in Washington, D.C. "We can only predict that they will be numerous, and in comparison to what we already know, fantastic."

One of the leading scientists in this little-publicized field of research has been Dr. Leon M. Lederman, at the age of 42 a brilliant professor of physics and director of Columbia University's Nevis Cyclotron Laboratory.

Associated with Dr. Lederman in the investigation of anti-matter at Brookhaven National Laboratory, Upton, New York, has been an international team of physicists including Dr. David Dorfan of South Africa, Dr. John Eades of England, Professor Wonyong Lee of Korea and Dr. Samuel Ting of Taiwan.

At Brookhaven they succeeded in producing anti-deuterons, a form of anti-matter much more complex than ever created on earth before. Although physicists had suspected its existence on theoretical grounds, its actual production at Brookhaven confirmed the theory upon which science's understanding of the nature of anti-matter is based.

Technically speaking, they proved that anti-matter can exist not only in the form of isolated subatomic particles, but in aggregations of particles; that they may compose entire anti-planets, anti-moons, and anti-suns in an anti-universe, just as particles of matter form everything in our known universe.

Dr. Lederman and his associates discovered what may be the most important clue to the anti-universe.

How they succeeded in this achievement with all its staggering implications is much too complicated to explain in layman's language but as outlined by Brookhaven physicists: "The particle and its anti-particle are identical in most respects, but are opposite in electric charge and magnetic characteristics. When particle and anti-particle meet they destroy each other.

"Anti-matter is a combination of anti-particles in the same sense that matter is a combination of subatomic particles.

"Anti-deuterons were discovered during lengthy experiments in which Dr. Lederman and his associates utilized the huge Brookhaven accelerator, the AGS synchrotron, to hurl protons at almost the speed of light, and energy of 30 billion electron volts, at a target of beryllium.

"The anti-deuterons were detected with the aid of a specially built research device called a high-transmission mass analyzer. The major elements of this consist of 16 magnets, each weighing 20 tons, arranged in a pattern which is stretched 300 feet from the target. Its purpose is to sort out and identify the anti-deuterons in the debris of collisions between the high-energy protons and nuclei of atoms in the target."

Now while this is admittedly difficult for a non-physicist to understand—and the average reader might well skip the above four paragraphs entirely—the next two paragraphs in the words of Dr. Lederman are clear and simply expressed. Remember, too, that he and his associates are careful, cautious scientists. This is his astounding statement:

"A new and deeper world and anti-world symmetry is now believed to hold, in which the anti-world does not only have anti-particles replace particles but also is a mirror image of our world.

"It is not possible now to disprove the grand speculation that these anti-worlds could be populated by thinking creatures."

The achievement of Dr. Lederman and his associates have given not only physicists but other scientists the inspirational impetus to look backward into time as well as forward and to re-evaluate many theories.

One, long held, the Pangaea Theory, is an explanation of the physical characteristics of the world as we know it today.

Glance at a map of the earth and you will see that some of the great land masses can be fitted neatly together like a jigsaw puzzle while others apparently have some of the pieces missing.

For many generations some of the most eminent scientists have believed that once there was a single vast land mass on earth. They called it Pangaea.

At a time when the world was young—they believe it occurred between four and five billion years ago—Pangaea was broken into several large pieces and numerous smaller ones.

The largest of these segments became continents. The Americas drifted slowly westward into the positions they now occupy. Other pieces became islands of varying size, among them the "mythical" kingdoms of Atlantis, in what is now the Atlantic Ocean, and Mu and Lemuria in the Pacific.

When Pangaea was broken up, the original land mass was subjected to unimaginable violence which also caused tremendous upheavals, creating the Himalayas, the Sierras, the Alps, the Andes and other mountain ranges.

Convincing though this may sound to some, the theory has had both critics and skeptics pointing to several flaws. One great mystery was this: The segmenting of Pangaea could not have occurred gradually. What then was the inconceivable force that tore it asunder?

Before Dr. Lederman and his team at Brookhaven succeeded in producing anti-deuterons, a complex form of anti-matter, the largest heavenly bodies to have struck the earth were believed to be meteorites. Two of these collisions had occurred in the remote past. One was near Winslow, Arizona, creating a crater three quarters of a mile wide and some 500 feet in depth; the site is called Meteor Crater.

The second, Chubb Crater, in the Ungava region of northern Quebec, formed a lake almost eight miles in circumference.

One, in recent times and the most puzzling, exploded in the vicinity of Lake Baikal in Siberia in June of 1908 and caused great destruction in a forest area.

Physicist-mathematicians calculated that if it was a meteor that fell from space near Winslow it would have had to weigh between 100,000 and a million tons and crash with an impact of 35,000 miles per hour to create such a tremendous crater. They knew, however, that a meteor weighing more than 100 tons is for the most part vaporized on impact by the resulting heat. Thus, they reasoned, a meteor alone could not have created Meteor Crater or Chubb Crater.

But perhaps Dr. Lederman had discovered an important clue! Even a small meteorite might cause great destruction if it acted as a "bombcasing" for anti-matter.

This suggested a possible answer to the previously unanswerable flaw in the Pangaea Theory. Perhaps the original mass had been struck by a "space bomb" of anti-matter pulled from its orbit by the action of one of the fundamental phenomena of physics. As expressed by Newton's Universal Law of Gravitation, unlike objects are attracted to each other.

If our world of matter collided with the anti-matter "space

bomb," a cataclysmic explosion had occurred. Pangaea had been blown apart, the anti-matter vehicle vaporized.

"This would explain why no trace of the colliding visitor was found in the Lake Baikal area," explains geologist Dr. John T. Stringman.

"A meteor may not be totally vaporized when it hits the earth. In the instance of the one that fell at Meteor Crater some small fragments were discovered, a few of which contained tiny diamonds. One of these diamond-bearing segments is on exhibition in the Smithsonian Institute.

"Viewed in the light of Dr. Lederman's discoveries about anti-matter, the flaws in the Panagaea Theory may become explainable.

"It is possible that the anti-world which hit Panagaea was much smaller than an anti-planet or our entire earth would have been instantly destroyed. The object would have been larger than an anti-meteor, however. Most likely it was an anti-asteroid.

"There are thousands of asteroids in space. They vary in size from a few miles in diameter to the largest known, Ceres, with a diameter of 480 miles. There are approximately 55,000 which have come into observable range and more are being discovered from year to year.

"These asteroids, like everything else in the universe, have their anti-asteroid counterparts in the anti-universe. Not only is it reasonable to believe that the fragmentation of Panagaea was caused by an anti-asteroid, but also that from time to time our earth has been struck by smaller bodies of anti-matter drawn from their orbits."

An increasing number of physicists, astronomers and other scientists agree with Dr. Stringman.

They point out that far from being myths, the legendary lands of Atlantis, Mu and Lemuria once existed and that they perhaps were hit by anti-asteroids which exploded them and sent the pieces to the bottom of the ocean.

In the case of Lemuria, they suggest, the destruction was least complete and land surfaces remaining became what are now the Seychelles Islands off the southeast coast of Africa.

They also speculate that some of the missing "jigsaw pieces" shown on the map of the world as large lakes, bays, gulfs, and even entire seas like the Mediterranean, the Caspian Sea and the Black Sea are titanic water-filled "craters."

Some archeologists also have developed new theories in view of Dr. Lederman's work and think that anti-matter might explain the disappearance of many ancient civilizations, notably in Central Asia, where the extreme dryness has preserved artifacts for centuries.

One such vanished civilization was discovered in the Takla Makan Desert in 1890. As described by two missionaries, the Misses Francesca French and Mildred Cable in *Through Jade Gate and Central Asia,* one of their books of exploration of the Gobi: "The surrounding scene is of an unspeakably desolate character, reminding one of a landscape in the moon, only that, instead of extinct craters, here are dead and forgotten cities, towns and villages. . . ."

At Loulan, the explorer-archeologist, Sven Hedin, discovered traces of what had been a large and populous city with ruins of houses, remains of gardens, wooden chopsticks and artifacts.

There were also documents inscribed on leather in an ancient language of northwestern India called Kharosthi. Translation showed the latest of these writings bore a date corresponding to A.D. 270. It was shortly after this, some archeologists now believe, that Loulan was struck by an anti-matter "space bomb" which killed all of its inhabitants and buried the city deep in the sand.

Similarly, traces of other large cities have been discovered elsewhere in central Asia: at Kizil Kum, Kara Kum, Kum Tagh, Little Gobi and in the Great Desert of the Gobi.

Physicists suggest that anti-matter may explain some types of heretofore inexplicable phenomena such as the brilliant flash of light—definitely not a comet, asteroid, "Flying Saucer," or other Unidentified Flying Object—observed in the sky above the Fort Worth-Dallas area of Texas on Saturday evening, September 9, 1961.

It was an evening when many Texans were at drive-in movies, where they saw a flash of light in the sky so intense that it blotted out the picture on the screen.

Many others were in their homes, watching television and rooting for Miss Texas, a leading and shapely partiicpant in the Miss America contest, which was being telecast from Atlantic City by station KRLD. Suddenly Miss Texas seemed to fly to pieces before the eyes of every admiring viewer.

Commented Walter Sullivan, erudite *New York Times* science editor, in his book *We Are Not Alone*: "Thousands of viewers got to their feet and tinkered with the controls, unware that the real trouble was in the sky overhead. . . ."

Scientific investigation came in the wake of that made by Texas law enforcement officials. The first theory of physicists was that a huge meteor had struck the ground somewhere between Dallas and Fort Worth. They searched, logically, for the crater created by the impact.

No crater was ever found. The intensive hunt yielded a total of six small meteorite fragments weighing less than 11

ounces and scattered over an area of four miles near Bells, Texas.

Among the scientists who examined these fragments was Curator of Mineralogy Brian Mason of the American Museum of Natural History. He estimated that they were bits of a meteor weighing many tons.

Obviously the lack of a crater indicated that the meteor had not crashed to earth but had collided with an object above it.

This may have been one of the most incredibly narrow escapes from a terrible holocaust ever noted. As explained by astronomer Lucas J. Wirth: "Lack of a crater but the discovery of small pieces of meteorite known as carbonaceous chondrites would tend to show that the meteorite collided with a body of anti-matter above Texas. The size of the anti-matter object cannot even be estimated.

"The probability of such a collision before the anti-matter object struck the earth was extremely slight, perhaps one in a quadrillion. The fact that it did occur in space was extremely fortunate.

"Had the anti-matter object not encountered the meteor in its plunge to earth, it would, on striking the ground in the Fort Worth-Dallas area, have caused widespread death and destruction, and made the atomic bomb dropped on Hiroshima seem puny by comparison."

This is the incredibly powerful and scientifically bizarre anti-matter composing the anti-universe which Dr. Lederman and his associates have successfully produced in the laboratory at Brookhaven.

It may lead to the solution of some of the great mysteries of the past, but it has also created another. In Dr. Lederman's own words: "It is not possible now to disprove the grand speculation that these anti-world could be populated by thinking creatures . . ."

Chapter 10

"THE HUMAN CORK"

WHEN ANGELO FATICONI was ten years old, he discovered that in one respect he was curiously different from other youngsters. He was unsinkable.

Stocky in build, a good-looking youth with black curly hair, Angelo was the son of an Italian shoemaker, Luigi Faticoni, who migrated to the United States from Genoa early in the 1850s and opened a small shop in Hartford, Connecticut.

On a June afternoon in 1869, Angelo and another boy

his age, Johnny Carlino, were fishing on the bank of the Connecticut River when they heard a splash in the water, followed by shouts for help. Some two hundred yards offshore a sailor, one of the crew painting the superstructure of the seagoing cargo ship, *The Ellen Nessbitt,* had tumbled into the river from a bo'sn's seat slung to a mast. From his terrified floundering in the water it was apparent that he could not swim and was in imminent danger of drowning.

For a moment Angelo and Johnny watched. Although men on deck threw ropes toward the sailor, they fell short and no one made an attempt to go into the water to rescue him. The sailor disappeared from sight.

"He's drowning!" Johnny shouted in excitement. "He went down to the bottom of the river!"

"He'll come up again," said Angelo. "I'm going in after him."

"Don't do it! Don't be crazy!"

But Angelo dove off the bank fully dressed and swam out into the river.

The sailor's head reappeared on the surface. His arms flailed wildly and he submerged again.

Angelo reached the spot where he had gone down and once again the sailor came to the surface. Seeing the boy, he shot out a frantic arm and grabbed him by the belt, hanging on desperately.

On deck, seamen expected to see the drowning man go under for the third time, pulling the boy down with him. Instead, to their amazement, the youngster appeared to be as buoyant as cork. His body sustained the weight of the thrashing sailor as though it were a life preserver.

Belatedly a boat was lowered from the ship. Rescuers pulled the sailor into it, but when they reached for Angelo he swam beyond their grasp.

"Wait!" they called out to him. "We want to take you aboard. Don't be afraid."

But Angelo was afraid—of his father.

"If my poppa finds out I've been swimming he'll whale the tar out of me," he answered, whereupon he swam back to shore.

That ended the fishing for the day. Angelo swore the excited Johnny to silence and they remained on the river bank until his clothes dried out in the warm sun.

Despite his pledge of secrecy, the admiring Johnny felt he had to tell someone and that evening he told his parents.

By the next day the story of Angelo's heroism had spread throughout the neighborhood. Luigi Faticoni learned about it when a newspaper reporter came to his shop to get the details. Luigi summoned his son from the living quarters above the shop.

"Poppa asked me if the story was true," Angelo recalled in later years. "I said it was. But this reporter fellow, he was looking at me and he shook his head. He told poppa that he had heard that the sailor I saved was a big, heavy man who weighed over two hundred pounds and that no ten-year-old weighing about seventy-five or eighty pounds could save a man that heavy from drowning.

"Poppa said he was right, that Johnny and I had made up the story. I got a licking right there in the shop in front of the reporter because poppa said I lied to him.

"Later in the day we were having our supper, when the reporter came back. He told poppa he was sorry. He had been aboard the ship and had talked to the men in the crew and to the man I saved, a sailor named McAtee who weighed over two hundred-ten pounds. He said I had not lied to poppa and that I was really a hero.

"So poppa gave me another licking in front of the reporter because I had gone swimming in the river without asking his permission first."

From then on Angelo Faticoni treated newspapermen who interviewed him, recorded his exploits and tried on occasion to "debunk" him, with understandable wariness and suspicion.

There was, however, nothing about Faticoni to debunk. He was a perfectly norman human being except for his amazing buoyancy.

He was an excellent swimmer who never seemed to tire. When he grew up he repeatedly demonstrated that he could stay afloat in water for fifteen hours with twenty pounds of lead tied to his ankles. He could sleep on his back in the water as comfortably as in his own bed, or on his side or in any other position.

The New York World learned about his curious ability and invited him to show it by swimming from Manhattan to Hoboken while tied in a chair. Faticoni agreed, and when he arrived on the Hudson River dock from which he was to start he found that the chair had been weighted with forty pounds of lead. Nevertheless he made the swim as he had promised. When he was removed from the water in Hoboken he was still firmly secured to the weighted chair and he showed no sign of weariness.

Time after time he gave further exhibitions of his remarkable prowess. On one notable occasion he allowed himself to be sewn in a large sack after his ankles were tied together and a twenty-pound cannonball attached to the lashing. He was then thrown head first into Long Island Sound.

Observers remarked that he was no showman like the celebrated magician, Harry Houdini, who effected apparently incredible underwater escapes from straitjackets and locked chests. Houdini remained below the surface for two or more suspenseful minutes; Faticoni bobbed up like a cork right after he was thrown in. For eight hours after his head reappeared on the surface, he remained there, motionless in the water, "resting."

Medical scientists were attracted by Faticoni's exploits and theorized that he either possessed phenomenal breath control or that somehow his internal organs differed from other human beings. Faticoni denied this.

"I'm just like anyone else," he said.

"Then there must be some kind of trickery to it," skeptics countered.

This, too, Faticoni denied. When he was invited to Harvard University to demonstrate his buoyancy for an audience composed of the faculty, students and a number of medical doctors, he did so and submitted to a number of tests followed by a complete physical examination.

Medical authorities were compelled to agree with him. He appeared to be a completely normal human being.

"But there must be something different about you," they argued in bafflement, "something we haven't yet discovered."

By this time Faticoni was tired of being accused of trickery or of being physically abnormal. People simply refused to accept him as he was without some explanation. So he made one up.

"Maybe I've got a secret," he told the physicians at Harvard. "Maybe someday I'll tell you what it is."

And so Angelo Faticoni continued to mystify people to the end of his days.

On August 13, 1931, the *New York Herald Tribune* published a short item on its obituary page:

"Angelo Faticoni, known as 'The Human Cork,' died on August 2nd, in Jacksonville, Fla., it became known here today. He was 72 years old.

"Faticoni had often promised to reveal the secret of how he became 'The Human Cork' but he never did.

If any such explanatory secret did exist, no one ever discovered it, including Angelo Faticoni himself.

Chapter 11

RADIO SIGNALS FROM OUTER SPACE

ON A WINTER NIGHT in 1899, almost three years before Guglielmo Marconi succeeded in transmitting and receiving

the first wireless signals across the Atlantic, Nikola Tesla, a somewhat eccentric 44-year-old Yugoslav electrical wizard, may have been the first human being on Earth to hear an undecipherable radio message from another planet.

Whether he did or not remains a mystery unsolved to this day by modern scientists equipped with vastly more sophisticated apparatus.

Tesla, a former employee of the Edison Company of Orange, N. J., was an inventive genius. He perfected a series of dynamos, transformers, in duction coils, condensors, arc and incandescent lamps and other electrical devices destined to become prototypes of many in widespread use today.

He resigned from the Edison Co. to engage in a number of research projects. One, which interested him greatly, was the investigation of electrical disturbances in the atmosphere.

Sponsored by the prominent New York Banker, J. P. Morgan, Tesla built a small laboratory in Colorado Springs with a nearby antenna tower, 200 feet in height, to listen in on the heavens.

Why Morgan, a shrewd, hard-headed financier, backed the imaginative and temperamental Yugoslav is debatable. It might have been to give wider scope to Tesla's inventive talents. It might have been that Morgan hoped he would develop a system of commercial wireless telegraphy which would be superior to Marconi's.

Whatever the reason, on a January night in 1899, Tesla was alone in his laboratory, listening to the meaningless crackle and rasp of static. Suddenly, amidst the varied noises he detected a series of sounds that assumed a definite pattern. At first he was incredulous. As he continued to listen, however, the pattern was repeated over and over.

Gradually his disbelief vanished. The spacing of the wireless signals was much too orderly, the repetition of the sequence too accurate to be caused by a natural disturbance in the atmosphere.

"There was a clear suggestion of number and order that were not traceable to any cause known to me," Tesla declared later.

"I was familiar, of course, with such electrical disturbances as are produced by the sun, the Aurora Borealis and earth currents, and I am as sure as I can be of any fact that these variations were not due to any of these causes.

"It was some time afterward when the thought flashed upon my mind that the disturbances I had observed might be due to intelligent control.

"The feeling is constantly growing in me that I had been the first to hear the greeting of one planet to another."

Despite Tesla's obvious sincerity and his scientific status, the reaction to his announcement ranged from doubt to outright disbelief.

Fellow scientists pointed out that Earth's nearest neighbor planets, Mars and Venus, were millions of miles out in space. Such distances were utterly impossible to bridge by wireless telegraphy. Why, even the world's foremost wireless authority, the brilliant Marconi, had only lately succeeded in transmitting a message seventy-four miles across the English Channel.

Besides, they added, any suggestion that an attempt at communication was being made by intelligent beings of another world was ridiculous. There was no proof that life in any form existed on another planet. If it did exist, certainly it was of such low order that it could not possibly conceive of ultra-modern means of communication like the wireless.

Topping this was Tesla's personal reputation for eccentricity. Though his ability as an inventor was recognized, he also was known to hold a number of highly unconventional and nonscientific beliefs such as mental telepathy and the reincarnation of pigeons.

"Tesla's been imagining things," was the consensus. "He's living in a world of fantasy."

This verdict stood for the next thirty-three years. During those years, although great strides were made in the development of the wireless telegraph, the possibility of interplanetary communication received little serious consideration.

By 1914 Armstrong invented the feedback and the self-heterodyne circuit. A year later the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, in conjunction with the Western Electric Company, made a wireless telephone call from Arlington, Virginia, to Hawaii, a phenomenal distance of almose five thousand miles. Directional, or beam transmission, became a reality in 1926 and in 1927-1928 the Bell laboratories succeeded in transmitting television signals.

It was an era in which broadcasting became popular. Millions of radio listeners and thousands of radio "hams" were created.

Almost everyone became familiar with "static," which by dictionary definition was a disturbing electromagnetic wave due to atmospheric electricity. To most radio listeners, static was an annoyance, an interference in the reception of such popular programs as the Amos and Andy, Fred Allen, Jack Benny and Kate Smith shows. Few indeed thought that some of the "static" might be signals from outer space penetrating Earth's atmosphere.

In 1932 the Bell Telephone Laboratories decided to do

something about the persistent high-frequency static interfering with its trans-oceanic communication operations. Karl G. Jansky, a capable Bell electrical engineer, was assigned to investigate the source.

Jansky devised a new type of apparatus, a revolving, one-hundred-foot-long antenna. Mounted on wheels, it rotated once every twenty minutes probing the sky on a wavelength of 14.6 meters. Utilizing two branches of science in his research, Jansky originated another branch, radio astronomy.

With his equipment he was able to distinguish three different types of static. One, he determined, was the loud, sharp crackle created by lightning. Another which varied in clarity and intensity originated in distant storms and "bounced" back from the ionized regions of the upper air. The third type, Jansky reported at a meeting of the international Scientific Radio Union in April, 1933, emanated from beyond our solar system from one or more fixed sources.

This was startling news. Jansky was a careful researcher. He was also mindful of the reaction to Tesla's "greeting from another planet" announcement. Thus he cautiously refrained from any suggestion that the third type of static might be generated by a non-natural source. Nevertheless his report intrigued and stimulated several experimenters into carrying this part of the investigation further.

One was Grote Reber of Wheaton, Illinois, who was both an enthusiastic amateur astronomer and a radio engineer.

Combining his hobby and profession, Reber improved upon Jansky's rotating antenna. He created the radio-astronomic "dish," a parabolic antenna thirty-one feet in circumference. He constructed the dish in his back yard, conveniently close to his house.

In the course of the next seven years, Reber explored the heavens and tracked a number of radio noises to distant stars in the Milky Way. He discovered that one of the strongest sources of these emissions was in the constellation Sagittarius in the center of our galaxy. The emissions were bombarding Earth with such tremendous intensity that neither physicists nor any other scientists were able to explain their origin and transmission by any other means.

It was then that astronomers in the United States, England and the USSR began wondering: Are these powerful radio noises being created by super-beings on a distant planet whose knowledge of radio and other sciences is greatly more advanced than ours? If so, are they sending signals into space and hoping to learn if Earth or any other planet is inhabited by some form of intelligent life?

The Second World War terminated further research into

interplanetary listening. At the same time it helped to facilitate it later by the invention and development of new and much more sensitive electronic listening devices.

Beginning in the Thirties, a number of England's most talented scientists had concentrated on a top-secret project for the British Air Ministry. They perfected a powerful microwave beam to "scan" the sky; a radio sentry that warned of the approach of enemy planes. They called it "radar."

Initially, five secret radar stations were built at strategic points in England. Their success in alerting British antiaircraft units and the RAF to impending Luftwaffe attacks led to fifteen more stations in the radar network and to increasing emphasis upon electronic research, especially in the field of radio and radar.

In the United States our own military enlisted the help of scientists, engineers and technicians. Improving upon the prototype originated by Grote Reber, the amateur radio astronomer, they constructed several radar "dishes."

One such parabolic antenna, eighty-four feet in diameter, was set up at Millstone Hill, Westford, Massachusetts. Two others were erected at Goldstone in the Mojave desert. A fourth, eighty-five feet in diameter, was built at the National Radio Astronomy Observatory, Greenbank, West Virginia. This one was destined to become our first "great ear" listening in on space, vigilant to intercept any possible signal from another planet.

Soviet and British scientists constructed larger "dishes." At Jodrell Bank in England a mammoth parabolic antenna, two hundred fifty feet in diameter, was built. Deep in the Soviet Union the Russians built even more gigantic "dishes" with their usual secrecy.

Now radio astronomers of at least three nations had the apparatus to receive messages from billions of miles in space.

Scientists estimated that transmission and reception of radio signals could be achieved between Earth and a planet at the tremendous distance of fifty light years.

This, however, did not mean practical communication. One light year is the distance traveled by light waves or by radio waves (which move at the speed of light) at 186,000 miles per second for one Earth year or approximately six million-million miles.

Thus, assuming that in 1967 we intercepted a signal from an inhabited planet 300 million millions of miles out in space, it would be the year 2016, according to our calendar, before our acknowledgment could be reecived.

The number of heavenly bodies in the universe stagger the imagination. In the Milky Way—our own galaxy alone—

according to the estimates of radio astronomers there are some 135 billion stars. Dr. Stephen H. Dole of the Rand Corporation and his colleagues think that as many as 640 million of them may be earthlike planets.

One of the nearest, M-31, in Andromeda, is approximately two million light years distant and traveling further away from Earth all the time. To establish a single round of communication would require four million earth years.

There are billions of galaxies beyond our own. Many of them are much greater than our Milky Way. Each has its own countless billion stars.

Tremendous as are these distances, radio astronomers are conquering them. In 1960 the California Institute of Technology compiled a list of radio sources tracked in space. Among them were CTA-21 and CTA-102, estimated to be approximately five hundred light years distant from Earth. Both were found to have strong, distinctive microwave emissions characterized by deep, rasping sounds.

A year later, in the latter part of 1961, while monitoring CTA-21 and CTA-102 at the parabolic antenna at the Burakan Astrophysical Observatory in Armenia, the Soviet radio astronomer, Sergei Loriniev, recorded a number of radio noises that he definitely interpreted as signals beamed at Earth.

It was then that scientists began to wonder: Are these the signals Tesla reported hearing in 1899?

"As I listened they came in short series repeated over and over again: Ping-ping (pause) ping-ping," Loriniev described.

"We are only at the beginning of interstellar communication and as yet there are but two satisfactory approaches to a space language, mathematics and chemistry. Both are exact and universal sciences.

"Thus we can assume that a translation of the signals into Russian, English, or any other language would be: ping (one) and ping (one), making ping-ping add up to two.

"Elemental this may be, but were we to answer with "Ping-ping" we would demonstrate conclusively both that our earth it inhabited and that the space signal was received and understood.

"The tremendous obstacle, of course, is distance. It would require another five hundred years for our signal to be transmitted. It would be many, many centuries beyond that to progress from a simple signal to a universal language unless more rapid methods of transmission are developed."

So significant were the reports of Loriniev and other radio astronomers considered that a number of scientific conferences were held to discuss them. One, organized by J. P. T.

Pearman of the Space Science Board of the National Academy of Sciences was held at the National Radio Astronomy Observatory at Green Bank, West Virginia.

Following a series of meetings Pearman said, "The purposes of the discussions was to examine in the light of present knowledge the prospects of existence of other societies in the galaxy with whom communications might be possible; to attempt an estimate of their number; to consider some of the technical problems involved in the establishment of communication; and to examine ways in which our understanding of the problem might be improved."

And so a body of eminent radio astronomers tacitly acknowledged that Nikola Tesla, the eccentric genius who believed in the reincarnation of pigeons, might well have been the first human being to hear sounds from outer space.

But from which of countless billions of planets did they emanate? What was the message which they tried to convey?

The answer to one of the earliest enigmas of the space age may remain unsolved for many centuries to come.

Chapter 12

EXODUS 17:5-6

"It's Private Stephen Kelly, sir, he's gone barmy. I thought it best to fetch you, seeing how his raving is of religious nature."

Standing at the entrance to Chaplain Warner's tent in the fierce glare of the desert sun, Sgt. Cochrane showed concern. As he spoke he wiped beads of sweat from a furrowed forehead.

"You mean Kelly is causing trouble, Sergeant?"

"He's off his rocker, sir. All the other men in the platoon are resting after the advance as ordered. But not Kelly. He fixed his bayonet to his rifle, muttering something about Moses and his rod. Now he's walking slowly through the sand at the ready."

"Could be the heat or exhaustion. Perhaps both. I'll see what I can do about it, Sergeant."

The date was October 31, 1917. The army of General Edmund H. H. Allenby, Field Marshal of British forces in Egypt and Palestine had driven the stoutly resisting Turks back to Beersheba and were preparing to launch a decisive attack through the enemy center into the plain of Philistia.

For days they had been hampered by scarcity of water. Now, halted and encamped thirty-five miles east of Gaza, the situation had become so serious that it threatened the success of the campaign. Sappers of the engineering company had

dug a number of deep holes but had failed to find water. The canteens of the men were almost as dry and they were waiting hopefully for a few truckloads of brackish water to be brought up from the rear.

Sgt. Cochrane came to a stop after leading the chaplain a short distance into the desert. The terrain, typical of the region, was scarred by outcrops of small rock ledges protruding through the sand.

"There he is, sir." The sergeant pointed to Private Kelly who was advancing at a snail's pace, bayoneted rifle raised before him as if he expected the enemy to be lurking behind each rock ledge.

Chaplain Warner knew Kelly as he knew every man in the platoon. An Aussie from Brisbane, he was quiet and well behaved. He carried a small Bible in his kit and often read it when they were encamped.

"Perhaps you'd better let me handle this alone, Sergeant."

"If you say that as an order, sir, but be careful. Never can tell about these balmy blokes. I've seen it happen where—"

He stopped, realizing he was talking to himself. The chaplain had already left him and was walking towards Kelly.

"What are you doing, son?"

"Dowsing, padre."

"Out here in the desert?" The chaplain tried to conceal his surprise.

"Exodus 17:5-6, padre. That part about Moses finding water with his rod. I haven't a rod so I'm trying my luck with my bayonet. Maybe it'll work just as good."

For a minute or two Chaplain Warner regarded Kelly and reflected silently on Exodus 17:5-6.

"5. And the Lord said unto Moses, Go on before the people and take with thee of the elders of Israel; and thy rod wherewith thou smotest the river, take in thine hand, and go.

"6. Behold, I will stand before thee there upon the rock in Horeb; and thou shalt smite the rock, and there shall come water out of it, that the people may drink. And Moses did so in the sight of the elders of Israel."

Private Kelly did not appear demented despite his odd behavior. He was absorbed in what he was doing and there was a look of preoccupation on his face. Nevertheless Chaplain Warner decided to prepare him for a disappointment.

"Have you ever done any divining for water before, son?"

"No, but I don't remember reading in the Bible that Moses did either."

It was, the chaplain admitted to himself, a logical answer.

He lapsed into silence and watched Kelly move slowly forward with short steps.

Some twenty minutes went by. Then as the Aussie approached one of the ledges jutting up from the sand, his rifle barrel moved downward as if pulled by an invisible hand. The bayonet pointed towards the rock and continued downward while he neared it.

When he was only a few feet from the ledge he lunged and thrust the bayonet into a crack between two loose rocks. The crack widened and water came out, first in a trickle then in a small but steady stream.

"I knew it was there, padre," Kelly said in an excited voice. "I knew it from the time I began to feel the bayonet pulling downward at the outcrop."

Captain Gordon Ashford, commander of the engineering company was informed. According to his official report, "Sappers were assigned to clear away the surface rock and debris and to dig a well. At a depth of only thirteen feet, there in the desert, as a result of Private Kelly's discovery, we found water in abundance. It was more than sufficient to keep us supplied."

Just under a week later, on November 6, General Allenby issued orders to resume the advance. His army broke through the center of the Turkish line, emerged into the plain of Philistia and swept on to seize the port of Jaffa on November 14.

This much is history and the part played by Private Stephen Kelly in achieving victory was mentioned by General Allenby —who was subsequently elevated to the peerage as a viscount —and detailed in the story of the campaign.

What has not been explained to this day, however, is how Stephen Kelly, a former Brisbane clerk who never before tried his hand at dowsing, found a copious supply of water where no water was believed to be.

Kelly himself never was able to explain it other than that he felt his bayoneted rifle being pulled downward and said, "I knew that water was there."

Nor have scientists ever offered a satisfactory solution to the mystery of dowsing, which goes back through the centuries. Moses, in fact, was the first water diviner, if you take the Old Testament as literally as Stephen Kelly did.

Meticulous historians, however, believe that divining began in the time of Cicero when Romans read auguries in the casting of small sticks.

In the early part of the fifteenth century German miners in the Harz mountains used schlagruthe—striking rods—or forked twigs, usually of willow or hazel, to help them find

metal lodes. In the Elizabethan era, when many migrated to England to work in the Cornish mines, they imported the practice. The English reasoned that if the divining rods were able to find metals they could also discover water and so water dowsers originated.

Do dowsers possess some unknown force or mystic power? While scientific investigators do not agree, they do admit that if such a force exists, it is in the individual human being and not the divining rod he employs, for many objects varying from a forked twig to a pair of pliers seem adequate—even, as in Kelly's case, a rifle with a bayonet attached.

This was pointed out by the noted British scientist, Sir W. F. Barrett who concluded that the dowser's ability to find water is due to "the phenomenon of motor-automatism."

His explanation is that this is a reflex action excited by some stimulus upon the dowser's mind; either a subconscious suggestion or an actual but obscure impression created by an external object.

On the other hand, when the U. S. Geological Survey became interested some years ago and assigned scientist Oscar E. Meinzer to investigate the practicality of employing a dowser he reported: "I find nothing encouraging in tests I have made. Further tests of so-called 'witching' for water, oil or other minerals would be a misuse of public funds."

Then again, the Department of Public Works of Bombay has long employed an official water diviner who is sent to districts in which a drought exists. His average, as demonstrated in many such instances, is the discovery of water in 47 out of 50 sites he selects for digging.

The city of Brisbane, Queensland, Australia, has also used a water dowser since December, 1917. The decision of the officials to employ one was intuitive rather than scientific.

After all, they explain, look what happened in the case of one of their honored citizens, Private Stephen Kelly.

Chapter 13

THE MOHAWKS AND HIGH STEEL

WHY ONE TRIBE of Indians, the Mohawks—particularly the Caughnawaga band whose reservation is on the St. Lawrence near Montreal—should be attracted by the most monumental examples of the white man's civilization and participate in their construction at the frequent risk of life is an intriguing ethnological enigma.

Wherever a wide river is to be spanned by a bridge or the girders of a towering building grope for the sky fitting, raising and riveting gangs of Mohawks are certain to gather. They

form a roster of revered Cauhnawaga names; the Beauvais, Diabos, Stacys, Williamses, Jacobs, McCombers, Lahaches and Rices. They're the most nonchalantly cat-footed and daringly competent high steel workers in the world. They are also the most restless and nomadic.

No one, not even the Mohawks themselves, can explain why high steel draws them like a magnet. Chief Andy Beauvais was once asked the question and he shrugged his shoulders.

"It just happens. There wasn't one of us who didn't lose a relative when a nearly completed span of the Quebec Bridge collapsed. I lost an uncle when the wind swept him off a girder forty-six stories above the street when he was working on the Penobscot Building in Detroit.

"My cousin, John Diabo, slipped while walking a beam on Hell Gate Bridge and went into the river. Maybe I'll end up the same way."

Tragedies such as these, which every family in the band can recount, have never kept other members from walking high steel.

It was in 1886 that the Caughnawagas first demonstrated their unexplained aptitude for working aloft and their complete indifference to height or danger.

At the time the Dominion Bridge Company of Canada was planning to build a bridge across the St. Lawrence River for the Canadian Pacific Railroad. The selected site was Lachine on one side of the river and part of the shore of the Caughnawaga Reservation on the other.

In order to speed negotiations with the chiefs of the Indian band, representatives of the bridge company and of the railroad suggested that there would be work for any of the Indians who wished employment. What they had in mind was pick and shovel and other unskilled jobs, but despite their unfamiliarity with construction the Caughnawagas did not see it that way.

They took jobs, but they did not concentrate on the digging and wheelbarrow-pushing they were assigned to do. They swarmed over scaffolds and catwalks at every opportunity like youngsters in a school playyard. They climbed high out over the St. Lawrence to watch in fascination what the white steel workers were doing.

At first this was tolerated, for the foremen had been instructed to humor the "primitive" Caughnawagas. It was thought that the racket of riveting and the unprotected height would soon conspire to chase them back to their own jobs.

But the Indians did not scare. The sound of a riveting gun was music to their ears, the highest girders a challenge.

The foremen began to show irritation, particularly when

the Indians asked to try out the riveting guns. There were arguments. The superintendent, Henri Dubois, reported the cause of the trouble to Dominion Bridge Company executives.

"To use a riveting gun where one of these Indians can watch," he said, "is like showing candy to a child and telling him he can't have any. If our foremen aren't chasing them away they're trying to prevent them from climbing all over the bridge."

Competent workers on high steel were scarce. Company officials decided to experiment with training a few Mohawks. When Dubois told Chief Pierre Beauvais to select a dozen, every male in the band demanded instruction, including the chief himself.

Dubois chose Beauvais and eleven other Indians and assigned them to work with his own riveting gangs. There were four men in a gang: a heater, sticker-in, bucker-up and the riveter who operated the gun. In addition to requiring close teamwork, each man was able to perform the job of any of the others and occasionally they all switched around.

Curiously, following their rejection, several score Mohawks ceased causing the foremen further trouble. The dozen who had been chosen proved remarkably apt pupils. Then work on the bridge proceeded smoothly.

One day Supt. Dubois discovered the reason. The Indians learned so rapidly that after a short period of instruction they yielded their places to friends. Most Indians looked alike to Dubois and his crews. They found out that instead of training the original dozen, more than seventy Mohawks had become proficient steelworkers.

When the bridge was finished, Chief Beauvais organized these Indians into riveting gangs and they began roaming through Canada seeking work. They found it too. They proved so skillful and daring that before long other Canadian construction organizations besides the Dominion Bridge Company were employing them.

Soon gangs of Indian steelworkers drifted into the United States. Their reputation preceded them and they found ready employment with American companies. There was nothing to prevent this migration. In accordance with the 1794 John Jay Treaty with Great Britain, an Indian has the right to travel freely back and forth across our northern border. All he need do is show a card with his photograph attached and certifying that he is a member of a tribal band.

From coast to coast and as far south as the Mexican border, there is scarcely any steelwork of major importance in which the Mohawks are not represented.

Stacys from the Caughnawaga Reservation were among the riveters on the world's longest suspension span, the 4,250-foot length of the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge. Rices and Diabos balanced surefootedly on beams of the Golden Gate Bridge in San Francisco and the Royal Gorge Bridge in Colorado, 1053 feet above the Arkansas River.

There were Williamses, Lavelles, McCombers and Lahaches bucking rivets on the fifty-nine-story Pan-Am Building, on Rockefeller Center, on the Empire State and Chrysler buildings, on cloud-piercing television towers across the country, and on mammoth dams and other impressive projects.

They didn't wear ancestral feathers in their hair but figuratively on their feet.

"Which," Joe Lavelle pointed out to me, "is where a guy really needs 'em.

"There are times when I've needed them real bad, like the time we were throwing the Bronx-Whitestone Bridge across the East River and the wind sprung up suddenly and began blowing hard as we tackled the 2,300-foot main span. Even the sixty-foot girders began swaying like maple twigs and we didn't know until we read about it in the papers that the "wind" was the biggest hurricane of the year.

"Or like the time I was working overtime on freezing winter nights on the $43,900,000 Delaware Memorial Bridge over the Delaware and the fog from my breath, when it hit the catwalk and turned to ice, was so thick I could skate on it.

"Or like the time we were working high on the cantilever section of the 9,957-foot-long Ben Humphreys Bridge linking up U. S. Highway 82 between Greenville, Mississippi, and Lake Village, Arkansas, when the Mississippi River caught old Whitey Grimes—he was the American Bridge Company super on the job—with his trusses down.

"Nick Walsh, "Fatso" Diabo, Pete Wilson and me, we were all from Caughnawaga, had been in some tight places but never in a crazy emergency like that one.

"There were ice floes in the river with the driftwood and other stuff that was floating downstream. They got bigger, more numerous. Sort of reminded me of the spring breakup in our own Canadian rivers.

"The ice began piling up here and there around the two bargeloads of steel tied up down below. We didn't need any engineer with blueprints to tell us what would happen if those loaded barges gave the trusses a hard wallop. They'd knock the props right out from under the cantilever section and send the whole span, with us on it, plunging into the river like in that Quebec disaster."

The barges were on the verge of breaking free when Lavelle and his gang slid down ropes from the span and secured them with steel cables. For two freezing and suspenseful days and nights, until after the crest had swept down from the deep bends of the Mississippi around Arkansas City and passed by, the Indians courageously rode herd on the barges and prevented a major disaster.

Like their inexplicable love for working on high steel, the Mohawks of the Caughnawaga band all share another characteristic—restlessness.

No matter how good the working conditions, wages or amount of overtime, after working on a job for a few months, or perhaps several weeks, an Indian gang, never talkative at best, will become silent and moody. There will be a day or two of brooding. Then they won't show up for work.

Nothing more will be heard about the gang until payday. Then a Mohawk from another gang will appear at the paymaster's window and ask that his friends' still-due wages be sent to them on another job perhaps hundreds of miles away, to their "civilized" homes in the North Gowanus section of Brooklyn, or their "native" homes on the Caughnawaga Reservation.

Many of the Mohawks have rented apartments or bought homes in the Brooklyn area where they are known locally as "Gowanus Indians," a name which they do not regard with particular favor.

The police respect them as model residents. No Mohawk name has ever appeared on a station house blotter in Brooklyn. No youngster ever gets into trouble or mischief.

If it appears that the white man's law has been violated, the elders of the band hold a tribal council, gravely listen to the facts, and if, as is seldom necessary, punishment is indicated, the situation is handled quietly in their own way.

Mohawk boys, whether born on the reservation or in Brooklyn, rarely go in for a career in business, the arts, law, medicine or engineering. They are drawn to high steel as strongly as their elders. As soon as they become 18, if not before, they learn to climb steel and make it their livelihood.

Like their parents, like ethnologists, like everyone else, they themselves do not know the reason why.

Chapter 14

THE MAN WHO FLEW LIKE A BIRD

DREAMS OF FLYING are common to human beings. At one time or another many of us have dreamed of soaring effort-

lessly through the sky and of gliding downward as gracefully as a bird.

Fascination with flying goes back through the ages, back at least to the legend of the mythical Greek architect, Daedalus, who with his son Icarus, fell under the displeasure of Minos of Crete and tried to escape to Sicily on wings of feathers and wax.

Over a span of the past five centuries, from the flying machine drawings of the gifted Leonardo da Vinci and including the first actual flight of the Wright brothers at Kitty Hawk, N. C., in 1903, man has only partly succeeded in realizing his flying dreams. Although today it is possible for us to jet through the stratosphere at a speed in excess of 2,000 miles an hour and to span the entire globe in monster airliners, despite these great strides in aeronautical science, we still remain unable to fly a mere fifty feet like a bird.

A few years ago a group of British flying enthusiasts offered a prize of $25,000 to the first man who could successfully demonstrate he could make a short birdlike flight. As yet there are no claimants.

There may have been one, Captain Franz Relman, who was a Luftwaffe pursuit pilot in World War Two, but Relman plunged to his death in the highlands of Guatemala.

Relman's story, unlike several others in those chapters which I investigated as a newspaperman, is one from which I am unable to disassociate myself, for it proved to be an exclusive and self-imposed assignment when I happened to find myself in the right place at the right time.

It began when Pepe Puntagordo, a pilot for TACA, Transportes Aereos Centro-Americanos was flying from Honduras to Guatemala City and an enormous white bird as large as a condor almost collided with his plane over Mismi, a tiny pueblo a few kilometers from the ruins of Utatlan, the ancient Mayan capital.

Puntagordo reported this to the operations office following his landing at Guatemala City airport. Officials shrugged. Despite his protestations they insisted he had only encountered one of the tiny white clouds that sometimes get trapped in the barrancas beyond Chichicastenango.

I first heard the story from another TACA pilot in the bar of the Palace Hotel. A few days later I learned that Dr. Tomas Suarte, the well known ornithologist of the Guatemala National Museum, was planning to investigate the big white bird and I interviewed him.

"It is possible that the pilot, Puntagordo, might have sighted a rare white sopilote or great emperor bird," Dr. Suarte ex-

plained to me. "No authenticated specimen has been observed for many years.

"For centuries the Quiches have regarded the white sopilote as an omen of evil to be slain on sight. They have believed this ever since Tecum Uman, king of the Mayas, saw a white sopilote alight on the steps of his palace at Utatlan.

"On that same day Tecum Uman was slain by a lance in the hands of the Spanish conquistador, Alvarado. The proud and cultured Mayas were conquered. Their Quiche descendants were reduced to an humble, peonlike race. Call it superstition if you wish, but to this day they believe that the white sopilote was responsible."

This wasn't the story that my editor, the late Abe Merritt, had sent me to get, but as an added starter, it had all the elements of fantasy that I knew Abe could not resist.

Abe, I might mention, was the originator of a particularly intriguing type of fantasy-fiction and he had devoted fans throughout the world. His several books, particularly *Burn, Witch, Burn*, *The Moon Pool*, *The Ship of Ishtar*, and *Seven Steps to Satan*, are regarded as classics of their kind.

Abe knew Guatemala and its legends. He had spent quite a long period in the highlands as a youth. The reason, he once confided to me, was that while he was a reporter on a Philadelphia newspaper he had witnessed a fatal shooting by an unknown but wealthy and influential citizen who had prevailed upon the publisher to send Abe, at full salary, to some remote region in Central America where he'd be beyond the reach of subpoena-servers until things in Philadelphia quieted down.

So it happened that I accompanied Dr. Suarte and a chunky little Quiche porter-guide named Ron Iquay into the highlands to the ruins of the ancient Mayan capital of Utatlan. We camped in the vicinity and searched for several days.

One evening we found what we had been seeking. On the mountain slopes flanking the silent Guatemalan valley, the descending sun was still shining, but deep down at the bottom of the green barranca where we camped, it was twilight. It was then for a few brief moments the we glimpsed the legendary white sopilote.

Larger by far than any of the obscene, black and buzzard-like sopilotes familiar throughout the highlands, it soared slowly in the sky. Framed by the purpling Cuchumantanes, sunlight and shadow played along its sleek wings of enormous span, giving them depth and proportion, accenting the weirdly slim body to which they were attached.

In flight the body appeared to be almost human, with a

small dark head and a long torso, like, I imagine, a surrealist artist might depict the Angel of Death.

We watched spellbound as the great bird wheeled and circled in the sky with superbly languid mastery of the air.

After it disappeared over the shoulder of the mountain, Ron Iquay stirred restlessly. His usually stolid face had a disturbed expression.

Dr. Suarte broke the silence. A scientist who had just made what he believed to be an important discovery, he managed to keep his voice restrained but betrayed his excitement by lapsing into Spanish.

"Ya lo creo! Now I believe Puntagordo. He was not mistaken about a great white bird."

The Quiche had been building a tiny campfire. Wood is scarce in the area. We smelled the fragrant incense of burning copal wood and both Dr. Suarte and I noticed that the squatting Ron Iquay was motionless, staring moodily into the flame.

"Que pase?" Dr. Suarte asked. "What goes on?"

"Sombreon, the Sorrowful Spirit in the green hat whispers in my ear that harm will befall us because of the white sopilote."

"Nonsense," said Dr. Suarte. "You are a good Christian who worships on the broad steps of Father Rossbach's church in Chichicastenango every Sunday. You do not believe the tales of old women."

"Por favor, patron," Ron Iquay said. "I shall go to a high mountain and return with the dawn."

"As you wish," Suarte shrugged.

Ron Iquay placed his machete in the crook of his arm and trotted up the mountain trail with the fast, tireless pace of the Indio hillmen.

"These Quiches are all alike," Dr. Suarte commented to me. "Whenever something worries them they make for a statue of Kukulcan, the Great One, or one of their other Indio gods, somewhere up in the mountains, then throw off their veneer of Christianity and pray to it."

We prepared our evening meal. The strong, pungent smell of native coffee in the bubbling pot soon blended with the incense of the copal wood in an indefinable aroma that is characteristically Guatemalan. You smell it everywhere in the highlands and no other place I know of in the world. And once you've smelled it under the low-hung canopy of a million stars magnified by the clear, thin air, you never forget it.

I asked Dr. Suarte what he intended to do about the white sopilote now that he had actually sighted it.

"This has been troubling me," he answered. "I do not wish to shoot it. But it is much too smart, I think, to be caught as I have caught condors for the museum in the Andes. There I've hidden beside a butchered burro and trapped them when they flew down to feed. But the white sopilote won't, as you say, fall for that. Perhaps Senor Relman has a solution to offer."

"Relman?" I looked puzzled. The name was vaguely familiar.

"Franz Relman is the foremost German authority on free flight. Following the war, he came to Guatemala to study bird flight here in the Cuchumantanes. He believes that in time he can emulate them with artificial wings. He has made his home on one of the mountains not far from here."

I remembered then when I had heard of Relman before. An old INS story out of Berlin. Back around 1938 he had been the first to dive out of an aircraft without a conventional parachute. Instead he had used canvas 'wings' attached to his arms and ankles. He was experimenting with bird-type flight before he joined the Luftwaffe. After the war he had gone to Guatemala to continue his experiments.

Ron Iquay was making the breakfast fire when I awoke. It was evident that during the night he had been somewhere beside a Quiche shrine upon a mountain. He had returned with an old but serviceable Czechoslovakian Brno 8 mm rifle, a curious firearm to be owned by a Guatemala Indian.

"Probably borrowed it," commented Dr. Suarte, and he appeared as puzzled as I was.

He insisted that Ron Iquay leave the rifle behind in camp when we set out for Relman's house later in the morning. It was an uphill hike that took us several hours. The trail was comparatively open and we could always see the sky above us.

We scanned it as we climbed but caught no glimpse of the white sopilote. There was nothing in the blue above except a thin column of smoke curling lazily upward. Somewhere at the base of the column would be a native charcoal maker perparing a basket of charcoal for sale in the open market of Chichicastenango.

At the end of the steep, twisting trail we came to the summit of the mountain and a little clearing where Relman had built his house, an ugly, sprawling structure of stone with a thatched roof. It was as stark as the owner, Franz Relman.

He awaited us in the doorway, a gaunt figure in a faded cotton shirt and chinos. There was no sign of welcome on his arresting, tapering face with broad forehead below thinning blond hair. It was the face of a man of about forty-five

with a body that did not match it in age, being hard and muscular with the lean, powerful physique of an athlete.

I gathered that Dr. Suarte only slightly knew Relman from the manner in which he introduced me. Relman acknowledged the introduction with an incurious glance of light blue eyes. He conveyed the feeling that he had been interrupted at his work and was waiting for us to state our business and be gone. He was not exactly a hospitable gentleman.

The inside of his house was a single room, sparsely furnished with a few cowhide chairs, a cot and a kerosene stove. It seemed more like a workshop than a place which had been home to Relman for several years. In the center of the room was a large homemade tilted drawing table flanked by another table piled with rolled-up plans. There were some large black feathers on the table that Relman had been probably studying or drawing.

In one corner of the room was a large square of parachute nylon concealing a shapeless pile. It looked as though he had hastily hidden it from sight when we appeared on the trail.

A large window in the far wall claimed our attention. Through it we had a breathtaking view of endless sky over the rounded tops of the Cuchumantanes. Far below, the barrancas nestled between the mountains in shadowy little pools of deep green.

It was, as Dr. Suarte pointed out, a perfect observation post from which to study bird flight, air currents and updrafts from the cool barrancas.

"We're on the track of a white sopilote, Senor Relman," Dr. Suarte explained. "The emperor bird itself. One has been sighted in this area."

"So?" Relman asked curtly.

"I thought you might assist us in locating its nest. Or perhaps you have already found it?"

"So?" Relman repeated. "But surely as an ornithologist of reputation, you are aware that the white sopilote is extinct."

"I have reason to believe otherwise. There have been two sightings. The first was by the pilot of a commercial aircraft. Then last evening we both observed it, as did our Quiche guide."

"I am certain you are mistaken," Relman said flatly. "An optical illusion perhaps. There are no white sopilotes."

Dr. Suarte plainly was taken aback by this refusal of cooperation. He was about to say something and then he changed his mind.

I, too, felt awkward. We left after a perfunctory goodby. Relman did not even offer a formal "vaya con Dios" when we departed.

Returning to our camp, I asked Dr. Suarte what he planned to do next. Tactfully I avoided any reference to Relman.

"There is nothing to do but wait. If you wish, Ron Iquay will take you back to Chichicastenango, or you may remain here with me. I do not know how long it will be before we sight the white sopilote again and perhaps several times to obtain a definite fix on its nest. I'd very much like to capture it alive—for several reasons."

One of these reasons, I thought to myself, was Franz Relman. Although Dr. Suarte did not discuss it, I knew he felt that Relman figuratively slapped his face when he flatly declared that the white sopilote was extinct.

I had put in this much time on the story. It was worth gambling a few days more.

We remained in camp the next day and the one following. Dr. Suarte set up a folding army cot and lay upon it flat on his back, watching the sky with a pair of binoculars resting on his chest. Occasionally I relieved him and found it pretty monotonous. While it may sound comfortable, it wasn't easy to remain alert, for constant staring into the blue void of sky has a hypnotic or lethargic effect.

We did have a few false alarms during those two days, tiny puffs of clouds blown over the mountain by the wind.

"I have an odd feeling that the white sopilote knows we are watching for it and is waiting for us to leave before flying this way again," Dr. Suarte told me.

Ron Iquay overheard him and nodded gravely.

"The patron is right. It is all-knowing and evil. It cannot be trapped if we find its nest. It is best that we leave now."

"No!" Dr. Suarte said firmly. "We will move our camp under the trees and light no more fires."

We shifted our camp about a half mile deeper into the barranca. The new site was chosen well, masked by the sun-warmed cedars. We moved about as little as possible in the open, and three days later this produced results.

It was late in the afternoon when Dr. Suarte pointed into the sky.

"Up there to your right! Almost on a line with Relman's house near the top of the mountain!"

This time there could be no mistake about it. All three of us saw the white sopilote circling in silent majesty high above the barranca.

"I think it nests somewhere near Relman's house," Dr. Suarte said tautly. "Watch carefully. Try to remember the landmarks when it alights."

I followed orders. His excitement was contagious.

The great bird completed a circle and veered into another.

It seemed that this time it would glide downward almost directly over us.

I thought to myself that Relman had been lying. He knew of the white sopilote. For reasons of his own, he wished to discourage us from remaining in the area. Perhaps because we were disturbing his studies of the bird's flight.

The crack of a rifle behind me broke the silence like the sudden snapping of a bullwhip. I turned, startled. The rifle was still to the Quiche's shoulder, muzzle pointed skyward.

"Madre de Dios!" Dr. Suarte. "Put that gun down, you fool. Do not shoot it again.

"It is a thing of evil, patron. A thing to be destroyed."

"Madre de Dios," Dr. Suarte repeated, pointing upward with a groan. "You hit it! Look—"

The flight of the white sopilote had become erratic. The great wings flapped the air as if trying to maintain altitude. Then abruptly they buckled inwardly towards the body and collapsed. We watched it plummet almost straight downward toward the shoulder of the mountain.

Without a word Dr. Suarte started up the mountain in the direction it had fallen.

Almost two hours passed before we located the spot where it had crashed, high on the slope. Even though it was badly battered by the fall I saw it hadn't been a huge bird.

It was the body of Franz Relman still harnessed in a blood-stained tangle of white nylon wings and bent stays of some thin metal.

I remembered the square of parachute nylon he had used to conceal a large object from our eyes during our brief visit to his house. Perhaps it had been the wings and leather harness which now grotesquely shrouded him in death.

I was not sure, nor was Dr. Suarte.

There were other questions which remained unanswered. How far had Relman succeeded in his mastery of birdlike flight? Had he been able to accomplish more than the downward gliding maneuvers we had twice observed? Had he been able to employ the upward drafts from the barrancas and the air currents of the mountains, using his artificial wings like a glider? Had he been able to use the wings themselves as a source of birdlike power?

The answers are buried in his grave in the Guatemalan highlands not far from Chichicastenango.

So is the secret of the cause of his death. It might have been a structural defect in his flying apparatus.

Falling from a considerable height does not make for a conclusive autopsy, nor in Chichicastenango were there either the facilities or insistence to conduct one.

It seems improbable that the superstitious Ron Iquay shot Relman down with one bullet, for Quiches are by no means good marksmen.

Yet the shot he fired and Relman's death plunge moments afterward could have been more than a coincidence.

Chapter 15

ODYSSEY OF HUBERT THE HIPPO

THE UNERRING homing instinct of many species of animals, fish and birds is a common but little understood phenomenon.

The sockeye salmon, for example, leaves the sea during the mating season, finds the stream in which it was hatched and swims upstream for distances as great as 2,000 miles to its spawning bed.

European and American species of eels are both born in the Atlantic off the Bermudas within five miles of each other. Never mingling, one species swims eastward, the other westward, both returning to their birthplace after a ten year cycle.

Swallows, pigeons, seals and many other varieties of animal life possess this homing instinct and there are numerous well-authenticated records of dogs and cats that succeeded in finding their way home after hundreds of miles of travel.

Occasionally there is an animal that for unfathomable reasons reverses the process. One of the least likely to do so is the hippopotamus, which rarely wanders more than a few miles away from its native haunts.

Hubert, a three-ton hippo of amiable disposition, was the notable exception, who to this day completely confounds zoologists, naturalists and others wise in the ways of his kind.

One June afternoon back in the 1940s, John Robertson, Civil Commissioner of drought-plagued Zululand, sent a most unusual telegram from his headquarters in the city of Eshowe to governmental authorities in charge of the Johannesburg zoo. The message read:

"Kindly facilitate safe conduct three-ton hippopotamus named Hubert on walking tour your direction. Apparently harmless. Regarded as rain god by Zulus.

At the time Hubert was less than half a mile from Eshowe, moving slowly and ponderously southward, while in the blazing sky above, there appeared a few white clouds, the first that had been seen for months.

Hubert's rate of locomotion, as he moved his stumpy legs, was the same since he began his odyssey months before, one mile per day. He had been walking away from hippo country, not towards it.

At first the authorities believed that with the approach of

the mating season the hippo would circle back to the swamp in Swaziland where he was born. But the mating season had come and gone and the hippo had shown no indication of deviating from his southward trek.

On his way he had made occasional stops to investigate Bantu cabbage patches and Hindu temples, grocery stores and movie theatres with gentle curiosity. He had not injured a single human being, and fantastically upon his appearance, it began to rain, breaking the long, punishing dry spell. Gradually the Zulus had come to regard him as a rain god. A white farmer had whimsically given him the name of "Hubert" and it had stuck.

It wasn't until the morning after sending the telegram that Commissioner Robertson met Hubert in person. He was aroused from slumber shortly after dawn by a telephone call from the chief of police who informed him that the three-ton hippo had entered the northern section of the city and was proceeding leisurely along the main street. This, the chief added, was clearly a problem up to the Civil Commissioner, who was charged with the protection of hippos and all other animals in Zululand.

Robertson dressed quickly and hurried out of his house. Then, observing that it was raining for the first time in many months, he went back for his umbrella.

He was almost to his office when he encountered Hubert enjoying an early morning breakfast of potted rubber plant. The hippo regarded Robertson without animosity and while the Commissioner was trying to decide upon the best way to handle the situation, Hubert solved it for him. Having devoured the rubber plant, he resumed his stroll southward along the main throughfare. By the time he left Eshowe he was followed by half of the inhabitants.

That night Hubert bedded down on the veldt a short distance from the city and the Zulus came out with offerings of food. They also put on a tribal dance, honoring the hippo as a rain god and thanking him for breaking the drought. It was a noisy, lengthy celebration and Hubert, with a full meal in his belly, snored through it until morning.

The next day he walked a mile across the veldt. Again on the following day and each day for many weeks and months thereafter until he was within 26 miles of Johannesburg.

Having been informed of his approach by Robertson, Johannesburg authorities had decided to give Hubert permanent residence in the zoo. They also sent out a reception committee of zoo keepers to guide him to it.

To their surprise Hubert was nowhere to be found. Whether by intuition that he was to be confined in the zoo, or whim,

or weariness with his journey he had disappeared from the highway and hidden in a wide swamp.

Weeks went by before there was any word about the vanished hippo. Then natives reported that an unusually large specimen had been seen swimming across the Pongola River and heading for the East Coast. Any doubt about the identity of the animal was dispelled when Hubert appeared on the outskirts of the town of Stanger and made his way through a field of sugar cane, munching contentedly.

The field belonged to an irascible Boer named Pieter Lammich. Angered at the sight of his sugarcane being trampled by Hubert's careless feet he ran home for his elephant gun.

He was restrained from shooting the hippo by a number of inhabitants of Stanger who fortunately arrived in time. They succeded in mollifying Lammich by taking up a collection for the damage done to his cane field.

Besides, they pointed out, there might be something to the belief of the Zulus that the hippo was a rain god. The crops of all of them were benefitting from the long-prayed-for rain. Then they cheered the hippo on his way.

In the odysey of Hubert, this is the first recorded incident in which white man as well as natives were taking the hippo's rainmaking ability seriously.

After Hubert passed through half a dozen small villages and settlements beyond Stanger, his route became predictable. It was apparent that he was traveling towards the large Natal city of Durban.

The news preceded him and he was heralded as somewhat of a celebrity. People began turning out in droves to watch him pass along the highway. Farmers put out cabbages, grass, hay, cane and other food to fortify him on his journey as well as to protect their own fields and gardens. A well-fed hippo, South African newspapers editorialized, did no damage. And besides, some of them added, whether by coincidence or anything else, there was no mistaking the fact that Hubert did bring rain with him.

On his way towards Durban, Hubert rested again, browsing in the vicinity of a Buddhist monastery for three days. He also dallied at a cane mill and near several Hindu temples. Each time, he resumed his trek, but when he came to a marshy lake known as Honey Moon Creek he again vanished, this time for three weeks.

By the time his reappearance on the highway was reported, together with news that he had resumed his odyssey, Hubert had captured popular fancy. His trek from then on was detailed daily and one newspaper sent a reporter to "interview" the hippo.

"I can now report that Hubert is, and probably always shall remain, a bachelor hippopotamus," wrote the reporter.

"His retirement to the seclusion of Honey Moon Creek was not, as critics rashly surmised, to seek a mate. It was for purposes of rest and meditation. Having been impressed with the celibacy of the monks he had previously visited at a monastery, his temporary retirement undoubtedly was for the purpose of taking similar vows."

On nearing Durban, Hubert swam across the Umgeni River and paused near the city limits to fortify himself with a bundle of cane left for him beside a "Welcome, Hubert!" sign. It was not necessary for him to read. He understood that the bundle of cane was an indication of hospitality.

The city was looking forward to his arrival. The provincial government was determined to show him—and Johannesburg—that it knew how to treat a celebrated hippo. Hubert had been proclaimed a "ward of the province." He was to be treated courteously by citizens and protected by the police.

Unmindful of the plans made for his reception, Hubert entered the city by way of landscaped Victoria Park, pausing now and then to sample the plantings. He gazed incuriously at horses, ignored dogs and people, exhibited mild interest in passing automobiles to which he was now quite accustomed.

He had a good night's rest on a park lawn of his choosing. The police saw to it that his sleep was not disturbed.

On the following day he strolled down one of the main thoroughfares, West Street. He paused at a fruit and grocery store, scooped up several heads of lettuce and carried them in front of a movie theatre featuring an old Judy Garland picture. Here he enjoyed a leisurely lunch.

Among other objects of tourist interest were rickshaws drawn by brightly plumed Zulus. Although Zulus were no longer a novelty to him, he had not seen any bedecked like this and he attempted to investigate them at close quarters. He was somewhat disappointed when they took alarm and raced away pulling their two-wheeled vehicles behind them.

On the whole it proved to be a satisfying day and towards evening Hubert set out to find a cooling bath. He found one at the Pinetown waterworks and took a long, refreshing dip in the reservoir. Some citizens expressed annoyance on seeing a hippo cavorting in their supply of drinking water but the police proved equal to the occasion.

They lured Hubert out of the reservoir with a tempting "salad" of cabbages, celery and carrots served on half a bale of hay. Following this banquet he resumed his journey southward.

All of South Africa, interested in his odyssey, speculated

about where it would end. Motorists and locomotive engineers had been cautioned to be extra careful so as to avoid any possible collision with him. Protected everywhere he went, his fame was spreading far beyond Africa. Even in faroff London, England, the venerable magazine *Punch* published a poem dedicated to him.

Now his course indicated that he was heading for the large city of East London to the south. Civic-minded residents were delighted. They planned to give him a reception much more lavish that the one he had received in Durban. There was plenty of time to make preparations. East London is about 300 miles from Durban. At Hubert's conservative rate of travel this meant a journey of approximately 300 days.

As the weeks passed, Hubert made slow, consistent progress toward East London. Occasionally he stopped for sightseeing, pausing whenever a settlement or structure aroused his curiosity. Almost everywhere he went he was followed by the rains.

Eventually he reached the town of Komgha, not far from East London. After enjoying a dinner of sugarcane donated by residents he waddled on towards the big city.

Hubert never reached East London. The next morning he was found on the road—dead with a bulletin his brain. He had been treacherously bushwacked.

Gloom descended upon East London then. The impending reception was turned into a day of mourning over Hubert's untimely and violent demise, and regret extended throughout South Africa. The police failed in their efforts to track down the culprit.

Among the most indignant were zoologists, sportsmen and others who had taken a special interest in Hubert's strange odyssey. They pointed out that never before, perhaps never again, would a hippo take it into his head to leave his native swampland, be undisturbed by surrounding civilization, and set a determined course for two and a half years for a distance of more than a thousand miles.

What prompted Hubert to embark on his unprecedented journey? Where was it to terminate? What was it he expected to find? No one will ever know. And there are many white men in South Africa today, who though they scoff at native superstition, still have the feeling that somehow his odyssey had some connection with the ending of the long drought.

Chapter 16

THE CURSE OF CAPTAIN KIDD'S GOLD

SHORTLY BEFORE DAWN, as he lay 'tween decks in the *Adventure Galley*, his skull fractured by a water bucket swung by Captain William Kidd, the mutinous gunner, William Moore, regained consciousness.

His hand went to the crude bandage with which Surgeon Jenkins had bound his head. His fingers became sticky with oozing blood.

Gunner Moore realized he was dying. With his last breath he cursed the pirate leader he had defied.

"A curse be upon Kidd and all his gold. May it kill him and anyone else who dares touch it . . . as he has killed me."

How much the Curse of Gunner Moore has had to do with the disappearance of Kidd's treasure and the fate or frustration of those having anything to do with it, has been an intriguing question for more than two and a half centuries.

Kidd was not convicted and executed on direct evidence of piracy as popularly believed but for the "murther" of one of his own crew, Gunner Moore. Perhaps it was the curse, perhaps coincidence, that caused him to be hanged twice. The first time that his body plummeted through the trap, it snapped the rope and not his neck; the second time was fatal.

Even while Kidd was in prison awaiting execution, his former patron, the scheming, avaricious Richard Coote, Earl of Bellomont, royal governor of Massachusetts and New York, died a pauper after "a sudden fatal seizure of gout in the stomach" and was buried at public expense.

Curse or coincidence, to this day, although Kidd hid his treasure hoard in more caches than any other buccaneer only a negligible part has ever been recovered. Nor has his ship, the formidable *Quedagh Merchant*, ever been located.

Some historians portray Kidd as a murderous pirate. According to Lord Thomas Macaulay's *History of England*, following three years of bloodthirsty plundering at sea, Kidd "returned to New York with the financial means, as he flattered himself, of making peace and living in splendor."

Others maintain that Kidd was a respectable semi-retired sea captain who became a pawn in a crafty privateering scheme which served as a cover for an outright piratical venture. It was a syndicate headed by the Earl of Bellomont and included five other distinguished members: Charles Montagu, Chancellor of the Exchequer; Lord Somers, Keeper of the Privy Seal; Lord Shrewsbury, Secretary of State; Admiral Edward Russell and Lord Romney, Master General of the King's Ordnance.

King William III of England was a silent partner. He was to receive one-tenth of the profits for permitting and facilitating the venture with privateering and other appropriate documents. As active commander, Kidd was to get three of the forty shares issued.

Whatever the light in which historians may regard Kidd, they are in accord about these salient facts:

Between May 1696 when he set sail from New York for the West Indies and June 1699 when he anchored off Gardiner's Island at the northern end of Long Island, Kidd voyaged as far as Madagascar and plundered more vessels than he ever acknowledged.

He was supposed to maintain an accurate day-by-day log, listing the ships he looted and giving a detailed description of every item of treasure acquired. When Lord Bellomont demanded this accounting, Kidd declared it had been burned by his crew. Ordered to prepare a duplicate, he insisted he could not remember all the places he had been nor the names of all the ships he had looted.

Following his hanging in the execution dock at Wapping-on-the-Thames on May 23, 1701, Kidd's confiscated fortune, together with his personal effects, which were auctioned off, amounted to only 6,471 pounds.

Yet, during three busy years of buccaneering, Kidd amassed a total of $20,500,000 worth of loot, perhaps more. What happened to it?

After his return voyage to America and before he was arrested in Boston, Kidd was known to be apprehensive about how he would be received by the authorities, particularly by the Earl of Bellomont, the royal governor. There is every reason to believe that he buried the bulk of his plunder in a series of caches dispersed at prudent distances along the Atlantic seaboard and up the Hudson River, intending to retrieve them at a later date.

Inasmuch as he continued to maintain his innocence of piracy throughout his trial, he could not very well disclose the location of his hoards to anyone without incriminating himself.

Born in Dundee, Scotland, in 1654, the son of the Reverend John Kidd, a Puritan minister, William Kidd went to sea at an early age and became a skilled mariner and navigator.

By the time he was thirty-five he was a ship's captain in command of a privateer sailing out of New York City, where he made his home when in port.

He married a wealthy and attractive young widow, Sarah Bradley, in 1691, acquired a small fleet of trading vessels and became a prosperous merchant skipper with a town-house in lower Manhattan and a "country" home in Harlem.

In the summer of 1695 he was summoned to London by the British Lords of Trade to testify in a matter dealing with the later-deposed New York governor, Colonel Benjamin Fletcher.

While in London he was introduced to the new governor-appointee, the Earl of Bellomont, by a mutual friend, Colonel Robert Livingston, who was a conniving opportunist.

Kidd was flattered when the Earl invited him to his home for dinner. He was even more impressed when he found that his fellow guests included Lord Shrewsbury, Secretary of State and several other influential English gentlemen.

The Earl of Bellomont explained the reason for the invitation. He had formed a private syndicate, purchased a man-of-war and intended to outfit her and send her to sea to privateer. He was seeking a captain to take command and Livingston had recommended Kidd.

"But, milord, I am 41 years of age and in semi-retirement," Kidd said hesitantly. "Only occasionally do I now take active command of one of my ships, the *Antigua,* on a trading voyage to the West Indies."

Bellomont sauvely commented that Kidd was still young, vigorous and that Livingston had highly praised his competence. Then he added the clincher.

"Would it influence your decision to know that His Majesty is personally interested and will contribute financially and otherwise to this venture?"

Kidd agreed to take command of the man-of-war, the 34-gun, 287-ton *Adventure Galley,* which was being made ready in Plymouth, England. He was instructed to recruit a crew of 160 seamen and gunners "of bold spirit."

On December 11 he was given the King's Commission "with full power and authority to apprehend, seize, and take into custody divers pirates, freebooters and sea rovers, being either our subjects or other nations associated with them."

He soon discovered that press gangs of the British Navy had taken most of the good seamen. He was able to recruit only 70 thieves, drunkards, rogues and incompetents. He signed them all on and set sail for New York.

On approaching the coast of Nova Scotia he sighted the French schooner *Avignon.* She was a perfectly legal prize. He captured her without a fight, seized 3,500 pounds in loot and took her into New York harbor, where a Vice-Admiralty Court sold her for 380 pounds.

This was a small but nevertheless encouraging beginning. He scoured the docks, taverns and brothels for additional men and succeeded in raising his ship's complement to 156, with whom he optimistically set out for the Spanish Main.

It did not take Kidd long to discover that such notorious pirates as Tew, Ireland, Wake and Maize, men he had come to hunt, had deserted the long-plundered Spanish Main for more lucrative areas in African and East Indian waters. As for the treasure galleons voyaging from the coast of South America to Spain, they were now being convoyed by frigates and other men-of-war which heavily outgunned his *Adventure Galley.*

In the course of the next several months Kidd captured four unescorted Spanish vessels and a Frenchman. From tallies kept by some members of his crew he probably accumulated a total of $500,000 worth of loot, principally in gold plate and silver ingots. Kidd himself made no notations that he had boarded and plundered these vessels.

During this first period of the venture on the Spanish Main there is no actual evidence that he behaved as a pirate or villain, that he scuttled or burned any ship, marooned or made anyone walk the plank. On the contrary he kept sternly reminding his disgruntled crew that they were pirate "hunters" and were charged with the protection of friendly vessels. Only French and Spanish ships were to be regarded as lawful prizes.

In September of 1696 Kidd sailed eastward from the Spanish Main, following the trade routes across the Atlantic to Madeira, then southward around the Cape of Good Hope, up the east coast of Africa and into the Indian Ocean.

The early part of this voyage was bitterly disappointing. It failed to yield as much as a shilling in spoils. On the contrary, Kidd escorted a Bermuda brigantine to Madeira, assisted a Barbados ship to make repairs following a severe storm and was most helpful in his behavior. When he encountered a friendly Portuguese merchantman, his crew almost mutinied because he refused to permit them to plunder her. The ringleader was a truculent gunner, William Moore, who accused Kidd of keeping them from obtaining their rightful share of loot.

According to the testimony given later at Kidd's trial by members of his crew, Gunner Moore angrily declared: "We will go aboard the Portugueser and strip her to the keel."

"I'll kill any man that tries," Kidd said grimly. "I shall probably start with you."

He ordered that sails be raised and the voyage continued.

Food and water were running short and day by day the crew became more rebellious.

The *Adventure Galley* put into St. Augustine Bay at Madagascar, refilled her water casks and obtained a fresh supply of food. Kidd went aboard a Barbados sloop, found the skipper dying of fever and brought him aboard the *Adventure Galley* where he nursed the sick man until he finally died.

The buccaneer crew was wrathful at what it called a waste of time and a delegation headed by Gunner Moore approached Kidd on the quarter deck.

" 'Tis more than we can stomach, Capt'n. We have sworn to take the next ship we come upon."

Kidd glared at Moore and grasped the handle of his cutlass.

"I shall give the order should she prove to be a fair prize."

They sighted the next ship several days later, off the Malabar Coast. Kidd signalled her to heave to and boarded her with several members of his crew. She was a British vessel, the *Loyal Captain,* with a number of prosperous Greek and Armenian merchants among her passengers.

Gunner Moore suggested robbing them of their "divers precious stones and goods." Kidd refused and permitted the *Loyal Captain* to proceed upon her journey without being molsted.

From then on, mutiny was brewing. It came to a head a few days afterward when they overhauled a Dutch ship, the *Prince of Orange* and the crew demanded that they board and ransack her. Again Kidd refused, pointing out that the Dutch were England's staunch allies.

"It matters not," Gunner Moore said defiantly. "This time we are resolved to board her, Capt'n."

He had been goading Kidd much too long, and now the captain's wrath exploded. Reaching for the nearest object, a water bucket, he swung it like a club. With all his force he struck the gunner on the side of the head. Moore slumped to the deck.

"Take him below!" Kidd roared.

The order was obeyed. While seamen carried the unconscious man below, the object of the near-mutiny, the *Prince of Orange,* proceeded on her course, serenely unaware of what had almost occurred to her.

After Gunner Moore died early the next morning, Surgeon Jenkins informed Kidd of his death and of the curse.

"We are well rid of him," Kidd said angrily. "I doubt not that he wished me ill and will now plague the Devil to visit it upon me."

Kidd was not a superstitious man. He was not inclined to regard the curse seriously. On the contrary, he was gratified to note that the death of Gunner Moore had a sobering effect on the entire crew and there were no more mutterings about mutiny. The men were not to forget the incident, however. Later it was to become the most important factor in Kidd's trial.

Oddly enough, the dying man's curse at first appeared to change Kidd's luck for the better. On the following day, the *Adventure Galley* sighted the French *Rouparelle,* bound from Surat, India, to Malabar, with a Moslem skipper in command.

Kidd captured her without a fight and found she carried a chestful of Indian currency as well as a cargo of horses, sugar and cotton. He put a prize crew aboard her and convoyed her to Madagascar, where ship and cargo were sold for 4,320 pounds. This and a chest of coins totaled more than 9,000 pounds.

He divided up the loot among the crew. While this was a most unusual act, as he explained later, no man among them had heard the ring of a shilling since leaving New York many months before.

The distribution of the plunder had the desired effect. Now all thought of mutiny vanished. The death of Gunner Moore and his curse were forgotten—for the time at least.

In February of 1698, ten miles off Cochin, Kidd encountered a majestic 500-ton, 10-gun ship, the *Quedagh Merchant,* flying the colors of the Great Mogul of India.

Technically the Great Mogul was neutral in the war between England and France, but his large and prosperous fleet was operating under French protection with French safe-conduct passes.

Even so, Kidd realized that were he to seize the *Quedah Merchant* while she was flying her own flag, it would be regarded as outright piracy. This was too great a prize for him to resist, however, so he employed a ruse.

Kidd ordered a French flag to be raised to the mast of the *Adventure Galley.* The Indiaman responded, also raising the French tricolor. She hove to peacefully when signaled that she was to be boarded.

Once on board, Kidd demanded to see the ship's papers. The Moslem skipper unsuspectingly produced his French conduct pass.

"French ally, eh!" Kidd roared. "I take possession of this ship and cargo in the name of His Majesty, King William the Third. Long live the king!"

With this seizure, Kidd committed himself unequivocably to piracy. The *Quedagh Merchant* proved to be a most rewarding prize. She carried a $575,000 cargo of rare silks,

gold coins, jewelry and silver plate. In addition, she was a magnificent craft while his own, approximately half her tonnage, was sadly in need of repair and almost unseaworthy. Honeycombed with wormholes and her rotten sails mended countless times, she had survived rough seas only because of Kidd's skilled seamanship.

He abandoned the *Adventure Galley* after putting her guns on the *Quedagh Merchant.* From then on she was a pirate ship and Kidd's favorite prey was other craft of the Great Mogul.

Employing the same deception whereby he had seized the Indiaman, he proceeded to capture a number of others. As his log was conveniently "destroyed," he had no detailed written record. The Great Mogul, however, wrathfully protested to King William III that Kidd had taken by piracy the following ships and cargoes:

Jalung Princess, 450 tons, off Ceylon, 500,000 pounds.
Rangpur Merchant, 525 tons, in Bay of Bengal, 700,000 pounds.
Dacca Trader, 500 tons, Nicobar Islands, 1,000,000 pounds.
Manipur Prince, 475 tons, Andaman Islands, 1,000,000 pounds.
Madras Star, 500 tons, Malabar Coast, 1,000,000 pounds.
Patna Star, 525 tons, Malabar Coast, 1,250,000 pounds.
Lushai, 450 tons, Bay of Bengal, 500,000 pounds.

This enormous amount of plunder would exceed $20,000,000 today. In addition, other prizes reported by members of Kidd's crew included:

La Beauvais, French merchantman, 450 tons, Red Sea, 250,000 pounds.
Moselle, French merchantman, Mozambique, 400 tons, 100,000 pounds.
La Estrellita, Spanish barque, 250 tons, Gulf of Mannar (near Ceylon) 35,000 pounds.

Compounding his other crimes, Kidd, who had set out to capture pirates, had become one himself and was openly consorting with others.

Off the coast of Madagascar he chanced to meet the notorious buccaneer, Captain Robert Culliford, and fraternized aboard the latter's frigate, *Mocha.*

A crafty double-crosser as well as murderer, Culliford had learned about the Great Mogul's protest to England naming Kidd as chief offender. He informed Kidd that King William

had ordered an entire fleet to scour the seas for him and that even now British men-of-war were trying to track him down.

Conspiring to hijack Kidd's treasure, he also persuaded Quartermaster Rodney Little and 95 others in the crew of the *Quedagh Merchant* to desert and join him on the *Mocha.*

"Your captain surely will be captured and hanged," he told Little. "And so shall any of the crew who remain with him."

The quartermaster agreed. He recalled the death of Gunner Moore.

"The curse of my shipmate is upon Kidd's head," he said superstitiously. "But what of all the treasure in his hands? Some is rightfully ours."

"All of it shall be ours," Culliford promised. "We shall board the *Quedagh Merchant* and cut the throats of Kidd and those of the crew who do not join us."

Kidd discovered the plot the day before his ship was to be hijacked. Shorthanded and unable to hoist the great sails of the *Quedagh Merchant,* with loyal seamen he raised a jury rig in the dead of night, quietly slipped anchor and put to sea. He made for the Cape of Good Hope and the wide Atlantic beyond. To linger was to invite death at the hand of Culliford and the mutineers. The possibility of encountering a British man-of-war he regarded as the lesser of two hazards. Besides, he did not believe that the British Navy would be searching for him on the other side of the Atlantic.

Running toward the West Indies, the staunch *Quedagh Merchant* encountered a series of severe storms that battered her hull and almost sank her.

In April of 1699 after a harrowing crossing, she limped into the shelter harbor of Anguilla in the Leeward Islands. Here Captain Kidd anchored. He requested and received permission to go ashore for water and provisions. He also learned that the reported anger of the king had not been exaggerated. British men-of-war had been searching for him in the Leewards.

Kidd sailed on to the Danish Virgin Islands which he thought might be safer. On arriving in St. Thomas harbor, he was not only refused permission to go ashore, but the governor firmly ordered him to move along as soon as possible.

At Snake Island, Nevis, and elsewhere in the West Indies, he met with the same inhospitable reception. To add to his worries, the *Quedagh Merchant* was leaking badly and in need of major repairs.

Now, more and more often, members of the crew were fearsomely repeating the Curse of Gunner Moore to one

another. Although the *Quedagh Merchant* carried millions in gold, silver and precious jewels, not a shilling of it was doing them any good. Their ship was being hunted and was leaking like a sieve. Ropes were ready to stretch their necks if they were caught by the British Navy. They were living on maggoty food and the brackish water was always in short supply. They would have fared much better had they deserted to Captain Culliford with the mutineers.

Well aware of their feelings, Kidd put into the once popular pirate haunt near the mouth of the Higuey River at the eastern tip of Hispaniola. He beached his ship, purchased a sloop, the *St. Anthony*, and put the bulk of his treasure aboard her.

After leaving 18 of his crew, including ship's carpenter John Wilcox, to make the most urgently needed repairs, he sailed the *St. Anthony* northward towards New York.

En route, he delayed off the coast of New Jersey and Delaware for several hours, selected a man from the crew and had himself rowed to shore with a sizable amount of treasure. On both occasions he returned to his ship alone, angrily declaring that the men had deserted.

His crew did not believe him. They whispered among themselves that Kidd had pistoled them to seal their lips after they had buried the treasure, that the Curse of Gunner Moore had claimed two more victims—at the hands of Capt. Kidd.

Kidd sailed the *St. Anthony* to Long Island Sound, anchored and send word to a friend of his in New York, a prominent lawyer named James Emott, whom he asked to come aboard with the greatest secrecy.

Emott agreed and Kidd explained why he had been summoned.

"God's Wounds! I am no pirate but have been falsely accused as such. I carry His Majesty's commission and was empowered as the master of a privateer to seize such vessels as I did."

In proof he produced two French safe conduct passes, one taken from the captain of the *Quedagh Merchant*, the other from the *Patna Star*.

He explained that he wished Emott to journey to Boston, call upon Bellomont and give him the two French passes as evidence that he had been acting lawfully as a privateer. The lawyer was then to sound Bellomont out as to the treatment Kidd would receive if he came to Boston.

Emott agreed to carry out this mission and he did. Bellomman was cadgy. As leader of the syndicate he was eager to receive a three-year accounting from Kidd. In spite of

his exalted position he was deeply in debt due to gambling and lavish living. At the same time he was the king's royal governor and apprehensive of becoming identified with a man who had been proclaimed a notorious pirate.

Bellomont wrote Kidd an artful letter calculated to decoy him to Boston. Promising fair treatment, the letter said in part:

"Mr. Emott delivered me two French passes taken aboard the two ships which your men rifled, which passes I have in my custody and I am apt to believe they will be a good Article to justify you.

"Mr. Emott also told me that you had to about the value of 10,000 pounds in the sloop with you, and that you had left a ship somewhere off the coast of Hispaniola in which there was to the values of 30,000 pounds more which you had left in safe hands.

"I have advised with his Majesty's Councill and showed them this letter this afternoon and they are of the opinion that if your case be so clear as you (or Mr. Emott for you) have said, that you may safely come hither. I make no manner of doubt but to obtain the King's pardon for you.

"I assure you on my word and on my honor I will performe nicely what I have now promised."

Kidd's case of course was by no means as clear and straightforward as Bellomont stated it. Bellomont suspected, and with good reason, that Kidd had pirated many more ships and seized millions more in loot than the 40,000 pounds he admitted.

During the days he waited to receive word from Boston, Kidd was exceedingly busy. He took the precaution of burying a number of hoards along the coast and on the shores of the Hudson River. While he supposedly cached his treasure in more than 45 places from Maine to Delaware this was virtually an impossibility when the time element is taken into consideration. It is more likely that his hoards did not exceed a dozen at most, all of them, with the exception of the first two caches in Delaware and New Jersey, being within a limited radius.

Two of his troves tend to confirm this. One was buried at Clarke's Island in the Connecticut River. Kidd, with the knowledge of his friend and fellow pirate, Whisking Clarke, cached two chests containing $500,000 worth of loot.

Later Clarke dug up one of the chests, helped himself to about $45,000 worth and re-buried it elsewhere. Through information supplied by a Stamford, Connecticut trader, Captain Paine, Clarke was seized by Sheriff John Knott and imprisoned. He did not disclose where the two chests con-

taining the unrecovered and major part of the loot were hidden.

The other was a smaller cache that Kidd buried on Gardiner's Island in Long Island Sound with the full knowledge of one of the inhabitants, John Gardiner. All of it was subsequently recovered and Gardiner gave a detailed account of the circumstances to the authorities in the form of a sworn affidavit.

Here, it should be noted that Gardiner's Island is but a comparatively short sail from the mouth of the Connecticut River.

Kidd had anticipated that upon his arrival in Boston he would be promptly received by Bellomont. Instead, the royal governor kept him waiting for three days before admitting him to the official mansion.

He was conducted to the Hall of Hearing where he found Bellomont seated on a dais in his robes, flanked by all the members of the Council. The atmosphere, despite the promise conveyed in Bellomont's letter, was icy. Recalling the Curse of Gunner Moore, Kidd had a feeling of dire foreboding.

The audience was short. Bellomont bluntly demanded that Kidd produce the log detailing his day-to-day activities since leaving New York in command of the *Adventure Galley* three years before. Kidd acknowledged he did not possess a log because the one he had been keeping had been burned by mutinous members of his crew. However, he added, he did have an excellent memory and could narrate his voyage in detail.

The royal governor curtly rejected this offer. He informed Kidd that the log had been requested by the British Admiralty Court in London and he was to return to his lodgings and put his memory to work in the preparation of a duplicate.

After dismissing Kidd, Bellomont manifested the full extent of his treachery. He read to his council an order from the British Admiralty he had received weeks before. If, and when, apprehended, the nefarious pirate Kidd was to be put in irons and sent to England to stand trial.

Kidd had secured lodgings in the house of Postmaster Campbell near the corner of what is now Boston's Washington and Water streets. For the next few days he dropped in at the nearby Blue Anchor Tavern occasionally and devoted the rest of his time to making notes preparatory to writing a new log. Although greatly disappointed by the reception given to him by Bellomont he was at least relieved that he had not been arrested. Lulled into a false sense of security by the royal governor's cat and mouse tactics he reasoned

that Bellomont could not openly display his friendliness befor the Council and was quietly arranging for a pardon.

He was disillusioned one evening after returning to his lodging. There was a knock at the door and he was confronted by the sheriff with two armed men. They had an order for his arrest, signed by Bellomont.

Kidd was stunned. Angrily drawing his sword, he shouted to the sheriff who was blocking the doorway, "Stand clear, else I run you through!"

The sheriff quickly obeyed. Kidd dashed the short distance to the governor's residence and demanded to see him. He was promptly seized from behind and disarmed.

Catching sight of Bellomont in a corridor, he shouted loudly, demanding to be released. Instead, he was dragged off to jail.

Bellmont ordered Kidd's lodgings to be searched and his possessions, including six bags of gold coins and a bag of gold dust, were confiscated.

On July 17, 1699, eleven days after being jailed, Kidd, at the royal governor's order, was removed to the Stone Prison, "there to continue in Irons and company kept from him."

The reason why he was not immediately sent to England was this: He could only be tried for piracy by the Admiralty Court in England and the House of Commons, prior to adjourning, had passed a resolution prohibiting the court from conducting the trial before Commons convened again. Some of the members had heard that Bellomont and other prominent persons, including the king, were in the syndicate that had backed Kidd. They wanted to be sure that all of the facts would be ascertained although Kidd had already been marked for the scapegoat and his execution certain.

Kidd was kept in the Stone Prison in Boston for more than six months. In February of 1700, he was sent to New York City under heavy guard and placed in the brig of *H.M.S. Advice*. He arrived in London on April 6 and was confined in Newgate Prison until May 8, 1701, before he was brought before six judges at the Old Bailey.

In court he was unable to show even the semblance of a defense. All of his documents and notes had been confiscated with his possessions. The perfidious Bellomont had "misplaced" them and when he died they could not be found. They did not turn up until 209 years later when an American writer, Ralph D. Paine, discovered them in old files in the Public Records Office.

Kidd's trial lasted for two days. On May 10, 1701, there was the expected court announcement:

"Captain William Kidd yesterday was found guilty of

murther for killing a seaman-gunner, one Will Moore, aboard a ship. Also for several indictments for pyracy."

On May 23, 1701, Kidd was escorted to Execution Dock in Wapping by the Reverend Paul Lorrain, Ordinary of Newgate. During the grim walk to the gallows he was exhorted, for the peace of his soul, to reveal the burial places of his pirated treasures. He maintained his innocence to the end.

Following Kidd's execution, a courier was sent to India with a letter for the Great Mogul. In it the king deplored the several acts of piracy complained about and reported that Kidd had been hanged. The letter added that Kidd had not revealed where he had hidden his plunder and it assured the Great Mogul that a diligent search was being made.

The British Navy, at Admiralty orders, did conduct a long hunt for Kidd's buried treasures. Based on reports by various members of his crew, by farmers, fishermen and others who had allegedly been surreptitious witnesses to Kidd's digging, some 45 supposed caches were sought.

Only two of them, the one on Gardiners Island, the other on Clarke's Island, yielded any treasures at all. And these amounted to but a tiny fraction of the more than $20 millions' worth Kidd had actually seized and presumably buried.

Thus Gunner Moore had his vengeful wish. Starting with his own murder, Kidd, and many other men, have died because of the great treasure. For more than two and a half centuries, other men—no one knows how many—have died searching for it.

Presumably the bulk of it is still hidden in various caches from Delaware to Maine, with the Curse of Gunner Moore awaiting anyone who finds it.

Chapter 17

COINCIDENCE OR PRECOGNITION?

ONE MAY scoff at the actuality of ghosts, apparitions and poltergeists; doubt psychic phenomena; be skeptical about experiments in extrasensory perception, but there is one facet which is not thus casually to be ignored—precognition.

Call it hunch, intuition, coincidence, foreboding, premonition or anything else, precognition is one of the best documented, most common, and at the same time, most puzzling of mysteries. What is particularly frustrating to investigators is that the great majority of precognitive experiences occur to perfectly normal people who had little or no interest in the supernormal or the supernatural.

Consider for example the case of Mr. and Mrs. George

Daughtery, an average married couple, living in New York's suburban Westchester County.

Sometime after falling asleep on the night of November 7, 1965, Mary Daughtery, 33, usually a calm and not overimaginative housewife, had a frightening dream in which she saw the mangled body of her husband carried from the burning wreckage of a plane in a coffinlike basket.

She awakened with a stifled scream, her body trembling and perspiring profusely. So real was the dream that she switched on the night light to make sure her husband was in the twin bed next to hers.

George Daughtery, 51, an electronics engineer, woke up to find his wife staring at him with a terrified expression.

"What's the matter, honey?"

"I dreamed that something awful happened to you. That your plane crashed and you were killed. Please, George, don't fly to Cincinnati tomorrow."

"Nonsense." His voice was reassuring. "You've had a nightmare. Go on back to sleep. Try to forget about it."

Mrs. Daughtery could not forget about it. When she awakened in the morning the dream was still vivid in all grisly detail. It preyed upon her mind while she was preparing breakfast. She pleaded with her husband to cancel his reservation and take a train.

"But there's no reason for you to worry just because you had a nightmare," he remonstrated. "I've flown to our branch factory dozens of times. I tell you what—I promise I'll phone you the minute I arrive at Greater Cincinnati Airport."

"Please, George. I know I sound superstitious, but cancel your flight this one time for me."

Daughtery regarded his wife thoughtfully. It was not at all like her to be this nervous and apprehensive over one of his routine business trips.

At approximately 7 P.M. that evening, American Airlines Flight 383, a three-engine jet Boeing 727, crashed into a steep hill while making a landing approach to Greater Cincinnati Airport in a thunderstorm. There were sixty-two persons aboard. Fifty-eight were reported dead or missing.

Daughtery was not one of them. At the last minute he had yielded to his wife's pleas and taken a train. Was his wife's nightmare sheer coincidence or precognition?

On interviewing Daughtery, I found him to be realistic, factual, engaged in a profession in which he accepts only that which proves out. When I asked his opinion he replied, "I cancelled my flight because I did not want my wife to worry. Had I been aboard that plane there is no certainty

I would have been killed. The odds still would have been four to fifty-eight."

Daughtery discounted his life's dream as "a most unusual coincidence," as do many individuals who have had somewhat similar experiences.

An increasing number of psychologists, psychiatrists and other qualified students of the human mind no longer are satisfied to accept coincidence as an explanation. Nor, on the other hand, do they regard it as evidence of the supernatural. They consider precognition to be supernormal, a phenomenon which has not as yet been fully accepted by general scientific opinion, but which they believe must have a logical explanation.

The long and carefully detailed investigation they have been making of this phenomenon—or mystery if you prefer—began with the founding of the British Society of Psychical Research in 1882. A few years later a somewhat similar organization, the American Society for Psychical Research, originated in the United States.

Under the leadership of Dr. George H. Hyslop, M.D.; Ph.D., former professor of logic and ethics at Columbia University, the ASPR attracted more than eight hundred members throughout the country. All of them have been solid citizens, psychologists, physicians, educators, ministers, industrialists and others who have shared a common interest in furthering the genuine investigation of psychic phenomena.

There are a number of other such organizations equally respected. One is the Menninger Foundation which is carrying out various phases of study at its headquarters in Topeka, Kansas, and at nine other locations under the direction of Dr. Gardner Murphy, well known psychologist and author of *Challenge of Psychical Research.*

Extrasensory perception, of which precognition is a facet, gained added status by research at college and universities. Probably the first such institution to become seriously interested was the Department of Psychology at Duke University, where Professor William McDougall encouraged the work of the biologist-psychologists, Dr. Joseph Rhine and his wife Louisa, best known among ESP authorities.

This is the background of modern scientific research in precognition which investigators now divide into two parts. The first is a strong premonition—it may not necessarily come as a dream—that something sinister, even tragic, may happen to an individual if he should do a certain thing or go to a specified place, perhaps at a predetermined time.

The second is this apprehensive feeling about someone else—a relative, a friend, a business associate.

Here are two authenticated examples of self-premonition.

Anne and Thomas Kiele, a middle-aged Chicago couple, were vacationing in Miami Beach when they decided to take a short cruise to Nassau.

They purchased tickets for accommodations on the *S.S. Yarmouth Castle* and looked forward to the trip with pleasurable excitement right up to the time they began to pack in their hotel room.

"I was folding a new yellow dress I had bought for the cruise into my suitcase when I suddenly had a strange feeling," said Mrs. Kiele.

"For a moment, it could not have been any longer than that, it was if I were wearing the dress and were drowning. There were other people near me struggling in the water. Many of them were drowning too. Dimly I saw my husband being pulled into a lifeboat. My arms and legs threshed wildly and I called out to him. Like me he cannot swim but he tried to come to my assistance and others held him in the boat."

This premonition was so terrifying to Mrs. Kiele that her husband canceled their cruise.

Mrs. Kiele was unable to explain how the tragic scene, in great detail, came to her. It was neither a dream nor a vision but, as she described it, a "mental impression."

There were 549 passengers and crewmen on board the *S.S. Yarmouth Castle* when she caught fire and sank off Nassau in the Bahamas. Would Mrs. Kiele have been among the lost 90 or among the 459 saved had she taken the ill-starred cruise?

As another instance, one September night Herbert Larsen, 34, of St. Paul, Minnesota, dreamed that a ladder to a 75-foot scaffold, on which he was working with a number of others constructing a wheat elevator, suddenly gave way. In his dream he saw himself plunge to his death.

When he awakened in the morning he felt "heavy and gloomy." He decided not to go to work. He reluctantly told his wife the reason why.

"You mean you'll lost a day's pay because of a dream?" she asked. "Why, if you mentioned this to anyone else they'd laugh at you."

"Maybe you're right," Larsen answered. "After all, it was only a dream."

So he changed his mind and went to work. When the noon whistle blew and the workmen descended the ladder for the lunch hour it gave way. Eight men were hurled to

their death. The other two were severely injured. Larsen was among those killed.

Psychologist Dr. Nelson Thiebault, who is also a psyhic-phenomena researcher and who investigated the Larsen case commented, "Sleeping or awake, the will to survive is strongly inherent in all of us. We have an imperative urge to heed a forewarning whether it is imagined or genuine and where neglect might contribute even remotely to death or injury.

"Even though the ladder might not have broken, Larsen's anxiety following his dream was such that from an accident-prone standpoint he should have remained home.

"Genuine precognition, if not in a dream, occurs spontaneously and imperatively. It should not be encouraged by trying to read dire significance into obvious coincidence or by yielding to popular superstitions by believing you will have bad luck should a black cat cross your path, if you break a mirror or walk under a ladder."

While this is excellent advice it fails to explain the mystery of precognition.

In premonitions about tragic occurrences to others than oneself, the largest group reported, understandably are immediate members of the family. This group is followed by close friends, business or other associates and finally by strangers, usually in the public eye.

Cases reported to the American Society for Psychical Research are carefully screened for genuineness before being followed up. These are a few examples of such authenticated cases. As a rule the ASPR does not give out the names of those involved.

Mrs. F.D., a Long Island, N.Y., matron, mother of a boy of six, had several premonitions over a period of years. Her husband, a down-to-earth businessman, told her she was merely "superstitious" and advised her to forget about them.

One summer afternoon she had an unusually strong foreboding. In her report to the ASPR she described her experience.

"As I was finishing up in the kitchen I very suddenly and very strongly felt that my son was in his tiny boat and being helplessly blown out into Long Island Sound with a strong south wind quickly pushing him into the ocean-going current. I could hear him very plainly and loudly calling, 'Mommie! Mommie!' "

This was so vivid to Mrs. F. D. that she prayed that her son, who had gone to the beach with other children, would remain in his boat until help arrived instead of attempting to swim to shore.

Suspenseful hours later the boy was brought safely back

to the house by her husband, who related the following facts.

The boy had been drifting out into the current alone and unnoticed. He attracted the attention of two fishermen by loudly calling out, "Mommie!"

Had he not remained in the boat as his mother prayed he would, he probably would have been drowned instead of rescued.

In another authenticated case, an astronomy teacher was taking a nap when he dreamed he saw his father dressed in tan shirt and tan trousers with brown suspenders. The dream was so real that he even observed the detail of a pen and pencil projecting from a shirt pocket.

The sound of the doorbell woke him up. A messenger was at the door with a telegram which informed him that his father had died of a heart attack in another city.

When he attended the funeral the teacher asked his mother to describe the clothes that his father had worn when he died. They were identical to those seen in the dream.

As another example, a woman violin teacher had a gifted student, C.M. One day he failed to appear for his lesson.

Several weeks went by. She all but forgot this former pupil. One morning, while she was absorbed in a book, her room seemed to become brilliantly lighted. She reported to the ASPR, "Not light seen by the physical eye but a quality akin to ecstatic joy or triumph and yet with the physical radiance of light too.

"In a moment I heard C.M. tell me he had always believed death must be something like this. I did not hear a physical voice, but the words seemed to speak inside my head somehow and were unmistakeably C.M.'s in both voice and intonation."

Later the music teacher learned that her former student had died in his home that morning in another part of the city. Of particular interest to the investigators was the fact that she had not seen him in a vision but had immediately identified him by his voice.

An even more remarkable case reported was that of dual premonition which came to two persons thousands of miles apart at a moment when a pilot crashed to his death in France.

In London one of his friends suddenly had a morbid feeling that the pilot had been killed. At the same moment his sister in Calcutta "saw" him standing beside her in his flying uniform. The vision was so real that she spoke to him. At the sound of her voice he vanished.

Not all premonitions are prescient. Some are identified with events which took place perhaps years before. One which

was reported to the ASPR is particularly noteworthy because it was accepted as evidence in a court of law.

A man named Chaffin, father of four boys, was killed in an accident. He left a will bequeathing his estate to one of his sons. The other three did not contest the will and it was probated in court.

More than four years later, James P. Chaffin, one of the three sons who had been disinherited, had a dream in which his father told him that he had made a later will which would be found in his overcoat pocket.

James was at first inclined to dismiss the dream as of no significance. When the premonition persisted, he rummaged through the attic and found an old overcoat that had belonged to his father.

There was no will in the coat, but in the lining of a torn pocket was a short note in his father's handwriting: "Read 27th chapter Genesis in my daddy's Bible."

James summoned several friends for witnesses before he took the old family Bible from the bookshelf. In the 27th chapter of Genesis he found the later will in which the estate was divided equally among the four sons. The will was taken to court, accepted as genuine and the Chaffin estate was reapportioned accordingly.

Sincere students and investigators point out that one major obstacle to solving the mystery of precognition is to convince science that it is a genuine phenomenon meriting more than skepticism. In this, at least, they are making some progress. In the words of psychologist Arthur Bachrach of Arizona State University, "Though there's not full acceptance, there is more of a willingness to wait and see."

Chapter 18

THE LOST $1,250,000 NECKLACE OF THE CONFEDERACY

ON THE evening of October 8, 1864, six carefully chosen officers of the Confederate Navy gathered in a room of the Compass and Anchor Inn in Liverpool after separately voyaging to England by circuitous routes.

Among those keeping this long arranged rendezvous with James D. Bulloch, who was the Confederacy's most trusted and influential secret agent in Europe, was Captain James I. Waddell.

A handsome, fiery six-footer who walked with a slight limp, the result of a duel in which he had killed an opponent early in his previous career as a U.S. naval officer, Captain Waddell was destined to lead the others in the most remarkable naval adventure of the Civil War.

Confederate Agent Bulloch was a dark-haired Southerner with sharp brown eyes and a Mississippi drawl. After a brief welcome he detailed the reason for the meeting.

"Your orders, gentlemen. Under command of Captain Waddell you are to proceed to the Madeira Islands on a small armed vessel, the *Laurel,* which I have purchased and which is presently anchored in the Mersey.

"In the Madeiras you will rendezvous with the *Shenandoah,* formerly the British merchant ship, *Sea King.* I purchased her for 45,000 pounds to replace our illustrious sea raider, *Alabama,* which was sunk by Yankee cannonfire off the coast of France.

"The *Shenandoah* is awaiting your arrival. She was sailed to the Madeiras by Lieutenant William C. Whittle, Jr., masquerading as a civilian sea captain. You will find her a staunch and able vessel which we hope will prove to be a worth successor to the *Alabama.*

"You will equip her with the armament and munitions that you will take to Madeiras in the hold of the *Laurel.* Under Captain Waddell's command, you will then proceed into the seas and among the islands frequented by the great American whaling fleets, a source of abundant wealth to our enemies and a training school for their seamen. It is hoped that the *Shenandoah* may be able to damage greatly and disperse the whaling fleets after which you are to prey upon American merchant ships wherever found."

While the others were making their departure, Bulloch caught Captain Waddell's eye and signaled for him to remain.

"I have been further instructed to charge you with a personal mission," He said when they were alone.

Bulloch unlocked a desk drawer and took out a leather jewel case. Pillowed on black velvet within was a diamond necklace of exquisite beauty. The gem stones were large and perfectly matched. They shone with brilliance in the lamplight.

Captain Waddell, not a man easy to impress, stared at the necklace in awe. "Worth a king's ransom," he murmured.

"More than that," Bulloch nodded. "This necklace will assure the freedom of our people from the Yankee yoke."

He then explained his meaning. A number of prominent Confederates had become pessimistic about the outcome of the war and a group of leaders held a meeting. Among them were Ballard Dunn, "Fighting Parson" of St. Phillips Church, New Orleans; Major Merriweather and Dr. Gaston

of Atlanta; Col. Frank McMullen of Texas; and Col. Gunther of Muscle Shoals, Tennessee.

They reached a decision. If the Confederates lost the war, they would not rejoin the Union but would emigrate to some foreign country where they would be welcomed, treated with respect and permitted to retain their slaves.

They had a country in mind—Brazil, ruled by Emperor Dom Pedro the Second. In return for land grants to "500,000 superior people from the Confederacy," they would offer the Emperor "colonizers skilled in agriculture, industrial methods and railroad construction."

Many Southerners were enthusiastic about the idea. To assure its success they decided to send a lavish gift to the Countess Isabella D'Eu, daughter of the Emperor and known to have great influence with her father.

Contributions for an appropirate gift were solicited throughout the Confederate States and a fund of more than $1,250,000 was raised. This money was sent by blockade runner to Bulloch with explicit instructions. He was to use it all to purchase the most beautiful and expensive diamond necklace in history. One which would cost more than double the famous half-million-dollar necklace which Louis XV had ordered from the jewelers, Boehmer and Bassenge, for his mistress, Madame du Barry.

Bulloch had made a journey to India, then the world's leading diamond-producing country. Aided by experts he spent weeks selecting and buying the gem stones which were assembled for the necklace. Now it was ready to be taken to the Countess D'Eu in Brazil.

"You are to deliver this diamond necklace to the countess in secrecy," explained Bulloch. "She has already been notified by Ballard Dunn that she will receive a gift from the people of the Confederate States suitably expressing their admiration for her.

"Sometime in the course of seeking out and sinking Yankee ships you will find or make the opportunity for visiting Rio de Janeiro without arousing suspicion as to your true purpose. You will then go to the palace and present the necklace to the countess."

Captain Waddell took the diamond necklace with him on leaving the Compass and Anchor. He carried it on his person, guarding it vigilantly when he sailed to the Madeiras aboard the Laurel. When he transferred to his command aboard the *Shenandoah,* he locked it in the ship's safe.

Ten days after sailing from the Madeiras the *Shenandoah* captured the Yankee barque *Alina,* en route to Buenos Aires from Newport, England, with a $100,000 cargo of iron rails.

After several other successful raids, the *Shenandoah* arrived in the harbor of Melbourne, Australia on January 25th, 1865.

In Melbourne the Confederate sea raider lost 18 of her seamen by desertion. Captain Waddell, trying to replace them with Australians, became embroiled with the police who accused him of violating British neutrality laws.

By January 31, the police rounded up 14 of the deserters and brought them back to the *Shenandoah* where they were placed in irons.

Despite the insistence of the authorities that he now leave, Waddell continued to remain in port and to urge that every effort be made to apprehend the four men still missing.

On February 3 the internment of the *Shenandoah* was imminent. On that day the police informed Captain Waddell that the seamen they were seeking—John Philips, Joseph Lake, Paul Terhune and Luke Mallon—had disappeared from Melbourne and that if he did not wish to have his ship seized he'd better clear out of the harbor immediately.

Captain Waddell obeyed. He ordered Sailing Master Irvine Bulloch to set a direct course for Rio de Janeiro and to so inform the ship's officers.

Hardly had the *Shenandoah* cleared port, however, when Waddell issued new orders. Instead of voyaging to Brazil, the *Shenandoah* sailed north to the accompaniment of grumbling by the crew.

Cruising up through the Pacific to Ascension Island, the sea raider caught and sank four Yankee whalers. Continuing for weeks to the far North, she captured the whaler *Abigail,* the *Favorite* and the *William Thompson* in the Sea of Okhotsk off the coast of Siberia, and four more Yankee whalers in the Bering Sea.

When the crew of the *William Thompson* was taken aboard, Waddell was informed by her indignant skipper that Lee had surrendered at Appomattox and the Civil War was over. Nevertheless on that day, June 26, 1865, he defiantly announced to his officers and men:

"I have been informed that the War was ended more than eight months ago, with the surrender of the Confederacy. But for us the war has not ended. As long as the *Shenandoah* remains afloat and I have the strength, we shall continue to fight until the South is free."

These were valiant words, but when they cruised southward through the Pacific and anchored off Vancouver, Waddell faced reality. Captain James Lonsdale of the British frigate *Metabel* came aboard to give him a friendly warning: if he continued to raid and sink Yankee ships he no

longer would be considered a Confederate patriot but a pirate.

Although Waddell was hot-headed, he was also realistic. Reluctantly he ordered Sailing Master Irvine Bulloch to chart a course around the tip of South America and northward through the Atlantic to Liverpool. The sea raider was not to put in at any port en route nor, Waddell hoped, sight any Yankee vessel "lest I forget the unfortunate position in which I now find myself."

Bulloch did exactly what was asked of him. In a beautiful feat of navigation he sailed the *Shenandoah* for more than 17,000 miles without being sighted until she approached the mouth of the Mersey. She dropped anchor on November 6. Waddell sadly hauled down the flag of the Confederacy and formally surrendered his ship to the British Navy.

The British did not want her. While they had been helping the Confederates during the war now that it was over the sea raider was an embarrassment in an English port. The British Admiralty was apprehensive that the United States might demand reparations for the toll she had taken of Yankee shipping.

The Admiralty put a new crew and stores aboard in all haste and sailed the *Shenandoah* off to the most remote spot the admirals could think of—Zanzibar. There her cannon and other armament were removed. She was refitted and repainted, then presented to the Sultan of Zanzibar for use as a pleasure yacht.

The Sultan took one short cruise, then decided he didn't want her. The once unconquerable Confederate sea raider was sold to a wealthy Greek named Eppinus, who went down with her shortly afterwards in a raging typhoon in the Indian Ocean.

This is the story of the Shenandoah as recorded in history. But what of Captain Waddell and the $1,250,000 diamond necklace entrusted to his care? Why had he been so greatly concerned about the apprehension of the four deserters—a concern which extended to the imminent risk of seizure of the sea raider by authorities in Melbourne? And why, shortly after leaving port for Rio de Janeiro, did he abruptly change plans and head towards the Arctic?

When the rea raider was surrendered to the British on November 6, 1865, Waddell and his officers left their uniforms and side arms in their quarters and went ashore as civilians. There was no reason to detain them nor did they show any desire to return to their homes in the South. At loose ends, with the exception of Waddell, they wandered about the continent for a long time. Presumably, they either

became reconciled to return to their homeland or settled down in Europe.

Waddell made a voyage to Melbourne as a passenger on a Norwegian vessel and remained in Australia for a number of months. Then he quietly returned to the United States to live in Annapolis not far from the U.S. Naval Academy which he had attended as a youth.

Following his death, a diary, more like a personal log, was found among his effects. In it he disclosed the secret mission to which he had been entrusted by Confederate Agent James D. Bulloch—and its failure.

Under the date of January 25th, 1865, he wrote:

"On returning to the ship shortly before midnight after my first evening ashore in Melbourne, I was met by Master-at-arms Andrews who was in a state of agitation. From him I learned that he and the sentries of his harbor watch had been surprised and overpowered by a number of the crew, some 17 or 18 in all.

"Some of these mutinous seamen had then hailed passing boats and prevailed upon them to be rowed ashore. Others had delayed sufficiently long to break open the ship's safe which they rifled of the diamond necklace, $9,500 in English sovereigns (Waddell paid ship's expenses in gold coins supplied by Bulloch) and other valuables."

The resulting quandry in which Waddell found himself can well be imagined. When 14 of the deserters were rounded up by the Melbourne police and brought back to the ship six days later, all of them stoutly denied haven taken part in the robbery, or any knowledge of the contents of the ship's safe.

A thorough search of their persons failed to turn up anything at all of an incriminating nature. Waddell was convinced that they were telling him the truth. No doubt remained in his mind that the four missing seamen, Philips, Lake, Terhune and Mallon, were the culpits.

When the *Shenandoah* departed from Melbourne, there was no reason to sail to Rio de Janeiro. Waddell's secret mission had ended in fiasco. How greatly the theft of the diamond necklace influenced his decision to continue raiding and sinking ships after the war is open to conjecture. Part of his reluctance to return to the South certainly may be attributed to apprehension over being accused of negligence of duty—or even of the theft of the necklace.

Following the surrender of the *Shenandoah*, his journey to Melbourne was undertaken in the forlorn hope of finding the four deserters and tracking down the necklace.

In October of 1866 a patrol of South Australian Mounted

Police came upon the skeletons of four men in the desolate region of Oodnadatta some 900 miles of Melbourne. It was an area in which from time to time prospectors sought for gold.

Half-hidden in the clay-pan near the skeletons the Mounties found a large brass belt buckle and a wooden-handled seaman's knife. Both were stamped "Naval Arsenal, Charleston, S.C." In addition, the initials P.T., possibly for Paul Terhune, were carved in the knife handle. The Mounties also found other relics that convinced them that the four skeletons were those of the deserters from the *Shenandoah*.

There was, however, no trace of the $1,250,000 diamond necklace, no conclusive proof that the four seamen had taken it, only circumstantial evidence.

What happened to the Diamond Necklace of the Confederacy? Whether it was broken up and the gem stones sold separately, whether it has remained intact and is secreted in the vault of the wife or mistress of a multimillionaire, or whether it was lost in the arid, sun-scorched scrub of the wild Australian bush country is an intriguing question that never has been answered.

Chapter 19

THE DEVIL'S HOOFPRINTS

DID JIM ELLIOTT'S big black stallion, Devil, hurl him from the saddle straight into Hell, as church-going folk in the Pamlico Sound region of North Carolina have believed for many generations?

They have a solemn answer for those who scoff at the old legend, one which has long been a mystery to science.

Countless thousands of tourists have seen the hoofprints of the stallion deeply imbedded in the grassy earth of the Cutlar farm some 200 yards from Highway 92, between Washington, N.C., and Bath, the oldest town in the state.

For more than a century and a half neither time nor man has been able to eradicate the eight hoofprints left by two great leaps of the stallion in response to Jim Elliott's command. Down through the years many a man and youngster have filled them in with dirt and stone. And always, inexplicably, they have reappeared in from a few days to weeks later.

"They're the hoofprints of Jim Elliott's stallion," some of the locals say.

"The marks were made by the Devil himself," others insist.

Though Bath citizens may differ to this extent in viewpoint they are in unanimous agreement as to how the legend originated.

Early in the nineteenth century, dashing young James T. Elliott was one of the wealthiest men in Bath. His reputation as a sporting gentleman extended all the way to Wilmington and Raleigh, from whence he imported beautiful, though not exactly virtuous, ladies to ornament his mansion. He loved to gamble and play cards as much as he loved the ladies, but he loved to race his horses even more.

Jim Elliott maintained a fine stable and boasted that they were the fastest in North Carolina. His favorite was the powerful, wicked Devil, which he alone could ride.

Every Sunday, when God-fearing folk were in church, Jim Elliott was to be found on the Cutlar farm with other sporting gentry from the surrounding countryside racing their horses. Invariably when he rode Devil, he was the winner.

Jim Elliott was offered large sums of money for the black stallion, but he always refused to sell. He had more than enough money of his own and besides, as he pointed out, Devil would be useless to anyone else, for no one but he could ride the stallion.

One of the most persistent of the would-be purchasers was his friend Clay Pearsoll, who was also a wealthy sporting gentlemen. When Pearsoll upped his offer to $5,000, a considerable sum in those days, Jim Elliott told him, "If you can ride the black stallion I won't sell him to you. I'll give him to you as a gift."

Clay Pearsoll was an excellent horseman, but when he mounted Devil he more than met his match. The stallion gave a fiery snort, rolled his eyes wildly, pawed the ground into flying turf and reared up fearsomely on his hind legs. Then he was off as if shot from a cannon, leaving his tossed rider stunned, shaken, but otherwise uninjured.

After this episode Clay Pearsoll disappeared. For many months thereafter he was not to be seen either in Bath or in the surrounding country. According to the rumors he had felt so humiliated at having been thrown by the black stallion in the presence of Jim Elliott and some of his other sporting friends that he had gone to Wilmington, boarded a merchantman and sailed off to England.

The rumors proved to be partly right. One day Clay Pearsoll reappeared in Bath riding a chestnut thoroughbred mare he had brought back with him from England. It was on a Sunday and most folks were in church, but at the Cutlar farm, Jim Elliott, Gaylord Morgan, Philip Duval and several others of their set were holding one of their race meets.

Clay Pearsoll cantered up to Jim Elliott, who was mounted on Devil.

"I'm here to race against you," he announced, "and to bet you $10,000 that I win."

Jim Ellott surveyed the chestnut with experienced eyes.

"She's a right fast-legged-looking mare, Clay, but not fast enough to win."

Clay Pearsoll untied a sack of gold coins from his saddle. They clinked mellowly when he handed the sack to Gaylord Morgan to hold for stakes. The challenging look returned to Jim Elliott's face.

"I don't carry a sackful of gold coins swinging from my saddle," Jim Elliott said. "My word good with you?"

"Good as my gold."

So it was that the race was arranged and it started on a line with the fat-trunked old oak tree where they always gathered for their horse meets.

The mare and the stallion took off together and as they sped around the mile of level grassy course they remained neck and neck. Jim Elliott realized then that he had finally met his match. No matter how he urged the stallion on he could not gain the lead.

The two horses were still racing withers to withers, neither gaining an inch after rounding the last curve and approaching the great oak that now marked the finish line.

It was then Jim Elliott shouted angrily to the stallion.

"Come on, you Devil! Take me across a winner, or take me to Hell!'

The stallion obeyed the command. It bounded forward in a great leap that left its bunched hoofprints deeply impressed in the earth.

It bounded forward again and this second time Jim Elliott flew from the saddle and over its head to crash against the trunk of the oak tree. He was killed instantly by the fearful impact.

Bath folks say that every bone in his body was broken. Some say that he compounded his sins of racing horses and gambling for high stakes on the Lord's Day by blasphemously calling upon the Devil to help him. And some add that the black stallion was the Devil himself and that he did exactly what had been asked of him. He tossed Jim Elliott across the finish line a winner, then sent his soul straight to Hell when his body hit the oak tree.

So the legend goes, and whether you believe it or not, this is true: For some odd reason the big oak tree died soon afterwards. Its stump, at last reports, still remained

to mark the spot where Jim Elliott met his death, a few lengths from the eight never-filled hoofprints.

Chapter 20

THE WATER-INTO-GASOLINE MYSTERY

CONDITIONED as we are by numerous examples of business and inventive achievements and of fortunes made almost overnight, Americans have developed a unique and fascinating folklore of success which is often readily accepted as actuality—until attempts are made to track down the facts.

One of the oldest and most popular of these legends concerns the nameless young fellow who received a million-dollar reward from the Gillette safety razor people for suggesting that they put ten instead of a dozen blades in a package.

Another is about the equally anonymous chemist who developed a formulat for a 500,000-mile synthetic rubber automobile tire and was paid a million dollars by the Tire Manufacturers' Association, which is keeping it off the market lest manufacturers be bankrupted by longevity.

Among all such stories, one, the case of John Andrews who made gasoline engines run with water for a fuel, is more than a legend. It is well-documented and remains an unsolved mystery to this day.

During World War I a report reached the U. S. Naval Department that in McKeesport, Pennsylvania, there was an automobile mechanic, John Andrews, who had discovered a process that converted ordinary well water into engine fuel.

It sounded fantastic. No one gave it credence until one day Secretary of the Navy Josephus Daniels happened to hear about it.

"The report should be looked into even if it turns out to be false," Daniels said and ordered an immediate investigation.

The officer who received the assignment, Lieutenant John B. Guthrie, had a reputation for checking facts thoroughly. Dressed in civilian clothes, he drove to McKeesport, took a hotel room and began his investigation by making discreet inquiries.

It did not take him long to learn that John Andrews was about 35 years old, of Portuguese ancestry, a competent mechanic who repaired cars in an old converted horse barn. He was unmarried and although not a recluse, he spent most evenings alone in a small shed behind the barn where he was absorbed in his hobby, chemistry.

Lewis Thwaite, a local druggist, declared that the chemi-

cals purchased at his store by Andrews were fairly simple: about what a high school chemistry student would use.

"Nothing really out of the ordinary," Thwaite said, "though one time he did buy some sulphur and potassium nitrate, tried making gunpowder and had a minor explosion in his shed."

A grocery store owner, William Matthews, told Lieutenant Guthrie about Andrews' "water fuel."

"Once in a while, if he is permitted to, Andrews will put the water into a customer's tank. He doesn't charge for it, just wants to know how it works."

"How does it work, Mr. Matthews?"

The grocer scratched his chin. There was a sheepish expression on his face.

"I know it sounds crazy but once I let him put five gallons in the tank of my delivery truck instead of gasoline. I watched him hand-pump it out of his well into a filling can. Engine sputtered a bit at first and then ran nice and smooth."

"Did he add anything to the water before he put it into the tank?"

This, Matthews said, was something he couldn't answer. Before emptying the contents of the filling can into his tank Andrews had carried the can into his back shed where he remained for about five minutes alone. He never allowed anyone to go into the shed.

Before the week was out Lieutenant Guthrie visited Andrews, had a small repair made on his car and succeeded in having five gallons of "water fuel" poured into his gasoline tank.

"How much do I owe you for this?" he asked.

"Nothing," Andrews answered gravely. "Just one of my 'speriments. I'd appreciate it, though, if you stop by again and let me know how it works out."

To the great surprise of Lieutenant Guthrie, his engine performed as well as if he was using gasoline. He telegraphed this fact in his report to Washington.

On the following day he received a telegram with further instructions. Andrews was to go to the Brooklyn Navy Yard without delay. Commander Earl P. Jessop, senior engineering officer and captain of the Yard had been ordered to take personal charge of tests to be made in the laboratory. If the "water fuel" performed as reported the U.S. Navy would pay generously for the formula. The telegram was signed by Josephus Daniels.

Persuading John Andrews to go to the Brooklyn Navy Yard was not easy. He explained to Lieutenant Guthrie that he had not developed his water fuel to make money.

It was just one of his "'speriments." Besides, he had never been in New York City before. Big cities rather frightened him. He had no desire to go.

Lieutenant Guthrie appealed to him on patriotic grounds and with some reluctance Andrews agreed.

Thus it was that in January of 1917, about a month before the United States declared war on Germany, Andrews drove to New York and went to the Brooklyn Navy Yard where he was received by Commander Jessop. He carried with him a small tan satchel.

Jessop handed him a pail half-filled with tap water and explained that a motor boat engine with a dry tank had been set up in the laboratory. His attitude was one of polite skepticism.

"Do you think you can make the engine run with this?"

Andrews nodded his head. "Just let me take the pail out to my car for a minute or two," he requested.

Jessop escorted him to the door, watching from the doorway when he Andrews got into the back seat and opened his satchel. Although Andrews' back then screened exactly what he was doing, it was apparent from the movements of his arms that he was not pouring any considerable amount of liquid into the pail from another container.

When Andrews returned with the pail, the water was still at the halfway mark Jessop had scratched inside the pail. Nor was there a gasoline odor to the contents.

"I'm ready now, Commander," Andrews said solemnly.

Guided to the laboratory he poured the liquid into the empty tank while Jessop watched closely. The engine was started. After a few preliminary coughs, it ran at 79 per cent of maximum efficiency until the last drop in the tank was exhausted.

Jessop stared at Andrews incredulously. He suspected trickery, yet substitution of the contents of the pail had been impossible. Nor did Andrews seem to expect any reward. He seemed simply to be satisfied to have proven that his "'speriment" had worked.

"I'd like to make another test tomorrow," Jessop said. "Please return here in the morning."

On the following morning Andrews drove back to the Brooklyn Navy Yard. He found that Jessop was taking additional precautions against the possibility of deception. Carrying his small bag, he was escorted to an empty storeroom where the Commander asked him if he could use salt instead of fresh water.

"Doesn't make any difference," Andrews shrugged.

"Very well, I'll have a guard bring half a bucketful of sea

water. Make whatever preparations are required in this storeroom instead of in your car."

The water was brought by a guard. Jessop remained outside of the closed door for less than five minutes before the door was reopened by Andrews.

"I'm ready, Commander."

"Good. I'll carry the bucket to the laboratory and pour the contents into the tank myself. Come along."

Andrews accompanied him with the little satchel. Jessop emptied the water fuel into the tank. The motor boat engine functioned as well as on the day before.

Commander Jessop was completely mystified. He could not believe the evidence of his own eyes.

"I must make a complete report to the Secretary of the Navy and wait for instructions," he said. "Perhaps I will be ordered to make further tests."

"Ain't you satisfied that my 'speriment works all right?"

"It appears to," Jessop admitted. "Although it is incredible."

"Well then, how long will it take for you to hear from Washington?"

"Maybe in three or four days—perhaps longer. My report must go through official channels."

For the first time Andrews offered objections.

"I don't like to hang around New York City that long. Besides I should be paying attention to my business. Suppose I go back on home. If you or those people in Washington want me to do more 'speriments, you know where to get in touch with me."

Jessop considered this for a few moments. Andrews was a civilian, not subject to orders from him. Besides, he had come to the Brooklyn Navy Yard voluntarily and up to now had been fully cooperative.

"Very well," the Commander agreed reluctantly. "I'll contact you as soon as I receive my instructions from Washington."

Andrews put his little satchel into his car and drove off. That same day, still pondering over the incredible performance of water fuel, Commander Jessop decided he had to tell someone. He chose for his confidante a trusted friend, Walter Scott Meriwether, veteran navy editor of the New York World.

They had dinner together. Jessop told Meriwether about Andrews and the laboratory tests he had conducted.

"From a technical standpoint we both know that what this man accomplished is impossible," he concluded. "Yet I see no way in which he could have duped me, the engine or the

instruments in the laboratory. Andrews didn't seek us out. We went to him. He didn't suggest selling us his formula. It appears that this man with only an elementary knowledge of chemistry has made a discovery which has eluded our greatest scientists."

Eight days were to pass before Jessop's report reached the desk of the Secretary of the Navy. The commander was informed that on the basis of the preliminary investigation made by Lieutenant Guthrie and the tests conducted in the laboratory of the Brooklyn Navy Yard, John Andrews would be requested to go to Washington to make some final demonstrations which would be witnessed by the Secretary of the Navy and an advisory committee of engineers and scientists.

Andrews, however, was not to be found in McKeesport. Lieutenant Guthrie and other Naval Intelligence officers who investigated his disappearance learned that he had returned home for about one day. Several persons who knew him told conflicting stories.

Jim Turkus, a counterman in the diner where Andrews usually had his evening meal, said he had mentioned going to Portugal to visit the town in which his parents had been born.

Lewis Thwaite, the druggist, said that Andrews had seemed vaguely disturbed and had wondered whether he'd be "in trouble with the government if he had to go to Washington, D.C., because of his experiments."

William Matthews, the grocer, said that Andrews had hinted he might go to England.

Whatever his motive, John Andrews vanished. U.S. Naval Intelligence, on orders from Josephus Daniels to leave no stone unturned, followed every possible clue, grasped at every farfetched straw in frustrating efforts to locate him.

Ultimately the search for John Andrews abated, then ceased entirely. For almost a quarter of a century thereafter, the only tangible evidence of the search was a series of reports in a U.S. Navy file.

Shortly after we entered World War Two, when German subs were taking a heavy toll of oil tankers our Naval Intelligence made another attempt to find John Andrews. His old converted horse barn had been replaced by a modern filling station. His few friends had moved away. Hardly anyone in McKeesport remembered him. The search was soon abandoned.

The mystery of John Andrews' " 'speriment," however, remains as fascinating as ever. What did he carry in his closely guarded little tan satchel that enabled him to convert ordinary water into fuel?

Chapter 21

THE "SIXTH SENSE" OF PET ANIMALS

AT 11:40 ONE SMOGGY California night, Johnny Heeney, manager of a bar and grill near Hollywood's sprawling Farmer's Market, heard an odd, frightened whine.

Glancing behind the bar where Blackie, his six-year-old cocker spaniel, slept, he heard the dog whine again. It was cowering in its wicker basket, eyes wide open and showing signs of acute fear.

This was most unusual. Blackie was ordinarily a non-temperamental, good-natured animal and on friendly terms with the three or four familiar patrons who were drinking at the bar.

Johnny scanned the dog closely and did not find anything physically wrong to explain its strange behavior.

At the same time, however, something vaguely disturbing seemed to be communicated from animal to man—some forewarning which prompted Johnny to empty the drawer of the cash register of all but the small change and to place the day's receipts in the big safe in the back room.

"As a rule I do this after 1 a.m.," he explained to this author later. "But this one night I did it early because Blackie gave me the uneasy feeling that something was going to happen."

At 12:32 a.m. two masked stickup men entered the bar and grill. One put a revolver against the back of Johnny's neck. The other opened the cash register. He cursed in disappointment at finding it nearly empty. Then after taking the wallets of Johnny and the patrons, they both fled.

Johnny phoned the police who arrived soon afterwards. He also summoned a veterinarian who examined Blackie and found nothing wrong with him. As a matter of fact, between the time of departure of the bandits and the arrival of the veterinarian, Blackie reverted to his normal, tail-wagging self.

"What I still can't understand," Johnny said, "is how my dog knew something was going to happen. And he did knew something was going to happen. It was fifty-two minutes from the time I heard his first whine until the thugs came through the doorway with guns in their hands."

Many pet owners, especially those with dogs or cats, have had such a mystifying, if less dramatic, experience. Perhaps they have been warned of impending danger, or perhaps the animal seems to know that something unusual was going to happen, such as its owner going away on a trip.

Is this a "sixth sense," an indefinable something beyond hearing, seeing, feeling, tasting and smelling, as many with pets believe? Some have tried to explain it as "animal instinct," which psychologists say is both vague and unsatisfactory, for it utterly fails to explain even more remarkable phenomena. There are a number of thoroughly authenticated cases of dogs and cats that have been lost, forgotten or abandoned, perhaps several hundred miles from their homes, and have found their way back to their owners even months afterwards.

Animal lovers, veterinarians, psychologists and other scientific investigators have long tried to solve the mystery of the "sixth sense" of pets. They have succeeded only to a small degree. There are still great gaps and missing clues to the solution.

It is true of course that many of the warnings given by dogs, cats and other pet animals are due not to a "sixth sense" but to acute hearing.

Most human beings can hear sounds which range from about 20 vibrations per second to the supersonic limit of approximate 20,000 vibrations per second.

There are numerous sounds beyond this range which a pet can hear distinctly. One of the most common examples is the so-called "silent" dog whistle. A dog can hear it but we cannot because its note is pitched in the supersonic range.

Even within our own sound range, the hearing of pets is more acute. Many people have heard dogs howl on occasion when a musical instrument such as an accordion or violin is played. There are some notes that apparently grate on their auditory nerves just as the sound of chalk screeching on a blackboard may irritate ours. Their reaction is not "singing," as some owners imagine, but howls of protest.

Consider the case of Gracie, a two-year-old dachshund in Montclair, N.J. Her owner was convinced that the dog had given a remarkable example of its sixth sense because it howled at the exact instant that his young son was struck and seriously injured by an automobile more than a block away.

Investigation established, however, that Gracie had heard the high pitched squeal of brakes which had been inaudible to the parent at this distance.

In the Crufts Physics Laboratory at Harvard, two scientists, Dr. D. R. Griffin and Dr. Robert Galambos, rigged up a sensitive amplifying apparatus which captured supersonic sounds and made them audible to human ears. In

one of their experiments they placed a bat, supposedly one of the most silent of all creatures, in front of the amplifier.

They discoverd that in flight a bat utters shrill supersonic cries almost continuously. These cries are heard by other bats. They are also heard by other species. In the animal world there are many such sounds understandable to our pets and to which they react.

There is no universal animal language, however, nor, investigators add, do the various species converse among themselves. But while they do not employ any "words," they do make understandable and meaningful sounds that correspond to such human equivalents as "look out!" or "danger!"

Scientists have determined that this is purely instinctive. In one of many experiments, an animal researcher kept a newborn monkey segregated from others of its kind for its first five years of life. Later it was placed with other monkeys and it was immediately able to make and understand the same sound that they did.

Not all such sounds are made with the mouth. A pet pony may whinny or snort in terror. But it may also paw the ground with its forefeet at the sight of a snake. This pawing may be correctly interpreted as a danger signal by a neighbor's dog. In turn, the dog may bark, growl, howl, or express its apprehension by baring its teeth or having its back hair stand on end.

This can be communicated to another neighbor's cat which then displays characteristic uneasiness observed by its owner. Thus if someone in the vicinity is bitten by the snake it is understandable why the owner of the cat, some distance from the scene is convinced that his pet's "sixth sense" warned him that something was going to happen. Actually, while this is an exaggerated example, it serves to illustrate the fact that there is a sort of "jungle telegraph" means of communication among animals by sounds, smells and visual signs.

A dog or cat house pet or a farm pet such as a goat or a hen is vastly more proficient than its owner in auditory localization, the ability to determine where a sound originates. Many supposed "sixth sense" rescues of human beings from the path of moving or falling objects are due to this acute auditory localization.

A woman was walking along Canal Street in New Orleans when Tilzer, her three-year-old German shepherd suddenly grabbed her arm and tugged violently. A moment later a section of iron railing hurtled down from the third story of a

building and crashed on the pavement in the exact spot where she had been standing.

Tilzer's "sixth sense" was credited with having saved his owner. Overlooked was his acuteness in hearing the initial cracking of the railing as it separated from its adjoining section and his ability to locate quickly the direction of the danger.

Likewise a pet's highly developed sense of smell or susceptibility to odors may lead to the belief that it is manifesting its "sixth sense."

Take for example the case of four-year-old Chingy, part terrier, and part chow, lauded by the press as a canine hero.

Chingy belonged to a Mr. and Mrs. Spellman who lived with their three small children in a five-story tenement on New York City's lower East Side.

One summer afternoon shortly before 5 p.m. Mrs. Spellman called her children and Chingy, who were playing together on the street. Although endowed with a hearty appetite, Chingy refused to go in for his dinner. Instead he acted oddly, growling and snapping at Mrs. Spellman when she took the children into the house with her. Later when her husband came home from work, he, too, failed to coax the dog into the house.

Shortly after 3 a.m. a flash fire roared through the tenement. Chingy had been sulking for hours in the areaway. But when the flames leaped upward he dashed into the house, barking loudly. He aroused more than 40 tenants including the soundly sleeping Spellmans. All of them either succeeded in escaping or were rescued by arriving firemen.

The survivors were loud in their praise of Chingy and his marvelous "sixth sense." But investigation proved that the flash fire had been smouldering for several hours in a pile of old rags in the cellar before bursting into flame. The dog's ability to detect the danger and his efforts to warn his owners had been due primarily to his keen sense of smell.

A pet's "sixth sense" cannot be minimized, however, despite the excellence of his conventional senses. Nor can it be satisfactorily explained.

When Professor J. D. Rhine, the well-known authority on extrasensory perception in human beings, extended his investigation to include animals, I went to Duke University to interview him.

"We know of course that people do read a great deal into the behavior of their dogs as they do in their children," Dr. Rhine told me. "But the number of these cases have impressed me, especially those in which a person had died at some distance from the home where a dog was kept, and the

dog was the first to react to the event. It started howling before any message was received that could have been a signal to the animal.

"There are even cases in which the behavior of a dog seemed to be strangely related to the death of a dog companion to which it was much attached. In one such case the dog acted as though it was going through convulsions at the time its canine companion was dying of convulsions in a veterinary hospital miles away.

"To what may this awareness be attributed? If, as these cases would seem to suggest, there is a genuine response on the part of a dog to the death of his friend under conditions where ordinary communication would be out of the question and no sense of sound or smell would be reasonable basis for knowing, there is only extrasensory perception left to explain such an awareness. This is not at all an unreasonable possibility."

Far more common but equally inexplicable is the demonstration of a pet's homing ability.

"We have on record many cases of dog-homing that make it necessary to suppose a dog has powers not recognized by orthodox animal psychologists," said Dr. Rhine.

"There are many cases on record of dogs returning home after having been lost a thousand or more miles away. What is most impressive are those cases, not so numerous, in which a dog left behind at home follows his master into completely new territory.

"We have one case in which the dog was left behind at Sand Point, Idaho, by the Burke family when they moved to Richmond, California. Their dog King, mostly of Belgian shepherd strain, somehow found his way to their city and apartment several months later and was unmistakably identified by means of scars, his color and peculiarities of behavior. The family identified him as their pet beyond any question or doubt."

Instances such as this involving cats are not as numerous, but Dr. Rhine has investigated at least one case of a cat which was strongly attached to its owner and which followed her over a thousand miles to her new home.

"We find, however, that the richest source of material concerning direction finding is with birds," said Dr. Rhine. "First of all of course is the homing pigeon. Then there is the behavior of wild birds in finding their way out to tiny islands in the mid-Atlantic, or in flying 2,400 miles from Alaska to the Hawaiian Islands across the unbroken sea with no means of navigation known to any of the sciences."

No matter what the species of animal may be nor how

intelligent it may seem, it does appear to possess some sort of sixth sense. And though scientists have been diligently investigating this phenomenom, they are still unable to explain it.

One of the pioneer researchers in this field was the late Sir Oliver Lodge who said, "We human beings live in a world teeming with sounds we cannot hear, colors and lights we cannot see, odors we cannot smell and presences we cannot feel. It is a world in which animals repeatedly demonstrate that they possess what to us is an inexplicable sixth sense."

Many owners of pets are convinced that Sir Oliver was absolutely correct.

Chapter 22

LAST VOYAGE OF THE *JOYITA*

SOONER OR LATER, whenever unsolved mysteries of the Seven Seas are discussed—the vessels that have vanished, the passengers and crews that have disappeared, the phantom ships that have been sighted—conversation turns to the classic case of the American brigantine, the *Marie Celeste.*

On the 5th of December, 1872, while voyaging between the Azores and Lisbon, the crew of the British ship *Dei Gratia* came upon the *Marie Celeste* tacking so erratically under full sail that it quickly became obvious no hand was at her wheel.

The *Dei Gratia's* captain sent a boarding party to investigate, and none of the *Marie Celeste's* officers or crewmen were found aboard. Fourteen persons had vanished without any explanation, among them the captain's wife. The weather was calm, and had been for several days. There was neither any sign of violence nor of damage to the ship. The galley was well stocked with food, the decks holystoned, the cabins neat and clean.

The *Marie Celeste* was by no means the first vessel to be discovered under somewhat similar circumstances. On February 28, 1855, the sailing ship *James Chester,* a staunchly built American vessel, was sighted in mid-Atlantic by the schooner *Marathon,* whose crew failed to find anyone aboard.

On an equally calm day in 1850 the schooner *Seabird,* Captain John Huxham, master, was nearing the end of a cruise from Honduras to Newport, Rhode Island. Within a few miles of her destination she veered from her course. As though steered by invisible hands she made for Easton's Beach and grounded gently upon the sands. Fishermen

boarded her and found everything in order, but no sign of a human being.

Nor was the *Marie Celeste* the last to pose such baffling mysteries. Many vessels since have been discovered deserted for no apparent reason. Like the picturesque *Carroll A. Deering* of Bath, Maine, one of the few remaining five-masted schooners upon the seas. One February day in 1921 she grounded near Diamond Shoals, North Carolina, with sails set, uneaten food on the salon table and on the galley stove and only a well-fed but cryptic cat to greet the U.S. Coast Guard crew that boarded her.

Of all these mysteries, that of the *Marie Celeste* is the best known. But it was the last voyage of the *Joyita* three quarters of a century later which provides characters and setting worthy of an Alfred Hitchcock movie. Only the motivation is lacking.

Built in 1931, 75 feet in length, 70 tons, the *Joyita* in her early days was a twin-engined cabin cruiser, originally the luxurious yacht of Mary Pickford, one-time "queen of the silent screen." She was equipped with a powerful ship-to-shore radio and modern navigation devices which were maintained in excellent condition by her successive owners.

In September of 1952 the *Joyita* was purchased by a lady anthropologist from Finland, Dr. Ellen Katherine Luomala, who lectured at the University of Hawaii.

Ellen was in love, according to reports, with Captain Thomas Henry "Dusty" Miller, a former lieutenant commander in the British Royal Navy.

Captain "Dusty" Miller, an adventurous, colorful figure and capable, veteran mariner, likewise was in love with Ellen. There was an obstacle to their marriage, however. Her name was Beatrice Matilda Miller—Mrs. "Dusty" Miller—who lived in Cardiff, Wales.

Presumably a divorce was in the offing which would leave "Dusty" Miller free to marry Ellen. As a pre-nuptial gift she gave him the *Joyita*. With her approval he converted the cabin cruiser into a passenger and cargo craft and sailed to the South Pacific to engage in the profitable inter-island trade.

"Dusty" Miller grew an impressively beautiful beard. For seagoing clothes he dresesd in a lavalava, the male version of a sarong.

For a mate he signed on an American Indian, "Chuck" Simpson, another colorful character who had drifted to the South Seas and married a pretty Samoan girl. For deckhands he added three brawny, dark-skinned Gilbert Islanders.

With this picturesque cast the *Joyita* made a number of

voyages out of her adopted home port of Apia, in western Samoa and Captain "Dusty" Miller, a canny Welshman as well as a fine seaman, made money in a perfectly legitimate enterprise. Never once, in the three years he skippered the *Joyita,* was there the slightest reason to accuse him of smuggling or any other illicit activity.

On the afternoon of October 3, 1955, the *Joyita* departed from Apia for the Tokelau Islands, some 290 miles north. Besides her crew she carried 20 passengers, including District Officer of the Tokelaus J. Pearless and six Tokelau Islanders; J. Wallwork, occupation unknown; A. D. Parsons and J. Hodgkinson, both on the staff of the Apia Hospital; and A. K. Williams, a British copra buyer. The others were deck passengers, Samoan Islanders, including two small children.

On deck and in her hold the *Joyita* also carried several tons of conventional mixed cargo: lumber, fuel oil, flour, rice and sugar.

So she sailed out into a lacquer-blue sea on what was destined to be her last cruise. She was supposed to arrive in the Tokelaus 40 hours later and Captain Miller had a reputation of keeping to his schedule.

The *Joyita* did not arrive at her destination in two days. Nor on the third day did port authorities receive any radio communication explaining her delay. The sea, according to reports from other vessels had been and continued to be calm, and it was asumed that the *Joyita* had experienced engine trouble. As both her skipper and her mate were competent marine engine mechanics, it was also assumed that they were making repairs which would permit her to reach her destination on one engine if necessary.

The three days lengthened to a week. With the *Joyita* remaining unreported, concern of relatives and friends mounted. They began to make inquiries. Port authorities in both the Tokelaus and Apia were puzzled. They had neither received an S.O.S. nor any other communication.

Another week went by. Now all ships were alerted to watch for the *Joyita* or any survivors. Planes were searching for her, methodically scanning an area of more than 140,000 square miles.

A third week passed. A fourth. Still no word or trace of the vanished ship.

Thirty-eight days had gone by since she had set out from Apia. On November 10 the motorship Tuvalu was cruising through Fijian waters approximately 600 miles to the west and 90 miles north of the port of Vanus Levu. The weather was clear and there was a light sea. From the bridge of the Tuvalu the skipper spotted a 75-foot cabin

cruiser. Listing to port she was drifting slowly in the current.

At first he doubted that this craft was the *Joyita*. It seemed incredible that he should discover her thus, 600 miles off her course. The stranger failed to answer his signals and when the Tuvalu approached close enough to hail, he was greeted by sinister silence.

She was the *Joyita* all right. There was no sign of anyone on her decks. Despite her list and a rather large hole well above her water line she was still seaworthy. There were empty chairs upon her deck and an awning had been rigged aft to shade her missing passengers from the sun.

The Tuvalu's skipper was about to send a boarding party to the *Joyita* when he changed his mind. Her silence and apparent abandonment gave him an uneasy, weird feeling. Perhaps, he thought to himself, her crew and passengers had succumbed to an unknown disease that was contagious and fatal. Or perhaps, fantastic as it seemed, everyone aboard had been murdered by pirates.

The skipper contacted government officials in Vanua Levu on his ship-to-shore radio, reported what he had discovered and asked for instructions.

"She looks like another *Mary Celeste*," he said. "Can't even guess what's happened unless we board her."

"Stay clear and stand by," he was advised. "The *Degei* is somewhere in your area. We'll have her investigate and bring her in if it is necessary."

The *Degei* was a Fijian tender commanded by Captain Robert James. Used both for patrol and rescue work, she had powerful engines suitable for towing assignments. She arrived at the scene within a few hours.

Captain James boarded the *Joyita* with several members of his crew. According to his official report:

"We checked every part of the *Joyita* that was not under water. We found no bodies, no lifeboats or rafts, no food in the galley or in any other of the compartments above water. There was no log nor sextant, not a tangible clue as to why she had been abandoned. She had a list of approximately 10 degrees, but was still seaworthy. The hole in her hull, due to an unknown cause, was several feet above her water line. In itself it would not have caused an experienced mariner like Captain Miller to abandon ship. Either he made no effort to patch it, or more likely the damage occurred after the *Joyita* was abandoned.

"Whatever the reason for the abandonment, evidence points that it was done unhurriedly, and at night. All light switches, including those of masthead navigation lights were

in the "on" position. Electric clocks, which operated on the ship's generator, had stopped at 10:53.

"In addition to all readily movable objects such as her two compasses and two radio sets, her lifesaving equipment—16-foot outboard motor-powered boat, 16-man life raft, two 10-man lift raft—all of the furniture had been taken from her saloon."

A towline was made fast to the bow of the lifeless *Joyita* and the *Degei* brought her to the port of Vanau Levu, where the water was pumped out of her hull and Fijian authorities made another examination. They confirmed the findings of Captain James and added:

"There was a strong, disagreeable odor of decay below decks. Considerable soggy wreckage littered both the main cabin and the engine room but there was no indication of human-caused violence anywhere.

"One of the *Joyita's* two engines was covered by a mattress. The water she had taken aboard resulted from a break in a one-inch cooling system water pipe connected to the port auxiliary engine, not the hole in her hull above her waterline. She had considerable buoyancy including five-inch cork insulation in all three holds.

"Captain Miller most certainly was aware that the ship was in no danger whatever of sinking and she could not have been abandoned for this reason."

Why then did the 25 persons aboard the *Joyita* leave her at night on a calm sea and why was she discovered almost 600 miles off course after vanishing for 38 days? What happened to her pasengers and her crew?

The *Joyita* was towed from Vanau Levu to Suva where there were drydocking facilities but no new clues came to light.

Three governments were very much interested: the United States because the *Joyita* was registered in Honolulu, Fiji because the ship was found in her waters, New Zealand because Apia is under her jurisdiction. So, too, were friends and relatives of the missing. Among them were Dr. Ellen Katherine Luomala who pondered upon the mysterious fate of her good friend Captain Miller and Mrs. Beatrice Matilda Miller, whose attorney postponed her divorce-because-of-desertion proceedings, pending further word of his possible whereabouts.

Several theories for the bizarre disappearance of Captain Miller and the others were advanced. All of them were promptly knocked down.

The *Joyita* had not been in any danger of sinking. There was no apparent reason for Miller or anyone else on board

in disappearing and in so doing killing 24 others as well as removing the saloon furniture and everything else from the ship.

As for the theory of piracy and murder, Captain Miller, in his usual fashion, did have a few thousand dollars on board for the ship's running expenses. The copra buyer, Williams, was also known to have approximately $3,000 on his person when he embarked at Apia.

A Fijian newspaper pointed out that a Japanese fishing fleet had been in the vicinity of the Tokelaus at the time and that one of the fishing craft might have seized the opportunity to turn pirate, plunder the *Joyita* and murder all on board.

This was stoutly denied by Mr. A.F.R. Stoddart, Colonial Secretary of Fiji who declared: "I say most emphatically that the report is not true. It is not the view of the government of Fiji, nor is it a view held in responsible government circles."

Thus, to this day, the eerie puzzle of the *Joyita* remains unsolved. She lies on the beach in Suva, the fate of all who sailed on her last cruise unknown.

Chapter 23

THE SEARCH FOR NOAH'S ARK

A SUDDEN snowstorm driven by a howling wind enveloped the upper slopes of 16,946-foot Mount Ararat, adding to the hazards faced by John Libi and his small expedition on a July day in 1965 when they descended into the funnel-like chasm where the Biblical Noah is believed to have landed his ark after the Great Deluge.

The severe, Arcticlike weather conditions encountered differed greatly from those one might imagine after reading the story of Noah's ark in the Old Testament.

Ubir Motkey, a stocky Daglari mountaineer, was guiding Libi's expedition. He cautiously tested every ice-bridged crevasse as he led the way downward into the murkiness of the chasm, a jumbled repository for large boulders, rocks and other natural debris shaken down by avalanches and earthquakes of uncounted centuries.

Behind the guide came John Libi of San Francisco, California, a businessman and amateur archeologist-explorer, agile and wiry despite his sixty-nine years. He was followed by three experienced Turkish mountain climbers he had engaged to participate in the expedition.

They made slow progress downward and it was well on in the afternoon when Motkey called a halt between two

moraine hillocks. He pointed below toward a jagged ledge of gray-black rock that was difficult to see in the falling snow.

"Observe the ledge, effendi. There is a wide and deep crevasse beneath it. It was from there that the Frenchman, Navarra, and his son obtained the ancient piece of hewn wood. They brought it up with the aid of a climbing rope but lacked the men to pull up bigger pieces."

Libi had heard about the daring Navarras and their find. They had almost lost their lives before they succeeded in retrieving a fifty-pound piece of ancient timber, which they took back with them to Paris.

Scientists had examined it and found a residue of pitch which might have been used for caulking. They had, by the Carbon 14 method of dating, further determined that the relic was at least 5,000 years old.

This was exciting news to archeologists. It was especially encouraging to John Libi who had made three previous and self-financed searches of Mount Ararat in attempts to find Noah's ark.

Now temporarily thwarted by the weather, Libi and his guide decided to wait until the following morning before descending further into the chasm. The Turkish climbers agreed that it was too dangerous to proceed. By morning, they hoped, the storm would blow itself out and visibility would improve considerably.

While they were preparing to make camp for the night, they heard a booming sound like thunder above them. The Daglari shook his head ominously.

"Listen, effendi! It is the voice of Shaitanzek, god of the mountain. It warns us to begone from here lest he hurl his great rocks down upon us."

The thunder sounded again. This time it was louder, above and off towards the right. Somewhere up near the snow-capped peak an avalanche was hurtling downward, fortunately beyond the shoulder of the slope. It would be most unwise to camp for the night between the two hillocks on the slope where they had halted. The next avalanche or slide might be channeled directly down upon them.

Retracing their steps upward they climbed above the shielding walls of the chasm to find that the wind had increased in fury. An icy veneer of fresh snow glazed the slope, adding to the climbing hazard. The temperature had dropped to eleven degrees below zero and darkness was approaching rapidly.

From then on, as they sought a safe shelter for the night,

the ascent with the aid of flashlights became an ordeal of terror with death lurking on all sides.

Twice the entire party narrowly escaped falling into deep crevasses when ice bridges began to break beneath their feet. Next they came to a sheer wall of ice. While Motkey was chopping handholds and footholds upwards, intending to climb to the top and to lower a rope for the others, a bear appeared on the top of the precipice. It pushed rocks and ice chunks down upon the men below. Motkey clung precariously to the ice wall until the combined shouts of the party scared the bear away.

After conquering the precipice, Motkey led them towards the ridge topping the shoulder of the mountain. Beyond, on the far side, was forbidden USSR territory.

Turkish authorities had gravely warned Libi of the hazard of the northern slope patrolled by Soviet mountain guards, who likely as not would be inclined to shoot first and ask questions later. Nevertheless Motkey declared that the risk of being shot was less than of being caught in an avalanche or of freezing to death near the summit.

Twice as they pushed on upward across the glassy slope, Turkish mountaineers lost their footing. The first slid several hundred yards downward into an ice cave and managed to make his way back to the party guided by shouts and shots. The second slid towards a crevasse, where he clung precariously to a small rock on the brink of the yawning hole until rescued.

They were nearing the top when Libi's feet also slid out from under him and he shot downward like a human toboggan, plunging into the darkness of an ice cave. The snow acted as a cushion and he emerged somewhat shaken but uninjured.

He looked in vain for a guiding flashlight beam above. He was unable to hear the others calling out to him because of the shrieking of the winds. His anxiety increased with the passing minutes. He realized that Motkey and the Turks were searching for him and that after a while they would go on, assuming that he had been hurtled to his death in a crevasse.

"I was very worried," Libi later told a Reuters news correspondent in a classic understatement. "And I wept."

After deciding that the search for him had been abandoned, Libi began making his way downward, this time in a long traverse on the Turkish side of the mountain.

Sleepless, cold and hungry, he succeeded in descending to a lower altitude where snow and wind gave way to rain and fog. Despite mounting exhaustion he doggedly kept on

going until he came to a mountain meadow where he gathered wood, kindled a fire and camped.

For two days he maintained an anxious vigil and then, almost miraculously considering the odds, he was found by Motkey and the Turks who had made a hazardous descent, circling back from the Soviet side of the mountain.

John Libi went back to Istanbul, preparatory to returning to the United States. For the fourth time in eleven years the mountain had defeated his effort to bridge the centuries between the Great Deluge as recorded in the Bible and modern archeological exploration. Nor was he alone in his disappointment.

He shared it with other archeologists and explorers who are all but convinced that the piece of wooden beam brought back from Mount Ararat, from a site where it was not logical to find it, is in fact an actual relic of Noah's ark.

There is other evidence, for the most part circumstantial.

As far as can be determined, the earliest report of the sighting of Noah's ark appeared in London newspapers on April 25, 1892, when a certain adventurous Archdeacon Nouri was mentioned as having climbed to the shoulder of Mount Ararat " . . . from which perilous vantage point through a powerful telescope he observed a huge wooden object which he decided could be none other than the ark built by Noah."

The announcement failed to create any stir. In fact the chief interest that followed was concentrated upon the Archdeacon's telescope. An article in the "English Mechanic" later in the year commented upon the excellence of the instrument.

For many years thereafter, Noah's ark was all but forgotten. Then, in 1944 the crew of a Soviet transport plane sighted a strange object on Mount Ararat while flying over the area in eastern Turkey from the Armenian side of the mountain. They described the object as boatlike in appearance, measuring about five hundred feet in length and one hundred feet in width.

These measurements, made roughly by eye from the air, excited archeologists, who compared it to those recorded in the Bible. According to Genesis 6: 14-15, the Lord commanded Noah: "Make thee an ark of gopher wood; rooms shalt thou make in the ark, and shalt pitch it within and without with pitch.

"And this is the fashion which thou shalt make it of: The length of the ark shall be three hundred cubits, the breadth of it fifty cubits, and the height of it thirty cubits."

The dimensions in length and width, when cubits are transposed into feet, are 450 by 75, not greatly different from those reported by the Soviet flyers!

There was another fascinating factor. The village of Arghuri, the site where Noah supposedly planted his first vineyard is at the base of "Great" Mount Ararat, so called to distinguish it from "Little" Mount Ararat which is round-domed, 12,840 feet high and seven miles to the east. It was on "Great" Mount Ararat the ark was sighted.

The report of the Soviet flyers inspired a number of expeditions to the mountain, the most successful thus far being that of the Navarras, father and son, who secured the fifty-pound relic.

Among those who sought the ark was U.S. Supreme Court Justice William Douglas, who climbed Mount Ararat in 1951 and again in 1954. But Douglas, like John Libi and a number of others, was defeated in his quest by the weather. On the upper slopes of the mountain, weather conditions are so consistently bad that ascents can be attempted only during a period of from three to six weeks in the year. Even then conditions may swiftly change for the worse.

So the mystery of the huge crude but obviously man-made object resting high on Mount Ararat remains unsolved.

Is it Noah's ark, still resting where it grounded after the Great Deluge? Despite past discouragement, archeologists believe that one day they will find the answer.

Among them is Colonel Richard Irvine, a retired army officer, project director of the Archeological Research Foundation of New York, who says with quiet optimism:

"We are determined to spend years if necessary in study of the mountain."

Chapter 24

UFOs—VISITORS FROM NOWHERE

"I MUST MAKE a confession. I believe in those Unidentified Flying Objects. Is it really unlikely that there exist civilizations outside our planet, which are more developed, both technically and mentally, than we are? Are these space neighbors of ours getting more interested in what we are doing as our own technical abilities develop?"——Knut Hammarskjöld, Director General, International Air Transport Association (and nephew of the late Dag Hammarskjöld)

"They are miracles. The human soul needs miracles. And in a scientific age, what is more proper than that the miracles should be scientific miracles?"——Prof. Edward Teller, nuclear physicist (helped to developed the hydrogen bomb)

On the Sunday evening of March 20, 1966, a 47-year-old truck driver, Frank Mannor, was at home in a farmhouse near a lonely dirt road northwest of Ann Arbor, Michigan. Also in the house were his wife Leona; his son Ronald, 19; his daughter Diana, 18; and her husband Donald Merkle.

Mannor was fond of the outdoors, particularly hunting. He had a kennel near the house in which he kept a few keen-nosed hounds. Usually they were fairly quiet but about 8 o'clock on this night, when they set up a yelping, he went outside to seek the cause.

He discovered it soon enough, a glowing "quilted" object that bobbed above the tree-edged swamp beyond the cornfield. Understandably he was startled and puzzled. He shouted to the other members of his family to come out and observe the strange sight.

"I just walked outside and it looked like a fallen star," he said of the object later. "It went to the top of the trees, all red, and then blue, lights, then a white light rotating."

Mrs. Mannor agreed. "You could see it rise from the ground and hit the treetop a while and fall back to the ground. It would get different colors—white on the ground, blue, then red in the trees, and then come down and change color again."

Frank Mannor was curious, not afraid. He decided to investigate more closely and Ronald accompanied him.

"It looked like it was trying to rise up. We got to within 500 yards of that thing and it looked pyramid-like. It had a light here and a light there and a white light that looked like a porthole. It wasn't like the picture of a saucer. It was pyramid-shaped and it had a coral surface.

"I've trapped every hole in this county and I've never seen anything like it. My boy said, 'Look at that horrible thing there, Dad,' and the lights went out. I've never seen anything like it. I've been in Mexico, the Mojave desert, everywhere."

After the lights of the object were extinguished, Mannor and Ronald stalked towards it. For a few minutes they lost it in the darkness. Then they spotted a strange light about half a mile away. It was not a house, a car or anything that could be attributed to a human agency.

"There's nothing wrong with my eyes and my son has 20-20 vision," said Mannor. "You walk down and there's

no road; you walk to Territorial Road and there's swamp. They couldn't rig anything there. There was no rigging to it."

He phoned the police. Washtenaw County Sheriff Douglas J. Harvey had seen the mysterious sky visitor. He said, "If there is such a thing as a flying saucer, this must be it."

Dexter Police Chief Robert Taylor and Patrolman N. G. Lee, who sped to Mannor's house, likewise had observed it.

"When we spotted it from the hills it looked like it was down in the swamp," said Chief Taylor. "We saw this red glow with binoculars. It was a pulsating red light."

Patrolman Lee added, "We couldn't see anything but the lights. When we got into the swamp there wasn't anything there. When our flashlights came in toward it, it disappeared."

Most of the observers had heard odd noises which they believe emanated from the object. Their description of the sounds varied.

"It was a 'waaah' noise and I thought it was an ambulance," explained Lee. "We all heard it."

According to Mrs. Mannor, she did not hear it until she returned to the house with her husband. "We were inside when the sound went off and we heard a screeching."

As for Frank Mannor's version: "The only sound we heard was the high frequency sound over the house. It sounded like the ricochet of a bullet. Down in the swamp they said it sounded like a siren, but it was a real high frequency up here."

Among those who had responded to his call to the police was one of Sheriff Harvey's deputies, Ford Bushroe. He added to the mystery.

"I didn't see the one that landed earlier, but at 11:15 P.M. when we were heading back into Ann Arbor, I looked up to the south and saw this bluish-green, brilliant red and white light. It looked like an arc. It was rounded.

"We turned around and started following it back through Dexter for five miles.

"We stopped. We lost it in the trees. Either the lights were off or it took off with a tremendous burst of speed. It was about 1,500 feet from the ground. It moved along at 100 mph. We were doing 70 and it stayed well ahead of us."

The news that a "flying saucer" had been seen in the vicinity of Frank Mannor's house spread rapidly. On the following day hordes of people descended upon him; curiosity seekers and amateur investigators with cameras and

shortwave radio sets to pick up any unusual sounds. A few had Geiger counters to register radioactivity.

There were newspapermen and television cameramen. There were also professional investigators; detectives, scientists, USAF intelligence officers from Selfridge Air Force Base. They discovered nothing. But that evening a whole series of sightings in the general area began.

The first, about 10 P.M., took place at Hillsdale College, 65 miles southwest of Ann Arbor, where some 87 co-eds, an assistant dean and William Van Horn, director of Hillsdale County Civil Defense, for almost four hours observed a series of changing lights in a swamp approximately 1,500 yards from the campus. Many of the watchers described the strange lights similarly to those seen in the vicinity of the Mannors' house on the night before. Some also reported seeing "revolving, shifting, saucerlike shapes."

By the following night, Tuesday, March 22, sightings of Unidentified Flying Objects were made far beyond the borders of Michigan. Among them: near the University of Indiana in Bloomington, Northern Illinois University in DeKalb, and near Bangor, Maine. Mysterious sky objects were also reported from a few points in North Carolina and Georgia.

On that same Tuesday the United States Air Force announced that Dr. J. Allen Hynek, head of the Department of Astronomy of Northwestern University would make an investigation of the Ann Arbor-Dexter and Hillsdale sightings.

Dr. Hynek is the eminent astrophysicist who is also the leading scientist-consultant to Project Blue Book. This is an operation of the U.S. Air Force Systems Command at Wright-Patterson AFB, Ohio. It consists of four full-time employees who are assigned to keep track of, analyze, and if deemed warranted, investigate UFO sightings.

Since Project Blue Book was inaugurated in 1947 it has received 10,147 reports of sightings of mysterious flying objects. Of the many investigated, 646 remain unexplained to the satisfaction of the U.S. Air Force. In the 18 years during which Dr. Hynek has served as consultant to the project, he has personally investigated well over a hundred of the reports. So it was that Dr. Hynek made the two detailed Michigan investigations.

In the Ann Arbor-Dexter instance, at least 40 persons including 12 policemen had seen the UFO. At Hillsdale there were 90 or more witnesses.

"The majority of observers in both cases," Dr. Hynek reported, "have reported only lights—red, yellow and green,

silent glowing lights near the ground. They have not described an object. Even the only two observers who did describe an object have stated they were no closer than 500 yards—better than a quarter of a mile away, a distance which does not allow details to be determined."

Dr. Hynek stressed that the UFOs had been seen above swamps and said, "A dismal swamp is a most unlikely place for visitors from outer space! It is not a place where a helicopter would hover for several hours, where a soundless secret device would likely to be tested.

"The glowing lights on the swamp near Dexter and Hillsdale were observed for two to three hours. No sounds were heard, except for popping sounds. The lights were red. green or yellow, and they appeared to move sideways and to rise a short distance.

"It seems likely that as the present spring thaw came, the trapped gases CH^4H^2S and PH^3, resulting from decomposition of organic materials, were released. . . .

"It would seem to me that the association of the sightings with the swamps, in these particular cases, is more than coincidence. No group of witnesses observed any craft coming to or going away from the swamps. The glow was localized there.

"A deputy sheriff described the glow from beyond a rise adjacent to the swamp as visible through the trees. He stated that the lights brightened and dimmed much as stage lights do—smoothly and slowly. The girls at Hillsdale described the identical thing. This could have been due to the release of variable quantities of marsh gas. . . .

"It appeared likely that the combination of the conditions of this particular winter, an unusually mild one in this area, and the particular weather conditions that night—there was little wind at either location—were such as to produce this unusual and puzzling display."

This seems logical from an optical and chemical standpoint. Dr. Hynek, however, had glossed over the aural aspect in an eight-word sentence: No sounds were heard, except for popping sounds.

He failed to explain the mystifying and varied noises heard by several of the observers. Frank Mannor, for instance, had compared what he heard to the whine of a high frequency generator and the ricochet of a bullet. To his wife it sounded like screeching. To Patrolman Lee, like the strident wail of a siren.

Reactions to the two Michigan sightings were predictable. They followed a general pattern set by other UFO sightings over many years.

The USAF was accused of suppressing important—and terrifying—news about spacecraft landings from another planet to forestall a nationwide panic.

The USAF released its customary statement in which it curtly denied that in the present instance or ever before had it concealed any information it possessed about UFOs.

Several concerned government officials demanded investigations. In this case, Ann Arbor's Democratic Congressman Weston E. Vivian wanted one to be made by the Department of Defense, and Michigan's Gerald Ford, House Republican leader, requested a congressional inquiry.

Throughout the country there was an epidemic of UFO sightings which for the most part turned out to be either optical illusions or hoaxes and which did little more than complicate and multiply the investigations of serious scientists. One of these of course was Dr. Hynek who now was deploring the distortion of his marsh gas theory into a general explanation of UFOs.

"The Air Force," he said, "has asked me to make a statement of my findings to date. This I am happy to do, provided it is clearly understood that my statement will refer to two principal events as reported to me. It does not cover the hundreds of unexplained reports I have not investigated.

"I have recommended in my capacity as Scientific Consultant that competent scientists quietly study such cases when evidence from responsible people appears to warrant such study.

"There may be much of potential value to science in such events. We know a very great deal more about the physical world in 1966 than we did in 1866, but by the same token, the people in the year 2066 may regard us as very incomplete in our scientific knowledge. . . ."

Reports of mysterious extraterrestrial flying objects, many of them presumably carrying a pilot, with or without passengers go far back into antiquity. As a matter of fact one British writer, Desmond Leslie, mentions that an expedition led by an inhabitant of Venus, Sanat Kumara, Lord of the Flame, visited our Earth in the year 18,617,841 B.C.

I am baffled by Mr. Leslie's meticulous calculation and I am in no position to dispute its accuracy. Therefore suppose we skip several million years to the nineteenth century and briefly consider a few more satisfactorily authenticated UFO sightings.

On January 24, 1878, a Texas farmer named John Martin and his two equally awed farmhands observed a flattish and fiery disk some 20 feet in diameter skimming over his

field. He described its appearance as that of a huge flying saucer and the name was subsequently applied to numerous other strange objects sighted in the sky.

One of them, on November 17, 1882, was studied by astronomer E. W. Maunder and his colleagues through a telescope at the Royal Observatory in Greenwich, England. Their collective report was that it was "too rapid-moving to be a cloud, too slow to be a meteor. It possessed a well-defined body with a dark nucleus. Its movement through the sky, propelled by some unknown force was extraordinary and alarming."

Another and much more extensively documented UFO "shaped like a fat cigar with stubby wings" was observed over Oakland, California, on November 22, 1896, by thousands of residents.

Traveling northward, it was seen flying above Santa Rosa, Sacramento, Chico and Red Bluff where it vanished in the sky. A week later it reappeared over Red Bluff, traveling eastward. From then, until it finally disappeared over Chicago on April 20, 1897, it was seen by numerous others. One of the most interesting things about these sightings is that they were reported in geographical sequence as if the UFO was making a slow but methodical journey above a large west to east area of the United States.

Many scientific UFO researchers regard 1947 as the milestone when unexplained flying objects began to be carefully observed, analyzed and either debunked as "flying saucers" or classified as genuine unexplained phenomena worthy of further and serious study.

It was on June 24 of that year that a businessman, Kenneth Arnold, piloting his own plane, reported seeing "nine disks" flying in formation and at very high speed over Mount Rainier in the state of Washington. In that same year the United States Air Force inaugurated its Project Blue Book to record, investigate and evaluate the increasing number of UFO sightings.

Since then there have been literally tens of thousands of reports of sightings from regions as remote as the Australian Never-Never and the Altai-Himalayas to the cosmopolitan sky above the White House in Washington, D.C., where on one suspenseful day in the summer of 1952 no less than seven unidentified blips were recorded on the radar screens at National Airport.

USAF jet interceptors screamed through the air in minutes. They spotted three UFOs above the Potomac and gave chase, but failed to intercept them. The UFOs eluded the jets with ease and disappeared.

On September 4, 1964, a large ball-like object with an intense reddish glow, descended in a wooded area beyond a peach orchard near the quiet town of Glassboro in southern New Jersey. Among the early arrivals on the scene were Dr. John Pagano and Ward Campbell, two NICAP members.

NICAP, the National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena, is a privately financed organization headed by Major Donald E. Keyhoe, U.S. Marines, Ret. It includes the names of a number of well-known scientists in its membership and is respected for its careful, objective and nonsensational approach to the many UFOs it has investigated.

Pagano and Campbell were joined by local police and by USAF investigators. They did not see a UFO.

What they did find was evidence indicating that a large and puzzling type of aircraft had made a perfectly controlled landing and takeoff within a constricted, tree-bordered clearing. The area was too limited to permit the maneuvering of a helicopter. A precise, vertical descent was necessary. As described by one of the USAF officers, "The unidentified spacecraft had to land as if it were an elevator descending in a shaft."

The grass and low vegetation in the clearing were burned black in a circular pattern. There were scorch marks on the lower sections of tree trunks. In the very center of the circle was a hole measuring 30 inches in diameter, 18 inches in depth. It, too, was scorched, as were three smaller surrounding holes as though the object possessed considerable weight and landed on heat-impervious metal prongs or legs.

That week the site was visited by more investigators and some ten thousand sightseers. It was televised from Philadelphia, reported by the wire services. There were newspaper stories throughout the country.

Was the Glassboro UFO a hoax? If so, it had been so scientifically planned that it succeeded in fooling a number of investigating specialists running the gamut from astrophysicists to tree experts. To this day the question has not been satisfactorily resolved.

Nor have the UFO sightings made one year later in the Exeter, New Hampshire, area been logically attributed to anything but a mysterious visitation by similar spacecraft.

It was at 2 a.m. on the disturbing morning of September 3, 1965, that Norman Muscarello made the first sighting on Route 150 while hitchhiking from Amesbury, Massachusetts to his home in Exeter, approximately 12 miles to the north.

Failing to obtain a ride, he was nearing an open field

near Kensington, N.H., when he spotted a huge airborne and luminous object flying towards him and he prudently hurried to the shoulder of the road and flattened to the ground.

In this position he observed that the object was approaching in absolute silence, moving with a floating, somewhat yawing and tilting motion. It had pulsating red lights which enabled him to detect a circular rim and he estimated the diameter to be approximately 80 or 90 feet.

It came quite near him, then veered off to hover directly above the roof of a nearby farmhouse. Tense and shaken, Muscarello watched for a few minutes until it moved off. He then dashed to the house and knocked on the door hoping to arouse someone who would phone the police.

No one answered his knock. He ran back to the road in time to flag down a passing car. He informed the occupants, a middle-aged couple, what he had seen and they drove him to the Exeter police station. There, 20 minutes later, he told his story to Patrolman Reginald Toland who was on night desk duty.

"I know you don't believe me," he concluded. "I don't blame you—but you've got to send someone back out there with me!"

Toland radioed to Patrolman Eugene Bertrand, an Air Force veteran, who was on Route 101 in a prowl car.

Bertrand nodded soberly while Muscarello repeated his story. He had something to add to it. Approximately an hour earlier he had spoken to a terrified woman driver parked on the shoulder of Route 101. She had been trailed for nine miles along the highway from Epping by a fearsome flying object with flashing red lights which had hovered just above and behind her car until she neared the bypass. There it had shot upward and sped off.

"I thought she was a kook," Bertrand explained. "So I didn't even bother to radio in."

Bertrand drove Muscarello back to Route 150 to see if they could spot the mysterious flying object. It was 3 a.m. when they arrived there, and finding everything normal, started walking across the field. They were nearing the farm of Carl Dining a hundred yards away when Muscarello called out in excitement, "There it is! Between those two big pines!"

Bertrand looked. Absolutely no doubt about it. The same mysterious object moving toward them above the trees in a bright reddish glow. They sped back to the prowl car where Bertrand radioed Toland:

"My God! I see the damn thing myself!"

They sat in the car and watched it, saw the row of pulsating red lights glow and dim in an orderly pattern from left to right then right to left. They timed each cycle at two seconds.

While they were tensely engaged, Patrolman David Hunt in another prowl car pulled up behind them just in time to see the object moving off. As Hunt described it later: "I could see that fluttering movement. It was going from left to right between the tops of two big trees. I could hear those horses kicking out in the barn there (on the Carl Dining farm). Those dogs were really howling.

"Then it started moving, slow like, across the tops of the trees, just above the trees. It was rocking when it did this. A creepy type of look.

"Airplanes don't do this. After it moved out of sight toward Hampton, toward the ocean, we waited a while. A B-47 came over. You could tell the difference. There was no comparison."

By this time, Toland, at the Exeter police station, was receiving excited reports of sightings. So were the Hampton police who notified Pease Air Force Base.

At least 60 persons are known to have sighted the UFO over the area. There probably were several more, who as usual in such incidents, refrained from reporting it for fear of being accused of having hallucinations.

The USAF went through its customary procedure. Its investigators investigated. The gathered information was brought back to Wright-Patterson Field in Dayton, Ohio. An analysis was made by the USAF scientists and specialists. The Exeter UFO was added to the lengthy list recorded in the blue books of Project Blue Book, and as in so many of such cases, no satisfactory explanation was forthcoming from the investigators and analysts at Wright-Patterson Field.

Not until almost two months later, on October 27, 1965, was the following "explanation" released by an anonymous "spokesman for the Defense Department":

"The Pentagon believes that after intensive investigation it has come up with a natural explanation of the UFO sightings in Exeter, New Hampshire, on September 3.

"A spokesman said the several reports stemmed from 'multiple objects in the area,' by which they meant a high-altitude Strategic Air Command exercise out of Westover, Massachusetts, was going on at the time in the area.

"A second important factor was what is called a 'weather inversion,' wherein a layer of cold air is trapped between warm layers.

"The Pentagon spokesman said this natural phenomenon causes stars and planets to dance and twinkle.

"The spokesman said, 'We believe what the people saw that night were stars and planets in unusual formations.' "

USAF analysts declare that of 10,147 UFO sightings recorded by Project Blue Book since 1947, there were 9,501 which were found to be satellites; aircraft or balloons; missiles; reflections from searchlights; kites, fireworks or flares; marsh, or other, gases, clouds, abnormal weather conditions.

What about the remaining 646? The USAF says, "There has been no evidence that sightings categorized as unidentified are extraterrestrial vehicles. . . .

"The descriptions of the objects or their motions cannot be correlated with any known objects or phenomena."

In other words, the unsolved mystery of the UFOs is not one but at least 646 in number.

Chapter 25

THE VAMPIRE OF WOLFGANG SCHLOSS

MOST PERSONS have very definite convictions about ghosts, apparitions, vampires, werewolves and other eerie supernatural creatures. They either believe or disbelieve. Relatively few are content to remain open-minded about the subject.

Austin Gerald Harmsworth, a 31-year-old investment banker of London, England, was one who strongly disbelieved. This was a bit unusual, considering the fact that his circle of friends and clients included several who had inherited family castles or country estates haunted for centuries by English ghosts.

In the spring of 1961, Harmsworth and his attractive wife Laurie, a 25-year-old Scottish girl born in Glasgow, vacationed in the Salzkammergut, Austria's alpine playground east of Salzburg.

They were particularly charmed by the town of St. Wolfgang on the sparkling blue Wolfgangsee, nestling like a picture postcard scene at the foot of the towering Schafberg. The town is a resort for mountain climbers in summer and skiers in winter. It has a romantic atmosphere which probably inspired Franz Lehar to write "The Merry Widow" there.

It is but a short distance from Mayerling, the hunting lodge of Emperor Franz Josef, where the discovery of the bodies of Crown Prince Rudolf, heir to the Austrian throne, and his sweetheart, Maria Vetsera, became one of the greatest unsolved romantic tragedies in history.

One day while hiking on the pine-forested slope of the Schafberg above the town, the Harmworths came upon the long-unoccupied Wolfgang Schloss and were captivated by the picturesque 18th century chalet. Later they questioned Luther Pach, proprietor of their inn, about it.

"The schloss has been vacant and for sale for about 80 years," the told them. "The last owner was the Baron Johann von Ober, who disappeared after murdering his wife Margot. She is buried in the von Ober family plot in our cemetery on the edge of town."

"Why did the baron kill his wife?" Laurie Harmsworth asked.

Pach hesitated. He was selecting his words carefully.

"You will forgive me for repeating old gossip, Frau Harmsworth, but according to the stories, she was a very wicked woman; young and beautiful, with a fine figure and long golden hair, but bad.

"It is said that soon after she came to the schloss she began seducing impressionable young men—the mountain guides and hunters of our town. She was insatiable in her demands.

"One night the baron returned unexpectedly to the schloss after hunting roebuck. He found his Margot in bed with a mountain guide, Fritz Zimmer, who fled from the schloss leaving Margot alone to face the baron's wrath. In a burst of accusing fury, the baron drew his hunting knife and stabbed her through the heart.

"After the murder, Baron von Ober disappeared. It is said that he escaped over the Schafberg and made his way across the frontier into Germany."

The innkeeper's story intrigued the Harmsworths.

"Perhaps Wolfgang Schloss has remained untenanted because it is haunted by the ghost of Margot like some of our own old castles," Austin joked.

Laurie shook her head and smiled at him.

"Our British ghosts are more moral and dignified. I can't think of any that were nymphomaniacs."

She didn't believe in ghosts or other supernatural beings either.

They inspected the interior of the schloss with the caretaker. Aside from the musty odor and the dust and cobwebs of three quarters of a century, they found that the sturdily built chalet was in good condition. They made subsequent visits, becoming more and more interested.

When they made up their minds to buy it, Harmsworth got in touch with the Vienna bank which was executor of the long unclaimed von Ober estate. The bank, delighted

to get rid of this part of the holdings which it had never been able to liquidate, sold the schloss for, it was later reported, "a most reasonable figure."

That summer the Harmsworths decided to move into the schloss and renovate it. Before they did, however, Laurie received a telephone call at the inn which threatened to delay their plans. Her mother was seriously ill in Glasgow. The family physicians thought it advisable for her to fly home immediately.

They agreed that there was no need for both of them to go. Austin could live in the schloss, and with the help of a hired couple, start to put things in order.

He asked Pach, the innkeeper, to assist in finding a suitable pair.

"I will do my best," Pach promised and looked dubious. "It will not be easy. You know the reputation of the schloss."

"Nonsense. If I believed the story I would not have bought the chalet. I'm prepared to pay good wages and the position will be steady. While you're finding a couple I'll move in, make arrangements to have electricity and a telephone installed and get things started."

That evening after dining at the inn, Harmsworth engaged a car and driver to take him to the schloss with his luggage and several purchases. Among them were a lamp, a tin of kerosene, a supply of candles and a flashlight to supply illumination until electric power was installed.

It was a beautiful moonlit night when they drove up the precipitous mountain road to the schloss. The air was as clear and mild as good Alpiner wine. After the driver helped him carry the luggage into the large, high-ceilinged master bedroom and departed, Harmsworth opened the windows wide for the cool night breeze to rout the mustiness of years.

There was no need for him to light the lamp. A great silver moon rose above the shoulder of the Schafberg and cast a soft light into the bedroom. Looking down through one of the open windws, he saw the twinkling lights of St. Wolfgang with the town and the little cemetery bathed in moonlight, the placid waters of the Wolfgangsee a shining silver mirror. He remained at the window for a long while, contentedly smoking his pipe.

Late in the evening he opened a bottle of good whiskey, poured a nightcap and went to bed on the enormous Victorian bed with a massive carved-oak headboard surmounted by the von Ober family crest.

Harmsworth did not know how long he had been asleep.

He was not even certain that he had awakened when he became aware of the nude female lying on the bed beside him.

Incredulous, doubting his senses, he stared at the face on the pillow. It was the oval face of an attractive woman in her early twenties, wtih sensuous red lips and long blonde hair like silky gold. Her eyes were green. He felt a little shiver run through him as he gazed into them. Her lips were a smiling invitation; her eyes were not. They were cruel and cold, without depth.

In silent, imperious command she extended both of her slim arms toward him as he lay rigid and unbelieving upon the bed.

He tried to tell himself that this was only a fantastic and erotic dream from which he would soon awaken. Her slim arms twined around his neck. They were surpisingly strong, cold, and as unyielding, he later confided to Pach, as death itself.

He sought to move, to utter words, as she drew him inexorably closer, but his senses were as if drugged and no words came to his lips.

He was vaguely aware of a twinge of pain near the base of his neck and knew that she had bitten him with her sharp teeth. Her lips remained greedily pressed to his neck. When he tried to draw away her arms wound tighter as if to strangle him in her embrace. He felt himself becoming numb.

Bright sunlight bathed the room when Harmsworth stirred and opened his eyes. He inspected the pillow beside him. It was smooth and unwrinkled. He discovered only a tiny drop of blood which might have resulted from an insect bite.

Sitting up, he was puzzled by a subtle odor in the room, a faint and lingering smell which he at first failed to identify. Then it came to him. It was the smell of freshly turned earth.

He recalled what Pach had told him. The last person who had occupied the bed before him was Margot von Ober. She had been murdered there by her enraged husband many years before.

"Rot!" he muttered, "the whole idea is ridiculous!"

He dressed, feeling oddly weak and enervated. Although he rarely drank in the morning, he decided that what he needed was a stiff shot of whiskey.

It made him feel a little better—until he looked into his shaving mirror and saw a small, blood-caked scratch near the base of his neck and the faint marks of human teeth.

He stared into the mirror, dumbfounded, and shook his head in disbelief.

"There must be a logical explanation," he told himself aloud. "There must be. There are no such things as vampires!"

Harmsworth was a thoroughly practical and rational person. As his medical record disclosed, he had always enjoyed good health and had no indication of mental illness. Nor was he known to be superstitious.

Harmsworth felt that he had to discuss his bizarre experience with someone else, if only to hear the sound of his own voice and convince himself of his sanity. Luther Pach, he decided, was the one person whom he could trust in his matter, one who would not spread any rumors that the English purchaser of Wolfgang Schloss had hallucinations about a nymphomaniac vampire on his very first night of occupancy.

That afternoon he took to the half-mile footpath that led through tall pines to town. He walked to the inn, where he found Pach alone in the wine cellar. There, with some apprehensions that he would be laughed at, he told in detail what had happened.

Pach did not laugh. His weathered old face registered concern and he shook his head ominously.

"Jahr wohl, Herr Harmsworth. Your description of this woman, her insatiable demands upon you and then her vampire behavior when she had tired you—these correspond to other stories that have been told about Margot von Ober. Then, too, there is the small wound in your neck where her teeth made an incision and her lips sucked blood from your body."

Harmsworth stared at him.

"I simply cannot bring myself to believe it. Such fantastic beings as vampires do not occur today—if indeed they ever did in the past."

Pach turned this over in his mind. Then he said, "If they did occur in the past why should they not occur again now? Wait, mein Herr, there is something I wish to show you."

He took Harmsworth upstairs to his own room, rummaged through a closet and brought out a carved wooden staff about five and a half feet in length. Fitted to the bottom was a pointed steel tip.

"This was my grandfather Lorenz's alpinerstück. "It had another use besides helping him to walk on the steep slopes of our mountains. Fortunately it was not necessary for him to use it for the other purpose."

Harmsworth eyed the alpine stick blankly.

"Staffs such as this are made of dogwood," Pach explained. "It was the wood that was made into the Cross carried by Jesus.

"In the old days, when someone believed that a vampire was seeking a victim, that someone buried in the cemetery was rising from the grave, he went to the cemetery at midnight and drove an alpinerstück deep into the suspected one's grave. The point found its way to the vampire's heart and impaled it. Thus the vampire could never rise again.

"I will lend you this alpinerstück. Tonight at midnight go to the von Ober family plot. Drive it deep into the grave with the small white headstone. That is the one which is Margot's grave. No one need know. Early tomorrow, before anyone else is stirring, I shall go to the cemetery and remove the staff."

Harmsworth reached for the heavy alpinerstück. He held it dubiously.

"You think that this is the solution? I cannot believe it."

The innkeeper shrugged his shoulders.

"I do not know, mein herr. It is for you to decide. If you go to Margot's grave at midnight and use the staff, you may impale a vampire. On the other hand, if you do have the same experience afterward in the bedchamber, you will know you must suspect something else—"

Pach paused, then added apologetically, "Even perhaps a fantasy of the mind."

For a moment Harmsworth almost lost his temper. The innkeeper was suggested the possibility that he might not be entirely sane.

"Thank you for the alpine stick," he said. "I believe that I shall use it. Tonight."

A light rain was falling and the air had turned chill late that night when Harmsworth left Wolfgang Schloss. He was wearing his trench coat and in addition to carrying the alpine stick he had a flashlight to find his way through the darkness of the mountain trail.

Striding downward towards the cemetery, he reflected upon the incongruity of these two accessories. In his right hand was an ancient mountain staff to prevent a vampire from rising from her grave. In his left, lighting his path, the flashlight, a symbol of modern civilization.

Reaching the outskirts of town, he turned right in the direction of the cemetery. Behind him the lights of town twinkled with yellow paleness through the misty rain. To the left he could hear the dark waters of the Wolfgangsee lapping softly on the pebbled shore.

He encountered no one as he approached the neatly clipped

hedge that bordered the cemetery. He opened the unlocked iron gate.

He found the von Ober family plot without difficulty. There were a number of large, impressive tombstones. The small white one he was looking for was somewhat apart, as if even in death her grave was unworthy of inclusion with others of the family. He beamed his light and read the inscription: "Margot von Ober. March 20, 1882-November 3, 1905."

She had lived for only 23 years. After her death the von Obers had only the vital statistics engraved on her headstone. They had not added as much as a compassionate R.I.P.

Kneeling beside the grave, Harmsworth glanced at the luminous hands on his wrist watch. It was exactly midnight.

He placed the flashlight upon the ground. Holding the staff with both hands he placed his weight upon it. The point went into the rain-soaked earth and the staff sank into the grave. Deeper and deeper. It seemed to encounter no obstacle as it descended.

He had a cold, clammy feeling as the staff continued moving downward. Little chills played up and down his spine. He wondered if the steel tip would penetrate the rotting wood of her coffin. Or if they had buried her too far down.

Beads of sweat mingled with beads of rain collected on his forehead. With a final lunge he buried the staff, right to its knobby top.

Suddenly then—and this of course is conjecture—Harmsworth must have been gripped by unexplained apprehension. His only thought was to run from this evil thing, to flee from the cemetery as quickly as he could.

He started to rise to his feet and to his horror he found that he could not. Something was holding him to the grave, pulling him downward with a strong hold on the bottom of his trench coat.

Beneath the sodden earth he could feel the pole moving. Back and forth as though the tip had impaled a writhing body. Margot's.

Now in the darkness he smelled the new-turned earth. He sensed her strong, slim hands on his coat-skirt, pulling with unyielding force, dragging him downward to her.

His throat was choked up. His heart pounded wildly. With a moan he pitched forward into the blackness of eternity.

It was thus that Luther Pach found the lifeless body of

Harmsworth shortly before dawn the next morning, when true to his promise, the innkeeper came to the cemetery to remove his alpine stick from the grave.

Because of the bizarre circumstances surrounding Harmsworth's death there was an autopsy and inquest.

It was established beyond all doubt that the deceased had suffered a coronary and succumbed to an acute heart attack.

The only testimony given—that of Luther Pach—was less than satisfactory.

When he found Herr Harmsworth's body face down upon the grave of Margot von Ober, he stated, a long alpinerstück he had loaned to the deceased had penetrated the skirt of his trench coat. The round knob on top of the staff held him to the grave as securely as a tent stake.

When Pach was asked to suggest a reason why Harmsworth had visited the grave in the middle of the night and driven the staff deeply into the earth, he shrugged his shoulders and remained discreetly silent. Nor was there any need for him to reply. Steeped in ancient vampire lore, everyone present knew the answer.

Harmsworth's body was sent to England. His widow placed Wolfgang Schloss upon the market.

As far as can be determined there have been no prospective purchasers.

Even among unbelievers.

Chapter 26

VOODOO IN THE U.S.A.

ONE JANUARY EVENING in 1966, Claude Morreiset, a 28-year-old shoemaker went to the apartment of a woman named Mary Dutchalellier he had known before coming to New York City from Haiti.

Morreiset, according to the police, was obsessed with the idea that the woman had put a voodoo curse upon him.

"You must cure me," he pleaded, but she shook her head.

"The spell cannot be lifted. It is a lot of great power and you are going to die!"

Morreiset's face contorted with fear and fury. He seized a seven-inch kitchen knife from the table. For a moment he brandished it wildly.

"Then I won't die alone!"

Mary Dutchalellier screamed when he plunged the knife into her. She screamed again and died when he thrust the blade to the hilt for the second time.

"Voodoo! Vodu!"

An off-duty police man, Ronald Heffernan, heard the terrified shouts of tenants while passing the house. Shouldering his way through them, he disarmed Morreiset after a struggle and placed him under arrest.

When arraigned in Criminal Court for the killing of Mary Dutchalellier, Morreiset insisted that she had put a deadly voodoo curse upon him. The judge ordered that he be taken to Bellevue Hospital for psychiatric observation.

A bizarre and isolated instance completely out of geographical context? Police authorities, sociologists and psychologists in many parts of the country dispute this. Far from dying out, they insist, voodooism is being practiced more and more widely throughout the United States since it was first introduced as a religion by the earliest African slaves. They point to voodoo rites not only in the deep South, but in Chicago, in Hollywood, in New York City, even in the shadow of our nation's capitol. For a few examples:

In Montgomery, Alabama, following a K.K.K. cross-burning ceremony, a number of Klan members were startled to find voodoo candles lighted on their doorsteps in rings of greenish white powder. Drawn on the side of every candle was a skull with lettering saying, "Death unto my enemy."

In Central Louisiana there was an outbreak of grave robberies. Heads of corpses were cut off and stolen. Several of the skulls were later discovered to have been used as drinking vessels in voodoo rites.

In Hollywood, California, after neighbors complained about "riotious nightly parties" in the home of a prominent movie director, the police found a voodoo ceremony in progress. Among the worshippers were several movie personalities of both sexes—dancing stark naked to the thumping of Haitian mamaloi and papaloi drums.

Following a number of robberies of small banks in the midwest, two of the perpetrators were apprehended in an apartment in the Chicago suburbs. In addition to guns, masks and other usual bank robbing accessories, they had a supply of voodoo "vanishing powder" which was supposed to keep pursuers from trailing them.

In the Florida Everglades law officers investigated a mysterious house near U.S. 41 and found that Cuban refugees had converted it into a voodoo houmfort or temple in which they conducted weekly ceremonies. According to one of the investigators, "They held orgiastic dances connected with their voodoo worship. As the climax of each

meeting, a white goat and a black rooster were hung by the feet to a center pole. The goat represented Fidel Castro; the rooster his brother Raoul.

"The papaloi, or voodoo priest, cut the throat of the goat, caught the blood in a large gourd and passed it around. Every worshipper took a sip and repeated the words of a death curse placed upon Fidel Castro.

"After this, the mamaloi, the female counterpart of the papaloi, repeated the rite with the rooster and they all curse Raoul."

In New York's Harlem the police investigated a store whose owner they suspected of being connected with a numbers ring. Instead of the policy racket they found he was involved in a nationwide voodoo supply business with three booming factories in the mid-South.

Spells, incantations, black magic charms and curses were all neatly packaged and ready to be shipped to a number of cities for sale to do-it-yourself voodoo believers. Among the most popular items were:

"Follow-Me-Girls" powder for $1.50. Sprinkle it in your shoes and you become irresistible to women.

"Get Rid" powder for $2.00. Sprinkle it on your door sill and rent, bill and installment collectors will pass you by.

"Come True" magic for $2.00. A small bottle containing green-colored water and red-colored oil. The bottle is shaken strongly while a wish is being made. Supposedly the wish will come true if the liquids then separate. Naturally they will, as oil and water do not mix.

There were other such ready-to-use spells. Included in the seizures were Death Prayer Candles and Vanishing Powder, or Disappearing Powder, which according to the police are especially popular with superstitious criminals.

Then, too, there was the factory mass-produced "Miseries," a set consisting of an ouanga—a voodoo doll—a sharp-pointed darning needle and a piece of paper with several printed invocations to the voodoo god, Damballa. The doll becomes an effigy of the intended victim. For a non-fatal "misery," an arm, leg or other part of the effigy is pierced. To cause death the needle is thrust into the doll's heart.

In the Western Hemisphere the shrine of voodooism is Haiti, where are found its most profound papalois and mamalois and its most devout worshippers. A former slave, Henri Christophe, brought this about. Rising in bloody revolt against their white plantation masters, thousands of slaves led by Christophe established the "Black Republic." Christophe made himself dictator, called himself King Henri

the First, and decreed voodism as the national religion. It has been so—at times officially, at other times unofficially —right on down to the present.

No ruler in Haitian history has practiced voodooism more assiduously, and according to his followers, more effectively, that the Dictator Francois "Papa Doc" Duvalier, who was elected "President" in September of 1957.

Papa Doc regarded the late President Kennedy as his arch enemy because JFK blocked his efforts to obtain American-made bombers, pursuit planes and offensive armament, which he declared Haiti needed for defensive purposes.

In retaliation, Papa Doc, a practicing, much-feared papaloi, placed a death curse upon President Kennedy.

On November 22, 1963, when the United States was shocked into numbness by the assassination of its chief executive, the news was brought to Papa Doc. He nodded his close-cropped gray head sagely.

"It was to be expected," he declared.

When Johnson became President, Papa Doc discovered that LBJ likewise was not disposed to let the dictator-ruled Haitian government have war planes and offensive weapons.

He was particularly bitter because the U.S. State Department's Office of Munitions Control refused to grant him a license to purchase 20 World War Two T-28 fighter planes, which he claimed he needed to operate against guerrillas in the Haitian mountains.

Then Papa Doc clandestinely purchased two T-28s for $10,000 each through an American plane broker. They were flown from Florida to Haiti at low level to avoid detection by U.S. coastal radar.

Following an investigation by American authorities, the Haitian consul in Miami, Rudolph Baboun, and four U.S. citizens were indicted by a Federal grand jury. They were specifically charged with violating munitions control regulations by exporting planes without State Department approval.

Now Papa Doc was furious at the entire Johnson administration. He still wanted 18 more T-28s. And once again he resorted to voodoo to achieve his objective.

This time, incredibly, he hoped to invoke the spirit of the man he believed he had killed by a voodoo death curse, President Kennedy, to help him.

In July of 1965, he sent a trusted aide, a Major Lescoult, to the United States on a bizarre secret mission. Lescoult visited JFK's grave in the National Cemetery at Arlington, Virginia. There, while pretending to pay reverent tribute to the martyred president, the collected, as instructed, a withered flower and a pinch of earth from the grave. He also uncorked a vial "to gather spirit air above the grave."

Returning to Haiti, Lescoult delivered these macabre items to Papa Doc, who prepared a powerful voodoo ouanga in a small goatskin bag. Wrote a Time Magazine correspondent: "Papa Doc wanted them for a voodoo incantation, hoping to imprison Kennedy's soul, make it subject to his will and thus influence the U.S. State Department's decision regarding Haiti."

In this specific case, one of the most potent voodoo spells failed to work.

Devout voodoo worshippers have a ready, even a plausible, explanation. In the case of the assassination of President Kennedy, they point out, Papa Doc's baleful voodoo curse was focused upon one individual. In the second instance, the spell of his ouanga was meant to influence not only President Johnson, but Secretary of State Rusk and several other key members of the U.S. Government. This is a considerable task, even for as powerful a papaloi as Papa Doc, Haitian dictator-President.

But does voodoo work on a less ambitious scale? Throughout the United States today there are tens of thousands of followers who believe it does.

In sophisticated New York City alone there are a number of practicing papalois and mamalois. Voodoo supply stories sell annnually an assortment of bizarre roots, powders, animal and reptile parts, and other incantation ingredients, which the police estimate at one and a half million dollars.

There is little that municipal authorities can do about this. They have passed an ordinance banning the sale of voodoo nostrums on city-owned property. Occasionally they get after the papalois and mamalois for practicing "medicine" without a license and a diploma from a recognized medical college.

They make an attempt to answer the age old question: does the black magic of voodoo work?

Psychiatrists say that it does not, that it is superstition imported from Dark Africa back in the seventeenth century, and they are almost unanimous in adding a warning not to dabble with voodoo. Even in fun.

Chapter 27

SECRET OF THE BOURBON STREET HAREM

SEARCH AS ONE WILL, no written records are to be found of the grisly secret of the old Le Pretre mansion on Bourbon Street.

There is good reason to believe that New Orleans authorities decided it would be advisable to destroy the reports both of the police and Harbormaster Armand Ravenal following the discovery of the several headless bodies. Nevertheless, the story which quickly sped throughout the French Quarter is well known to many present day residents. Especially to Robert Pretre, great-grandson of Jean Baptiste Le Pretre, the prosperous Creole merchant in whose home the multiple murders took place.

It began late on a November evening in 1872 when M'sieu Le Pretre received a strange and unexpected visitor in his house, a tall and immaculately white building with graceful iron balconies and strong oaken door, a few squares from the waterfront.

The caller, obviously a foreigner, with swarthy complexion and luxuriant black moustache, wore European clothes except for his head covering, which was not a conventional hat but a red fez adorned with a black tassel.

He introduced himself as Hamid Pasha and stated his business in halting French.

He was, he explained, the envoy of a most exalted but unnamed Turkish personage who intended to sojourn in New Orleans for an indefinite period. He had been sent in advance to seek a suitable residence for the anonymous personage and his entourage. The Le Pretre mansion would fulfill requirements satisfactorily. Therefore would M'sieu consider vacating it for a period of say, six months, in return for a generous rental fee?

Le Pretre was interested indeed. He was not one to neglect any opportunity to make money. The sum offered by Hamid Pasha was three times greater than Le Pretre was preparing to ask and it was paid to him immediately.

So it was that he leased his house and promptly departed with his family on a long visit to relatives in Paris.

Some weeks later a mysterious ship with tall masts sailed up the Mississippi and anchored among the vessels of many nations in the harbor of New Orleans. The flag she flew was a star and crescent. Instead of the clang of a ship's bell, the muted roll of a drum could be heard marking every half hour of the watch.

Seafaring sailors among the curious spectators on the waterfront who scanned the ship declared that judging by her design, her flag and her drum rolls instead of clanging bells, she was a Turkish merchantman.

Despite her long voyage through the Mediterranean and across the Atlantic, however, on the first day no passengers came ashore nor did she discharge any cargo. Aside from the occasional appearance of a sailor upon her deck she showed no sign of activity. Nor did she have any visitors until late in the afternoon when Hamid Pasha was rowed out to her and taken aboard.

That night there was a brilliant moon and the deck of the Turkish ship stirred to life. Watchers observed Hamid Pasha, seated aft in conversation with a tall, plumpish man in oriental garb. The figures of females were also glimpsed. They were young, finely shaped. They moved about the deck with lithe grace. They were lightly clad in open bolero vestees and flimsy pantaloons. Reflected moonlight glinted from golden earrings, bracelets on wrists and ankles, and jeweled rings and necklaces.

On the following morning Hamid Pasha and the ship's captain, a stocky, grim-mouthed individual named Mustapha Bahan were rowed ashore. They first made a formal call to the office of Harbormaster Ravenal. This was customary for the masters of newly anchored vessels. Less understandable for several hours was a second formal call, this one to police headquarters.

The reason became apparent later in the day when a number of policemen arrived at the waterfront and formed a cordon to prevent anyone from approaching closely to the pier. Hamid Pasha, Captain Bahan and Harbormaster Ravenal next appeared and waited in silent expectancy.

By this time those in the vicinity of the waterfront realized that something most unusual was happening and there gathered a crowd, which was held back by the police. The cordon opened only to permit several carriages, followed by empty drays to approach the pier.

A boat put out from the Turkish ship, rowed by four sailors. Seated in the stern on silken cushions was a plumpish man, who at closer range revealed a young and unsmiling face.

A second boat was rowed shoreward. In it were four females, veiled to the eyes. They were draped in robes that did not entirely conceal the fact that they were young and superbly formed.

A third boat followed. In it were three more females and

a giant Negro, bare to the waist and resting the blade of a formidable scimitar across heavily muscled arms.

The plumpish young man nodded a brief greeting to Hamid Pasha, the ship's captain and the harbormaster who then escorted him to a waiting carriage. The females and their giant custodian entered other carriages. The exotic procession headed towards the Le Pretre mansion while the crowd gaped.

There was more to come, much more. First came chests, some so heavy that Turkish seamen staggered under the weight when they unloaded them from small boats and carried them to the drays. These were believed to contain gold and precious jewels. Next came numerous trunks and other baggage. Finally came crates and barrels of foodstuffs in a seemingly unending stream.

Robert Pretre—who like his father, had dropped the "Le" of the family name—recounted the next part of the story to the writer in Owen Brennan's Old Absinthe House while Owen nodded in agreement.

"When the plumpish man and the females entered the residence of my great grandfather, it was the last time they were seen alive.

"Somehow the word got out, either inadvertently from the police or from the harbormaster, that the man was Mejid ul-Aziz, a younger brother of the Sultan of Turkey. The harem he brought with him to New Orleans was as completely isolated and guarded as if its occupants had remained in a Turkish palace.

"Of course there were a lot of rumors as to what went on behind the strong, always locked door of the mansion. It was whispered that the harem girls were heathens who knelt and prayed before images; that they bathed in sweet-smelling liquids; that servants and the giant black guard remained ever near them; that they rested on soft silken cushions awaiting the pleasure of their master.

"Sometimes passersby on Bourbon Street heard the tinkle of strange-sounding music and of light laughter behind the closely shuttered windows. Sometimes, on the rooftop, neighbors caught glimpses of one or more of the harem girls. Young, the neighbors said, with long hair the color of a raven's wing and lips a brilliant red.

"Residents of the French Quarter were curious of course. At first some of them tried to get inside the house by making formal calls. But Mejid ul-Aziz was not interested in their neighborliness or hospitality. At the front door, repeated knocks brought no response. At the rear, a servant would only shake his head and quickly close the portals.

"From time to time one of the women of the household, veiled to the eyes, went to the market to shop. Whether she was a servant or one of the ladies of the harem there was no telling. She never spoke. She indicated what she wanted by pointing her finger; some rare fruit perhaps, or a particular kind of fish.

"The purchases were paid for by the huge Negro who always accompanied her, carrying a large market basket. Usually when attendants in the stalls spoke to him he merely shook his head as though he did not understand. On a few occasions when they persisted he opened his mouth and pointed to where his tongue should have been. It had been cut off at the roots.

"Much of the food periodically was brought ashore from the Turkish ship, which remained anchored in the harbor. No one was permitted aboard nor did any of the officers or crew go ashore except such times as they rowed supplies to the waterfront and loaded them on drays. They were a grim, uncommunicative lot."

With the passing of time, the French Quarter remained curious, but gradually came to accept the mystery tenanted in the Le Pretre mansion. As far as is known, there was only one incident prior to the grim finale.

A swashbuckling young Frenchman, Louis Malverne, with a reputation for being a daring Lothario, vowed to some of his drinking companions that he would meet one of the ladies of the harem.

A few mornings later he was found lying unconscious on Bourbon Street not far from the Le Pretre mansion. Recovering, he said that he had climbed one of the iron lacework columns supporting a balcony, opened an unfastened shutter and entered a room where he encountered one of the harem girls seated cross-legged upon a carpet and playing a zither-like musical instrument. She was not only unveiled but almost nude, scantily attired in gauzy pantaloons of some transparent material.

She was young, Malverne added, a girl of exotic and breathtaking beauty. She looked up at him and a startled cry escaped from her red lips. This was all he remembered, for it was then he was struck heavily upon the head from behind.

After that no other gallant of the French Quarter tried to enter the house by stealth. The experience of Malverne proved that a day and night vigil was maintained within. He was considered fortunate to have been ejected alive.

Thus four months went by. One morning the waterfront discovered that the Turkish ship was gone. Cloaked by the

starless darkness of the night, she weighed anchor and had then been silently towed from the harbor by her crew in small boats, straining at their oars.

On the following afternoon a middle-aged resident of the French Quarter, Mrs. Olivia Clairborne, who lived in a house diagonally across the street from the Le Pretre mansion, went out on the second-story balcony prepared to enjoy her usual nap.

She glanced down upon the serenity of Bourbon Street and suddenly stared hard. In the bright sunlight she observed a thick red line that had coursed into the street from under the front door of the Le Pretre residence.

Mrs. Clairborne called her husband and he, too, stared.

"Blood!" he said.

The police were summoned. They knocked at the front door, received no answer and knocked at the back with the same result. They decided to break the door open when they discovered that its massive lock had been forced and it yielded readily to a push.

Entering the servants' quarters in the rear, they found no sign of disturbance. The great hallway and dining salon beyond likewise were dark and deserted.

When they approached the front door they came upon the first body, that of the huge Negro. He had been slain on the spot where he had stood on guard. His head and his scimitar were missing.

The police ascended to the second story. There they found the bodies of the other occupants sprawled in ghastly profusion on divans, on pillows, on carpets. From the front to the back of the house the floor was slippery with the blood of corpses.

There were eleven headless bodies; those of the master, Mejid ul-Aziz, of the seven girls of the harem, of the three female servants.

No outcries had been heard on Bourbon Street during the night before. No screams of alarm or terror.

The murders unquestionably had taken place prior to the departure of the Turkish ship. They had been carried out quickly, expertly, by several slayers. In addition, every trunk and chest in the house had been pried open and thoroughly rifled of the contents. Only a few jewels, having fallen behind one of the divans, had been overlooked.

New Orleans authorities reasoned quite logically that the departure of the Turkish ship and the grisly massacre in the Le Pretre mansion were more than coincidence. They further reasoned that Captain Bahan and his crew, perhaps

in league with the envoy, Hamid Pasha, had been the perpetrators.

But had their motive been robbery? If so, why had all the victims been decapitated and their heads taken from the house together with the treasures?

Had it been because Mejud ul-Aziz stole the most beautiful women and the most priceless jewels of his elder brother and fled from Turkey to America, hoping to find safe refuge in New Orleans?

Had the Sultan wrathfully ordered the execution of Mejid ul-Aziz and his entire tourage—and commanded that their heads be delivered to him in proof that the deeds had been carried out?

The residents of the French Quarter still believe so.

Chapter 28

COLONEL BURKE'S FATEFUL GRENADE

CALL IT superstition, philosophy, resignation, or whatever else you will, there has long been a belief among fighting men that "the bullet that hits you has your name written on it."

In other words, that in war, Fate is selective.

Lieutenant Colonel Lloyd Leslie "Scooter" Burke, now a battalion commander with the First Infantry Division in Vietnam, didn't believe it on that dramatic October day, when as a young lieutenant in Korea, he was ordered to move his G Company, 5th Cavalry Regiment, 1st Cavalry Division, in the direction of Chong-dong, clean out any resisting Chinese units, and occupy high ground.

Throughout the morning, advancing with his company, he encountered only light resistance. Later in the day, however, he was stopped cold by a formidable and crafty defense manned by veteran Chinese troops.

His mouth tightened into a grim line as he surveyed the terrain ahead. There was an earth-and-log bunker. Staggered 25 yards behind it was a second. Staggered behind that still another. Then, 35 or 40 yards beyond, a long, log-topped trench.

Through his binoculars he could see the hill that G Company had been ordered to take, an abrupt rise of ground, several hundred yards to the rear of the trench. Burke made a quick decision.

"All right, Sergeant, let's move out!"

He led the way across the muddy ground and for the first several seconds G Company met ominous silence. Not even an enemy sniper shot was fired.

Suddenly hell broke loose with the scream and coughing explosions of mortar shells, machine gun bursts and rifle-fire. The mud, churned to fury, turned the ground into a heaving brown sea.

Caught in a deadly machine gun fire, men began going down around Burke. He paused, picked up a full grenade sack from a wounded corporal, and advanced.

Grenade in hand, sack hanging from his shoulder, he ran forward, zigzagging through the slippery mud. Bullets whizzed at him from the enemy bunker and two Chinese riflemen appeared at the entrance.

Burke killed them both with his pistol. He was 15 yards from their sprawled bodies when he halted and lobbed his first grenade. He sent another on its deadly way before he heard an explosion accompanied by shrill screams within the bunker. Smoke was pouring thickly from the entrance when the second grenade exploded.

Ordering his men to halt at the demolished bunker, he dashed forward again and knocked out the second.

Again he zigzagged forward in a reckless one-man assault, tackling the third bunker. When he halted to lob a grenade, his foot slipped on the treacherous ground and his aim was a little off. Instead of going through the opening the grenade exploded harmlessly against the wall outside.

He reached for another. His nerves were taut as banjo strings. Standing there in full view, he knew he offered a perfect target during those suspenseful seconds. Instead of bullets spurting from the entrance, however, a tall, fur-hatted Chinese emerged. Although he wore no insignia, he looked like a Manchu from the north, the officer in command of the bunker.

Grenade in hand, a contemptuous look on his face, he, too, stood alone. With a loud grunt he heaved his grenade at Burke.

Making a neat, shoulder-high catch, Burke hurled it swiftly back. The grenade landed hard against the chest of the Manchu's quilted jacket. It exploded, blowing him to pieces.

What followed then was one of the most fantastic episodes of the Korean War. In the lengthy citation which subsequently accompanied his Medal of Honor award, it was succinctly noted that Lieutenant Burke " . . . charged the third emplacement (bunker), catching several grenades in midair and hurling them back at the enemy. Inspired by his display of valor, his men stormed forward, overunning the hostile position."

Awed by this seemingly invulnerable American officer,

the Chinese began to flee. Burke grabbed a BAR from the hands of a dead soldier and ordered G Company to advance behind him.

"Cradling the weapon in his arms, he then led his men forward again, killing some 25 more of the retreating enemy and securing the objective. Lieutenant Burke's heroic action and daring exploits inspired his small force of 300 troops. His unflinching courage and outstanding leadership reflect the highest credit upon himself, the infantry and the United States Army."

So ends his Medal of Honor citation, but not his story. Burke carried out his assignment and occupied the strategic hill well before darkness set in.

The stalemate war in Korea ended, and with the passing of the years, "Scooter" Burke remained in the Regular Army. He was promoted to lieutenant colonel and became commanding officer of the 2nd Battalion, 16th Infantry Regiment, 1st Infantry Division.

Burke shipped out to Vietnam, eager to get into combat again.

Eleven days after his arrival he flew on a routine "search and destroy" mission, low over the jungled terrain northwest of Bienhoa.

Hidden in the dense scrub and cabbage palm below, a Viet Cong with a rifle and grenade launcher fired a freak shot that angled the grenade sharply upward and hurled it through an open door above the jutting barrel of an M-60 machine gun.

Exploding squarely in mid-cabin, the grenade blasted jagged fragments of metal in every direction and turned the interior of the helicopter into a blood-splashed shambles.

Burke was thrown backward and momentarily stunned. He shook his head groggily, his eyes regaining focus. Sharp pain lanced into his body and left hand when he sat up and his left leg was grotesquely bent. A groan of agony escaped from his lips when he tried to straighten it and he realized it must be badly broken.

Five other men including the pilot were also wounded but he managed to fly the damaged helicopter back to the air base at Bienhoa where ambulances were waiting.

In the Saigon hospital, where he was taken, Burke received reassuring news. All six men would recover. Burke himself would be shipped back to the States for at least six months to convalesce.

"Six months?" Anger and frustration were in Burke's voice. "Damn it, Doc! You just can't do that to me. I've only been in Vietnam for 11 days."

"Sorry, Colonel, but that's the way the grenade bounced. As a matter of fact, it seemed to have your name on it."

In a curious sort of way it had. Fragments showed it was of Chinese manufacture, a bit of Korean War surplus.

Lieutenant Colonel Burke had tossed back a number of similar grenades on that epic day in Chong-dong when he won the Medal of Honor. He had remained unscathed.

Some 14 years later, the one "with his name written on it" had finally caught up with him in a helicopter over the Vietnam jungles.

Appendix

CHAPTER 1: SYMPHONIES OF DEATH

Shortly after his battleship, Graf Spee, was scuttled by command of Hitler, Captain Hans Langsdorff committed suicide while his phonograph played a recording of the Danse Macabre.

CHAPTER 2: THE GREAT NEW ENGLAND DARK

In U.S. Forest Service Bulletin No. 117, F. G. Plummer gives a list of 18 unexplained daytime darknesses. None, with the exception of the power failure of 1965, lasted as long and encompassed as huge an area as that which occurred on May 19, 1780.

In August of 1966, nine months after the great power failure, the *New York Times* and NBC News both commented upon a considerable increase in the number of infants born that week in New York City hospitals. New Yorkers, they added, apparently had not been unduly disturbed by the blackout and had kept themselves occupied. Historians cannot find comparable evidence of marital activity during the Great New England Dark of 1780.

CHAPTER 3: SULTAN MKWAWA'S MISSING SKULL

The Mohammedan ruler, Sultan Mkwawa, 1496-1576, should not be confused with the Bantu chief, Mkwawa, of a much later period. In the 1890s this Chief Mkwawa, fiercely anti-Germanic, harrassed and murdered German colonists in East Africa. The government placed a price of 5,000 rupees, then about $2,000, on his head. In 1895 he was ambushed by a German infantry patrol and decapitated by a sergeant major named Evart, who collected the reward.

The six governments that searched for the skull included England, Germany, Italy, France, Belgium, Portugal.

In June of 1953, when the Hehe delegation visited London, attended the coronation and demanded the return of The Skull, Life Magazine published several photographs showing the tribesmen in native costume.

CHAPTER 4: RETURN OF THE LOCH NESS MONSTER

On February 21, 1966, the *New York Times,* under a head of "Science Gives a Cautious Nod to Tale of Loch Ness Monster," published a UPI report from London, detailing the findings of the British Joint Air Reconnaissance Intelligence Center.

CHAPTER 5: THE AMAZON WARRIORS OF BRAZIL

In Peru, the upper stream, from its source to Iquitos, is called the Marauon, and from there to the sea, not as the "Amazon," as we refer to it in English, but correctly as it appears on the better maps as "As Amazonas" (Portuguese) or "Las Amazonas" (Spanish)—"The Amazons"—after whom it was named.

CHAPTER 6: THE RIDDLE OF MARSHAL NEY

In 1887 the Ney grave in the Third Creek Presbyterian Church cemetery was opened, the corpse disinterred and examined. As might be expected after so long an interment, identification was declared inconclusive.

CHAPTER 7: MARSHALL DICKERSON, THE PHANTOM LEGIONNAIRE

Dickerson was well liked by fellow reporters on the *Washington Post* who declared he was neither a mystic nor did he ever display any interest in the occult.

"Dick was practical," said one of his friends, staff writer John G. Norris. "Many of us had been given keys to police call boxes. When Dick and a girl friend found that no taxicab was available to take them home from a dance in Georgetown late one night, he called the station house and summoned a paddy-wagon. The desk sergeant obliged but detained Dick and his fuming girl friend in the station house for three hours before he permitted them to go home."

CHAPTER 8: HUMAN SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION

Commenting upon the fatal burning of Maybelle Andrew, Coroner James F. Duncan said, "In all my experience I have never been confronted by a case as fantastic as this. I can find no logical explanation whatever as to why the deceased's clothing and hair caught fire."

CHAPTER 9: MYSTERY OF THE ANTI-UNIVERSE

In 1928, anti-matter was predicted by Dirac, the brilliant English mathematical physicist in the field of atomic structure. His Quantum Theory of the Electron is as difficult to explain as Einstein's Theory of Relativity, and in time it may be regarded as equaling it in importance.

What is pertinent, however, is that the deficiency of an electron in one of the states of negative energy would be

equivalent to a positively charged particle of transient life, because the state might later become occupied. Five years later this was confirmed by physicist Carl D. Anderson's discovery of the positron and Dirac won a Nobel prize.

The next significant advance was made by a team of University of California physicists directed by Prof. Emilio Segre. It was known that in an explosion caused by atomic matter—the nuclear bomb—only one-tenth of the potential energy was actually released by atomic fission and fusion processes. But if matter and anti-matter were brought into contact, all of the energy would be instantly released. Thus the potential of such an explosion was 1,000 times more powerful than in an equivalent nuclear blast.

In the University of California atom smasher Segre and his team produced anti-protons and anti-neutrons. They brought one of the anti-neutrons and a neutron together and recorded the explosion on a photographic plate.

From there on, other teams of physicists experimented intensively with anti-matter, among them being Dr. Lederman and his associates who produced a more sophisticated form than Segre, the anti-deuteron. This consists of an anti-proton and an anti-neutron held together by the same nuclear force that binds a proton to a neutron in the nucleus of an atom of ordinary heavy hydrogen.

CHAPTER 10: "THE HUMAN CORK"

Magician Harry Houdini, king of escape artists, many of them staged under water, admitted that he was both impressed and mystified after witnessing some of Faticoni's demonstrations.

"I can find no evidence of trickery," he declared. "I am ready to accept his highly unusual power of unsinkability for what it is."

CHAPTER 11: RADIO SIGNALS FROM OUTER SPACE

In May of 1966 the Soviet Academy of Sciences proposed that radio astronomers throughout the world collaborate in continuously monitoring outer space for signals or messages to Earth. Two of the leading advocates were Dr. E. R. Mustel, president of the Astronomical Council, and Dr. Dmitry Martinov, head of the Sternberg Institute.

This search would take two forms. One would be for narrow-band radio signals such as those which a civilization with meager energy resources could send to Earth. Concentration of the energy into a narrow range of wavelengths would permit transmission of a signal over hundreds of light years.

The other search would be for signals spanning much of

the spectrum like those of CTA-102. Such signals, the Russians point out, would have to be transmitted by a supercivilization. They undoubtedly would contain a vast amount of information and be difficult to decode.

CHAPTER 12: EXODUS 17:5-6

Among other scientific investigators of dowsing was Dr. Charles Albert Browne of the U.S. Department of Agriculture, who conducted his research in Germany among the famed dowsers of Magedeburg. His report, published by the Smithsonian Institution, indicates that aluminum rods were used rather than traditional forked wood twigs. Phenomenal results were achieved by the professional dowsers.

Dr. Browne then questioned a number of German scientists. The majority answered that "with all humbuggery discounted, a large number of successes remain which cannot be accounted for by luck or chance."

CHAPTER 13: THE MOHAWKS AND HIGH STEEL

Many of the Mohawks now living in Brooklyn have some French, Scottish, Irish or English blood. This has not diluted their love for high steel.

On the Caughnawaga Reservation, at the invitation of Chief Andy Beauvais, the author witnessed some traditional ceremonies. Alhough the Mohawk steelworkers participate in them when they periodically return to the reservation with their families for a visit, this does not carry over to their lives in Brooklyn. There they have one ceremony which is also becoming traditional.

In one small, and favorite tavern they maintain a "death" bulletin board. Every month, members of the band gather at the board, an elder reads the names aloud of those who have met with fatal mishap during the pervious month and a minute of silence is observed. This is followed by a beer-drinking session. Not many Mohawks drink anything stronger.

CHAPTER 14: THE MAN WHO FLEW LIKE A BIRD

Besides being an authority on the white sopilote, Dr. Tomas Suarte, Guatemala National Museum ornithologist, has published several scientific papers on the Quetzal, which is the national bird of the country and considered to be the world's most beautiful. The Quetzal was the sacred bird of the Aztecs and they asociated it with their most benign god, Quetzalcoatl. When the ruthless Cortez invaded the Valley of Mexico, he was at first thought to be Quetzalcoatl.

CHAPTER 15: ODYSSEY OF HUBERT THE HIPPO

Many Zulus believed that Hubert was a rain god who had appeared at the supplication of their witch doctors to relieve

the drought. This belief was given added credence among the natives when the white population of Durban raised funds to have a life-sized statue of Hubert placed in Victoria Park with his rear end facing Johannesburg where the authorities had planned to capture him for their zoo.

CHAPTER 16: THE CURSE OF CAPTAIN KIDD'S GOLD

Among eyewitnesses, and other, reports about Kidd's treasure hoards in the mid-1850s, fishermen and a farmer dug up a small quantity of gold plate and jewelry on Richmond's Island, near Old Orchard Beach, Maine.

Kidd supposedly buried an unestimated amount of treasure near Bellows Falls, Vermont. In 1839, while digging a canal, workmen discovered pieces-of-eight, silver ingots and several guineas with the likeness of Charles II.

Kidd was observed at Stratford Point, Connecticut, by fishermen while he was burying an ironbound wooden chest deep in the sand.

On a stormy night, Kidd and a crew member rowed ashore on Rye Beach in Long Island Sound with a heavy cask which they buried. The storm became a howling gale and they found shelter for the night with a farmer. On leaving the following morning Kidd gave the farmer a number of gold pieces and ordered him not to disclose that they had been ashore.

The affidavit made by John Gardiner following Kidd's visit to his island has been preserved as a historical document. The final paragraph reads:

"And the Narrator (Gardiner) further saith, That he knew nothing of Kidd's being proclaimed a Pirate; and if he had, he durst not have acted otherwise than he had done, having no force to oppose them; and for that he hath formerly been threatened to be killed by Privateers, if he should bear stories unkindly of them."

CHAPTER 17: COINCIDENCE OR PRECOGNITION?

In discussing the Larsen case, Dr. Nelson Thiebault told the author that "whether or not one believes in precognition, a strong and unresolved feeling of foreboding often encourages accident-proneness."

CHAPTER 18: THE LOST $1,250,000 NECKLACE OF THE CONFEDERACY

Although the Countess D'Eu never did receive a "suitable gift" to use her influence with her father, Dom Pedro II permitted 3,000 former Confederate soldiers and their families to migrate to Brazil in four ships during 1866-8. Among the items they took with them on leaving New Orleans was

a quantity of watermelon seeds which flourished in the Sao Paulo regions.

Descedants of the expatriate Confederates for the most part married Brazilians, but whether speaking in Portuguese or in English, the Dixie inflection is detectable.

CHAPTER 19: THE DEVIL'S HOOFPRINTS

When the author visited the site with William Sharpe, who was then chief of the North Carolina News Bureau, pigs had trampled the ground into mud, but this too had failed to obliterate the hoofprints.

Many of the scientists who have examined them have confessed to mystification. A few have advanced the theory that there may be an underground cavern from which a pocket of warm air escapes upward through the earth, causing the depressions. The theory remains unproven.

CHAPTER 20: THE WATER-INTO-GASOLINE MYSTERY

While the U.S. Navy never officially admitted it, some Naval Intelligence officers believed that following the return of Andrews to McKeesport from the Brooklyn Navy Yard he was kidnapped by German agents and murdered when he refused to disclose his formula. Lieutenant Guthrie, who searched his room for possible clues to his whereabouts, described it as being "in great disorder with all drawers ransacked."

CHAPTER 21: THE "SIXTH SENSE" OF PET ANIMALS

Dr. Rhine also pointed out that the homing instinct extends to "toads, frogs and animals seldom thought of as likely to be gifted with exceptional powers of any kind. "As an example he related the behavior of a turtle belonging to Mr. Wilson Rittenhouse of Milford, New Jersey. When it was removed from his garden, it would invariably return, regardless of the direction in which it had been taken.

CHAPTER 22: LAST VOYAGE OF THE *JOYITA*

Chuck Simpson, the vessel's American Indian mate, had survived three shipwrecks. This was to have been his last voyage before settling down in Apia with his Samoan bride. Photographs of the abandoned *Joyita* appeared in Life, December 12, 1955.

CHAPTER 23: THE SEARCH FOR NOAH'S ARK

In *New Lands,* one of his five books compiling natural phenomena, Charles Fort expressed his disapproval of the lack of fact and substance in Archdeacon Nouri's report.

"I accept that anybody who is convinced that there are still relics upon Mt. Ararat has only to climb Mt. Ararat,

and he must find something that can be said to be part of Noah's Ark, petrified perhaps."

CHAPTER 24: UFOs—VISITORS FROM NOWHERE

The USAF of course has long been aware of public dissatisfaction and suspicion of its UFO findings—or lack of them. In 1965 Major General E. B. LeBailly, USAF Director of Information, noted widespread charges by UFO protagonists that the Air Force was concealing the truth about sightings lest there be a nationwide panic.

He acknowledged that some of the UFO reports came from "intelligent and technically well qualified individuals whose integrity cannot be doubted," that the Air Force "receives only a fraction of the UFO reports publicized elsewhere," and that witnesses hesitate to report sightings to the Air Force for fear of ridicule.

Hoping to correct this situation, an Air Force Scientific Advisory Board was organized on February 3, 1966, as a supplement to Project Blue Book. The thought behind it: investigating teams probing 100 sightings annually are "sufficient in scientific stature and integrity" to guarantee to citizens that UFO investigations and reports are both impartial and fully disclosed.

CHAPTER 25: THE VAMPIRE OF WOLFGANG SCHLOSS

By odd coincidence the obituaries of Harmsworth, who died in St. Wolfgang, Austria, and his mother-in-law, who died in Glasgow, Scotland, appeared in the London newspapers on the same day.

CHAPTER 26: VOODOO IN THE U.S.A.

Time Magazine, in an article about Papa Doc appearing in the May 13, 1966, issue noted that, "Some Haitians even credit his occult powers with the November 22, 1963, assassination of President Kennedy, a longtime foe."

CHAPTER 27: SECRET OF THE BOURBON STREET HAREM

Upon their return from Paris, the Le Pretre family reoccupied the residence only for a short time. They declared it was now haunted by the ghosts of several of the murdered victims; that late at night female laughter and strange musical instruments would be heard; that the terrifying spectre of the headless negro stalked through the halls, scimitar in hand.

Vacant for many years thereafter, the once gracious Le Pretre mansion became a rooming house with a noisy night spot occupying the ground floor.

STRANGE UNSOLVED MYSTERIES

Do the answers to these unexplained phenomena lie somewhere in the eerie world of the occult?

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